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THE NEW ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

It is not too much to say that the mass of the people of the United States, particularly those of the Eastern and Southern states, realized that they possessed a regular army only when war was declared with Spain, on April 28, 1898. There were few persons not actually connected with the federal troops who could tell offhand how many regiments there were, or how and where they were employed. Not until the Washington Centennial parade of 1889 and the Columbus celebration processions of 1892 did New York see any large number of regular troops, except when the last honors were paid to General Grant. Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and many other large centres saw only small bodies at great intervals. Chicago became aware of their presence in numbers when they ended the railroad strike in 1894, as they had ended the Pittsburgh riots in 1877, only to fold their tents and steal silently away to their lonely frontier garrisons.

From 1870 until 1898, ten regiments of cavalry, five of artillery, twenty-five of infantry, and one battalion of Engineers, the Signal Corps and Hospital Corps, in all about 28,000 men, comprised the military over which the United States alone had control, and which had no affiliation with any particular state or states, either in the matter of recruiting or names, since they were designated only by numbers, as the First, Second, or Third United

States Regiment of Infantry, or Cavalry, or Artillery. During this period, practically all of the cavalry and infantry were on the frontier safeguarding the pioneers as these took the Indian's land from him by hook or by crook, — generally by crook. When the greed or cruelty of the settlers or his own innate savagery and sense of wrong drove the Indian to the warpath, it was the regular soldier who went after him. For the pleasure of thus acting as buffer and policeman the soldier quite often gave his life. Indeed, the number of his kind whose death can be laid at the doors of corrupt or incorrupt Indian agents would make the American casualties at the battle of Santiago seem trifling. Very frequently, too, the soldier had to put up with a fire in the rear from the high-minded and praiseworthy Eastern friends of the Indian, who often were unaware that in nine cases out of ten the army officers were the redskins' best friends, and were absolutely sincere in their repugnance to the killing which went on from time to time, — at the expense of the army. Even the stirring and tragic events of these campaigns failed to attract much attention in the East and South, unless they were of the magnitude of the Thornburgh or the Custer massacre. But the work was well done, for all its lack of trumpeting. General Sheridan said that any other country than the United States would have employed at least 70,000 troops in the Indian wars

from 1875 to 1877. As it was, probably not more than 15,000 men actually took part in them. None the less, the army made the opening up of the West possible as fast as the tide of immigration from the East swelled in upon the prairies.

With the Pine Ridge campaign of December, 1890, and January, 1891, the Indian wars on a large scale probably ended. About the same time the cavalry and infantry began to move eastward or to concentrate in large garrisons. In 1889 a cavalry troop took station east of the Mississippi for the first time since the Civil War or early reconstruction days. Fort Myer near Washington, Fort Sheridan near Chicago, Fort Ethan Allen near Burlington (Vermont), Fort Crook near Omaha, and other barracks, sprang into existence, while still others were rejuvenated and given enlarged garrisons. This was in accordance with a new policy of putting troops near the great centres of population and of railways. Here they are ready for service in case of serious strikes or disorder, and can be moved quickly in any direction. The policy is the correct one from the point of view of strategy and effectiveness; it was called by Mr. Bryan, in the campaign of 1900, a "menace to the workingmen of great cities."

To these larger barracks came companies of infantry and troops of cavalry from one or two company posts scattered all over the West, and now abandoned forever. Some forts bearing historic names were torn down by the neighboring farmers almost overnight. The remainder are falling to pieces and are disappearing from the earth as have the stagecoach, the pony rider, the Indians of Sitting Bull and Chief Joseph, and the Bret Harte pioneers. — a world in which the lonely garrisons often played a leading part.

But the troops that abandoned the small posts were a fine, hardy lot, ac-

customed to long marches: the cavalry ready to ride a hundred and odd miles in twenty-four hours to rescue imperiled comrades, and the infantry inured to campaigns with the snow deep underfoot and the temperature thirty or forty degrees below zero. The "unit of service" was almost always the company of forty or fifty men, which generally marched, lived, and fought alone. The captains were, until the nineties, veterans of the Civil War, good disciplinarians and "sticklers" in keeping up military etiquette. The lieutenants were for the most part graduates of West Point, often discouraged and sometimes demoralized by the lonely life on the prairies and the desperately slow promotions. Battalion drills were possible only at the larger posts; regimental ones only at Forts Leavenworth and Riley and one or two other places. Manœuvres on a large scale occurred in 1886 and 1894. In a number of instances, regiments organized during the Civil War or at its close met for the first time as a whole when assembled at Tampa or elsewhere en route to Cuba.

In view of the army's thirty years of this kind of training, it was fortunate for the United States that the Cuban campaign in 1898 was one which could be fought largely by company officers and by the men themselves. There was little or no strategy in the attack on Santiago, and the tactics — that is, the movements in the face of the enemy — were made much like those of the Indian fights by the absence of a proper plan of attack, the nature of the jungle, and the consequent scattering of brigades and regiments. The enlisted men separated and fought much as they and their predecessors had scattered and battled in Arizona's cañons and Montana's mountains, and the way they bore themselves was only what was expected by those who knew the service. Even when their officers were shot down, blacks and whites went on, not only because of their non-commis-

sioned officers, trained to assume responsibility, but because of the spirit of obedience and the discipline licked into them by their company officers on the wind-swept parade grounds and the sun-dried mesas of the West. The hard character of the service from 1866 to 1889, and the men sent out from West Point during that time, kept the heart and the limbs of the army sound and vigorous. The inborn initiative and adaptability of the American soldier, traits so lacking in European armies and so extremely important in modern warfare, carried the army safely and victoriously through its greatest test since 1865.

During all this period when the cavalry and the infantry were serving in the West and the artillery for the most part in the antiquated forts of the seacoast, their needs were supplied by a number of staff departments, each having a headquarters, presided over by a brigadier-general in the War Department. Thus the Adjutant-General's Department performed, in brief, the general clerical work of the army, attending to the promotion, assignment, transfer of officers, etc., while the Inspectors-General reported upon the efficiency of the troops. The Judge-Advocate-General's Department dealt with the courts-martial of officers and men, while the Pay Department performed the functions indicated by its name, and the Medical Department concerned itself with the health of the troops and the supply of medicines and hospitals. The Quartermaster's Department furnished the animals and their forage, the quarters for men and beasts, the clothing of the men, their blankets and beds; but not their food, for this was the duty of the Commissary Department, and not their knives and forks and tin plates, for this was the function of the Ordnance Department. Besides this, the Ordnance officers, as indicated by their designation, selected and made the pistols and rifles and can-

non furnished to the troops, and took and still take as many years in doing this as is comfortable with their comfort. Indeed, the subdivision of duties herein briefly indicated is in force to-day in all the departments mentioned. In addition, there are the chaplains, anomalous fighting disciples of the Prince of Peace, never rising beyond the rank of captain, that humility may not be wanting among them; Signal Corps officers, whose troops, like themselves, are trained in constructing and using cables, telegraph and telephone lines, communicating by flags, etc.; and last, but not least, the Engineers, almost wholly occupied with supervising river and harbor improvements, with the lighthouse service, and with other civil duties, but always deeply concerned for the good name of their corps, composed as it is of the honor graduates of West Point.

The reader, particularly if he be a man of affairs, will not fail to notice a certain antiquarian character about the subdivision of the duties of these staff departments, and especially in the functions of those known as the "supply" departments. Like many customs of the American service, this system is almost wholly an inheritance from the days when George Washington served with the redcoats instead of against them. That the staff systems of England and the United States are far apart to-day does not deny their common origin or the sacredness of both institutions. So carefully guarded was our own, and so unchanging the tasks it had to perform in supplying and caring for 25,000 men in the West, that none of the engineers who ran the machinery would admit that it needed reconstruction from top to bottom, or even overhauling. If you criticised it, you were informed that it had always done its duties well. If you feared for its ability to withstand the strain of a war, you were told of what Montgomery Meigs did for Grant's and

Sheridan's and Sherman's armies. If you remarked that business methods had changed, and that the department store now supplied under one management what numerous shops did before, you were told that the government's military department store must be an exception for innumerable reasons, principally because it had to do with soldiers.

Turning to the superintendents, the floor-walkers and clerks of these little coördinated army shops, you found that they had life positions, and were as indifferent to the wants of their patrons as the employees of a private mercantile house are eager to find out the desires of the public. Since those who dealt with the army supply stores were forced to take the goods given them, and did not have to pay for what they got, the managers and clerks worked off the same old stocks year after year with but little change. Nor did the salesmen generally trouble to inquire whether their customers' needs had changed. Thus it took the Ordnance Corps more than a quarter of a century to find a rifle to take the place of the Springfield of Civil War days. That it was only by good luck that the Krag-Jørgensen was in the hands of the regular troops before the war with Spain is shown by the fact that the Ordnance Corps sent the cavalry to the front with antiquated pistols, and the artillery with inferior cannon and smoke - creating powder. One of the two volunteer regiments taking part in the battle of Santiago was an easy mark because of its Springfield rifles and its black powder. The Spanish army, despite its corrupt War Department, was better armed in every branch of the service than its enemy from the home of Colt, Hotchkiss, Gatling, and Maxim. In short, the staff officers of the American army were out of sympathy with the line, because they were transferred to the various departments from regiments as first lieutenants or captains, and never served

with troops in the field again. Under these circumstances they naturally lost touch with the "man behind the rifle."

Moreover, there was lacking in the American military organization what in foreign services they term the "brains of the army," — a general staff. There was no proper coördination of the various staff departments, each of which was jealous of the other. All of them were fairly given up to red tape and to the habit of wielding as much political influence as they could pick up in the lobby of the Capitol. No department or set of officers was empowered to see that the various staff corps coöperated intelligently, and nobody planned for the future, not even when war clouds were on the horizon, since it was nobody's duty. Least of all was it the task of the commanding general, who, as a result of a century of rivalry and friction with the adjutants-general and the civilian Secretaries of War, found himself practically without power. While the navy was planning months in advance for the conflict with Spain the army sat still, even though Secretary Alger was, with Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, certain that war was coming, and eager for it to begin. Nobody ascertained how many or what ships were available for transports; nobody inquired what the best port was from which troops could sail for Cuba, and what its railroad connections; nobody cared where the volunteer armies should camp, or even wondered where arms and clothing should be got to make the levies soldiers as far as outward appearances were concerned. Nor did any one dream of drawing up in advance a list of worthy National Guard officers to be given rank in the volunteers, or one of worthy civilians, or even of picking out the names of the regular officers to be appointed to generalcies at the outbreak of hostilities. These and a thousand and one other things were left until the war was pending or declared, and were then

done in a hurried and slipshod manner.

If General Alger is able to make out something of a case for himself in his recently published defense of his administration of the War Department, it is not because of any foresight on his part. For lack of that, and of any efforts to prepare for the emergency, history will certainly indict him, at the same time that it gives him credit for the remarkable things achieved by the tact, ingenuity, and energy of many of the men under him. It will find plenty to condemn in the management of the war, such as the dumping of Shafter's 20,000 men upon the dock at Tampa, upon which there was only one man who knew to which transport each regiment was assigned, and this man indistinguishable in the mob around him. For this and other inexcusable blunders, most of the blame will be laid squarely upon the antiquated staff system, the absence of a general staff, and the politics which were the bane of the army from its foundation until 1901. No War Department administration, however capable, taking office on April 1, 1898, could have passed through the ordeal of the war without making many grave and costly blunders. With war declared, it became a question of accomplishing things at any price, in any way or shape that suggested itself, since no one had thought to look ahead.

To add to the War Department's difficulties, the regular army was increased just after the war began. In March, 1898, two regiments of artillery had been added, making seven in all. On April 26, 1898, the infantry regiments were increased from ten to twelve companies and given an additional major. This was temporary legislation for war time only, but it was made permanent by the law of March 2, 1899, at which time the artillery regiments were enlarged to fourteen batteries, and the infantry regiments received a third major. As a large ma-

jority of the regular army took part in Shafter's expedition, and returned to the United States depleted by the casualties of the war and by many retirements of aged or disabled officers, it was necessarily reorganized as hastily as possible. As soon as filled up, without waiting for them to be drilled and disciplined or completely officered, the regiments were hurried to Cuba or to the Philippines in the early months of 1899, and the service was still disorganized when, on August 1st of that year, Elihu Root became Secretary of War.

Ordinarily the history of the army has been divided into epochs by its foreign wars and the Civil War. Thus there was a new army after the War of 1812, and a changed army following the war with Mexico. The spirit of the regular army, which was rebuilt in 1866 and 1870 from the best material available from the great volunteer armies of the Civil War, was as distinct and different from that existing in the "old army" "before the war" as it could well be, considering that it was an outgrowth of the service in which Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Lee, Stuart, Jackson, and a host of other famous Americans were lieutenants and captains. The customs and traditions, equipment and uniforms, were all changed, and the service was far more modern and up to date as a result of the long struggle between the North and South. So the war with Spain will mark in many minds the ending of another army epoch, a final dramatic change from frontier work and Indian campaigns to oversea service in tropical climes, varied, and, it is to be hoped, speedily followed by life in large garrisons devoted to professional advancement and incessant planning for future periods of activity.

But the historian who looks beneath the surface will be more inclined to date the rise of the present "new army" of the United States from the day when Mr. Root took office than from the dra-

matic events of 1898. What makes the "new army," as the term is used in the service, is not merely the appointment of a large body of new officers, but the development of new ideas and new customs and new theories; and Mr. Root made more reforms his own within two or three months after taking office than had occurred to all the Secretaries of War since 1866. Just why Mr. Root should have had this desire to alter existing conditions at his age, and to go in for a radical change, would be an interesting study for a psychologist. It is of course true that few of Mr. Root's reforms have originated with him. Mr. Daniel S. Lamont, for instance, recommended the consolidation of the supply departments and four-year details for chiefs of staff bureaus. There were also many young officers in whose blood the unsettling microbe of progressiveness had found a lodging, and who urged from time to time the very reforms which are now being undertaken. But Mr. Root was the first Secretary to take office with a clear conception of the fact that the machine over which he was placed was wholly behind the military times, and that its management in the past had been almost a fraud upon the public, if that term can be applied to the spending of large sums upon an obsolete system, when the taxpayer is entitled to the most economical and most modern military machine to be had for his money.

How quickly Secretary Root realized the great needs of the service is apparent from his first annual report, written in November, 1899, or within four months after entering President McKinley's Cabinet. In this document he promptly came out for radical improvements in the organization of the army, and laid down the hitherto unknown doctrine in War Department circles, that "the real object of having an army is to provide for war." The contrary, he declared, "is really the theory upon which the entire treatment of our army

proceeded for the thirty - three years between the Civil War and the war with Spain. Present utility was the controlling consideration, and the possibility of war seemed at all times so vague and unreal that it had no formative power in shaping legislation regarding the army. . . . The result did not include the effective organization and training of the army as a whole for the purposes of war. This was not because the army did not wish such organization and training, but because it was not permitted to organize and train for that object. The army has many able, educated, and competent officers who have thought much upon the subject and deeply regretted this condition, but who have been unable to secure a change."

In preparing an army for war, Secretary Root thought that at least four things were involved: first, systematic study by responsible officers of plans for action under all contingencies. By this he meant general staff work, careful instruction in the larger problems of military science, of logistics, and of national defense. His second premise was the preparation of material of war; his third the advancement of officers by selection according to capacity; and his fourth the training of officers and men in large bodies, under conditions approximating those of war time. Mr. Root's specific recommendations were also four in number, and comprised the establishment of an army war college, the ordering of every officer in the army to this college for a stated part of his career, the detailing of all staff officers from the line for four or five years instead of giving them permanent appointments, and the modification of the existing system of promoting officers by seniority only.

Of these reforms, two — the establishment of a system of higher education together with a general staff, and the principle of an interchangeable line and staff — go to the root of the evils from which the army has suffered,

and Mr. Root recurred to them in general terms in his annual report of the following year. Although he expressly stated that his plans for the modernization of the service did not include a reorganization of the army, the final adoption of these reforms involves a complete change in the spirit and point of view of the entire corps of officers, and a readjustment of the staff departments. He could have recommended only one other reform of greater importance, — the banishment of politics from the administration of the army; and this has already come about through the action of President Roosevelt and of Mr. Root himself. These three were the fundamental alterations for which the progressive officers had been pining for decades. Most of Mr. Root's other reforms, suggested or introduced, are subsidiary or correlated to the three mentioned above.

When Secretary Root assumed office, in 1899, the Western state volunteers, which together with a few regular regiments formed the first army in the Philippines, had returned home and been mustered out. It had been hoped that the reorganized regular regiments which, as stated above, were rushed to the Philippines in the first four months of 1899 would be sufficient to end the war with the Filipinos. As this did not prove to be the case, the War Department reluctantly began the organization of the twenty-five United States volunteer regiments which helped to carry on the war until their disbandment last spring, in accordance with the act of March 2, 1899, which created them. Of these twenty-five regiments, twelve were raised under Mr. Root's régime. The announcement on August 17, 1899, of their impending organization was accompanied by the names of the colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors selected for them, nearly all of whom were officers of the regular army. This unusual action was taken by Secretary Root in order to forestall the tre-

mendous onslaught of politicians and of officers with "pulls" which would have been certain to follow the mere statement that more regiments were to be recruited. By making the administration's intention a secret, Mr. Root was able to select the field officers on the basis of merit only, particularly in the case of the colonels, all of whom were active and vigorous regular captains, who had earned the favor of the War Department in one way or another. Thus early in his conduct of the Department Mr. Root showed his desire to eliminate politics; and, as his feeling in this matter seems never to have changed, the occasional lapses from the rule of selection and advancement for merit only must be laid to other causes or other persons, or to easily explainable errors of judgment.

It remained for President Roosevelt, however, firmly to establish the "merit rule" in the military service, which he did by a simple unofficial pronouncement from the White House in November last, and by the statement in his annual message that "every promotion and every detail under the War Department must be made solely with regard to the good of the service and to the capacity and merit of the man himself. No pressure, political, social, or personal, of any kind will be permitted to exercise the least effect in any question of promotion or detail; and if there is reason to believe that such pressure is exercised at the instigation of the officer concerned, it will be held to militate against him. In our army we cannot afford to have rewards or duties distributed, save on the simple ground that those who by their own merits are entitled to the rewards get them, and that those who are peculiarly fit to do the duties are chosen to perform them." He thus put the army on the same footing as the classified civil service and the navy, without any legislation and, so far, without any perceptible friction with the Congressional place-hunters,

who seemed to abide by the new order of things military as soon as they discovered that all patronage-seekers were treated alike. President Roosevelt's action thus demonstrated the correctness of the sharp criticisms of previous Presidents and Secretaries because of their tolerance of favoritism in the army, when they could have ended it at any time by simply posting a notice that every officer using patronage to obtain advancement or comfortable details away from his regiment would be placed upon the Department's black list. The ease with which this remarkable and far-reaching reform was accomplished should not, however, make the public overlook the courage it called for, or fail to give to Mr. Roosevelt and to Mr. Root the great credit they deserve for their stand against the politicians.

Probably no one unfamiliar with army conditions can realize how far this evil of politics had gone toward bringing men to the front, particularly in the staff departments, who were either unfit or who shirked hard work. How greatly it had discouraged manly officers, with or without influence, who wished to rise by merit alone could not well be stated briefly. It is a fact, however, that dozens and scores of officers would gladly have resigned because of it, had they not had dependent families or felt themselves unfitted for civil life. So far had this favoritism spread that people who know the army only from this side have been at a loss to understand why it was as sound as it proved itself to be during the war with Spain, and why there was not far more inefficiency than actually appeared in the various branches of the service. Few outside the army know how close are the ties which bind the service together, and how quickly it becomes known that Lieutenant Brown has been promoted to a staff captaincy because his wife is a sister of a Senator from Arkansas, or Florida, or Oregon. Still fewer can estimate the bitter disappointment and

discouragement in the army at the appointment of Frederick D. Grant from civil life, of Frederick Funston, an untrained soldier of fortune, and of Dr. Leonard Wood from the Medical Department, as brigadier-generals, over the heads of hundreds of better qualified officers of longer service.

But if the public has not realized all this and the importance of the action taken by President Roosevelt, the army is most grateful to him for making the service a profession in which every officer, whether rich or poor, of humble origin or with distinguished family connections, whether with or without influence, has an equal chance with every other officer to obtain high rank and win the rewards of efficiency and faithfulness to duty. In 1900 the writer met an able young officer who was deliberately planning to toady to men of influence, to cultivate social relations with people of prominence, and to get details away from his regiment to Washington or to the staffs of generals, etc., simply because he felt that this was the only road to success in his newly adopted profession. Unworthy as this attitude seems, the career of two officers of his own regiment, who had not been near it for ten years or more, yet had received high rank in the volunteers, bore out his contention that this was the only way to get ahead in the army. Now this young officer is planning his life quite differently, and is already making out his application to be one of the first class at the War College, or, failing that, to be detailed to the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth. He is anxious to show that he has in him sufficient ability to warrant his getting upon the list of distinguished officers to be called upon first in an emergency. This list, also originated by Secretary Root, will comprise the names of officers below the rank of colonel who have: (1) heretofore exhibited superior capacity, application, and devotion to duty, the names

to be selected by a board of officers convened for that purpose; and (2) who have been reported as doing specially meritorious work in the service schools, other than the officers' schools at posts; and (3) who at any time specially distinguish themselves by exceptionally meritorious service.

"It will be the aim of the Department to make this register the basis of selection for details as staff officers, military attachés, and for special service requiring a high degree of professional capacity," is Secretary Root's terse summary of this stimulating change, which might so easily have occurred to any one of his predecessors, and which alone made many young officers, like the one cited above, suddenly realize that they had unconsciously been transferred to what is indeed a "new army."

With regard to the education of the army and to the War College, Secretary Root has from the first adopted the European view, that as far as an army's officers are concerned the service should be one great educational system, each officer being constantly trained and professionally instructed until the day of his retirement from active service. The perfection with which this theory has been worked out in the German army is one of the most important reasons for the extraordinary and unequaled efficiency of the Emperor's great military machine. If a similar system was needed in the American army before the war with Spain, it is all the more demanded now that more than thirty-three per cent of the officers are men who have come into the service since the war with Spain, mostly from the ranks, from civil life, or from the volunteers, nine tenths of them without such professional training as is obtained at West Point. In brief, Mr. Root has planned what he calls a "university system of military education," which shall include the various postgraduate schools existing prior to the war with Spain, with the officers' schools at each military post,

— hitherto known as the lyceums, and hitherto generally "unsatisfactory and futile," — as the first step in this educational ladder.

In his latest report Secretary Root describes his system of instruction as follows: —

"A General Service and Staff College, at Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

"A War College, for the most advanced instruction, at Washington Barracks, D. C.

"The War College shall be under the immediate direction of a board of five officers, detailed from the army at large, and the following *ex officio* members: the Chief of Engineers, the Chief of Artillery, the Superintendent of the Military Academy, the commanding officer of the General Service and Staff College. The War College Board shall exercise general supervision and inspection of all the different schools above enumerated, and shall be charged with the duty of maintaining through them a complete system of military education, in which each separate school shall perform its proper part. Such officers as shall be requisite to assist the board in performing its duties will be detailed from time to time for that purpose. It should be kept constantly in mind that the object and ultimate aim of all this preparatory work is to train officers to command men in war. Theory must not, therefore, be allowed to displace practical application.

"The officers' schools at military posts and the General Service and Staff College will be open for instruction to officers of the National Guard of the several states, to former officers of volunteers, and to graduates of military schools and colleges which have had officers of the army as instructors. The special service schools will be open to officers of the National Guard and former officers of volunteers who shall furnish evidence to the War Department of such preliminary education as to enable them to benefit by the courses of instruction.

The college staff at the General Service and Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, will make report to the Secretary of War of qualifications of officers of the National Guard, ex-volunteers, and graduates of military schools and colleges, who shall have attended the college or shall apply for examination, and shall further certify whether or not they are qualified for service as officers of volunteers, specifying character of the service, whether line or staff, for which they are specially qualified. A special register of the names of persons so reported as qualified will be kept in the War Department.

"There shall be, besides the Military Academy at West Point, the following schools for the instruction of officers in the army: —

"1. At each military post an officers' school for elementary instruction in theory and practice.

"2. Special service schools: —

"(a) The Artillery School, at Fort Monroe, Va.

"(b) The Engineer School of Application, Washington Barracks, D. C.

"(c) The School of Submarine Defense, Fort Totten, N. Y.

"(d) The School of Application for Cavalry and Field Artillery, at Fort Riley, Kans.

"(e) The Army Medical School, Washington, D. C."

As the "special service" schools already exist, Congress is only called upon to provide money for additional quarters for them, and for a home for the War College at Washington Barracks. The educational system can therefore practically go into operation as rapidly as the proper heads and faculties can be chosen for the institutions not already complete, and as fast as the exigencies of the Philippine service will permit. As a whole, Secretary Root's plan is cheap, economical, and simple, and full of the greatest promise for the army, for which this change also means a complete revolution in its methods.

Inseparably connected with this educational system will be the proposed general staff, for which Secretary Root has provided in a bill sent by him to Congress on February 15th last. It will have the closest affiliation with the War College, and will be the goal of every ambitious officer in the service, as well as the best kind of a training school for the future generals of the army. It will be composed of a chief of staff with the rank of lieutenant-general, a major-general, a brigadier-general, four colonels, six lieutenant-colonels, twelve majors, and twelve captains, who will all be detailed to the general staff for four years, and then return to their permanent places in the new supply department or in the line, where they must serve two years before again going on general staff duty. Almost revolutionary is the provision abolishing the position of commanding general on the retirement of General Miles, — doing away with an office which has given rise to endless and frequently disgraceful quarreling between the civilian Secretaries and the senior generals. After General Miles leaves the active list the chief of staff will be selected by the President, to serve during the latter's term of office; thus insuring an officer who will not only be in sympathy with the commander in chief, but who will be *de facto* the military right hand of the President.

As for the general staff, it will have all the functions which have been exercised by similar bodies in European armies, besides absorbing those of the present Inspector-General's Department. It will not only be the brains, but the eyes and ears of the service. Its officers will "consider the military policy of the country, and prepare comprehensive plans for the national defense and for the mobilization of the military forces in time of war; and will consider and report upon all questions affecting the welfare and efficiency of the army, including organization, meth-

ods of administration, armament, equipment, transportation, supplies, distribution, mobilization, military preparation, plans of campaign, collection of military information, and such other professional matters as may be referred to them," — a sufficiently liberal grant of powers to suit the most fastidious. Had such a body existed before the war with Spain, there would have been no such scandals as marked our conduct of the military hostilities. Its creation by Congress will be momentous, for it will put the American service for once abreast of all others, and will have as marked an effect upon the future military history of this country as West Point has had upon that of the last hundred years. Probably nothing that Secretary Root can do in the future will bring him such credit and renown as will the establishment of the general staff.

The principle of an interchangeable line and staff, which Secretary Root first urged in 1899, has already been enacted into law by Congress. According to the statute of February 2, 1901, when a vacancy occurs in any staff department, except in the Engineers and Medical Department, it is to be filled by the detail of a line officer for a period of four years, after which he is to return to the line for a period of at least two years before again going on staff duty. In this way the managers and clerks of the great service stores will be kept in touch with their customers, the soldiers and officers of the line, and a large number of officers will be trained in staff work, and so be available for service with volunteers in case of war. Characteristically, however, Congress made this rule apply only after the many vacancies which it created in the enlarged staff departments, at the same time that it added five regiments of cavalry, five of infantry, and the equivalent of six regiments of artillery to the line, were filled by the spoilsmen with permanent appoint-

tees. As a result, the system will not be in force throughout some departments for many years; but it will not be long before the system of appointing heads of departments for four years, already begun, will be in force everywhere. How desirable it is that the President should have greater powers in selecting chiefs of bureaus was admirably illustrated by the case of General Eagan, of "embalmed beef" memory, and by the working of this system in the navy.

Most men would be content with putting through so radical a reform of the staff departments as this. Not so Secretary Root. Like the magician of the inexhaustible pockets, he produces another reform proposal as soon as one has been adopted. One of his most radical and daring departures is a recommendation that the Quartermaster's, Commissary, and Pay departments shall be consolidated into one great business organization. No other Secretary ever dared to attack the supply departments in this way, despite the fact that economy and sound business reasons have long demanded this very change. There is no such hydra-headed organization in the navy, and no such ridiculous division of duties in any private business in the United States. Custom alone makes for its retention. The officers of the departments involved have not been able to agree upon a scheme of consolidation, and whether their once invincible political influence will enable them to delay the adoption of Secretary Root's plan for their consolidation, now before Congress, is, at this writing, yet to be seen.

From the first Secretary Root has endeavored to bring about closer relations between the regular army and the militias of the various states. His invitation to ambitious National Guard officers to attend post lyceums or the more advanced service schools is but a symptom of his friendly frame of mind. He intends to have them examined by

regular officers, that the names of those qualified may be placed upon a list to be drawn upon in the event of war. He would also have the present antiquated militia law, which practically dates back to 1792, repealed, the annual federal appropriation increased, and the state troops rearmed with the weapons of the regular army. He is particularly desirous of bringing about joint encampments of large bodies of regular and state troops for annual manœuvres on a large scale, lasting a month if possible. In short, he is ready to meet the state authorities more than halfway in his effort to make those conditions impossible hereafter which confronted the War Department in 1898, in its dealings with the state troops. His idea has been that the relations between the regulars and volunteers, when again brought together in one force, "shall be such that it constitutes a homogeneous body, using the same arms, familiar with the same drill, answering to the same ideas of discipline, inspired by the same spirit, and capable of equal and even performance, and that the preparation of the regular army in time of peace for the event of war shall to the greatest possible intent inure to the benefit of the whole army, both regular and volunteer." From the military standpoint no exception can be taken to this ideal, particularly as it would make the regulars strongest where the volunteers are weakest. A bill embodying these views of Secretary Root has been introduced in each house of Congress, and has been warmly received by the press and the militia.

At one time during the last year there was felt to be grave danger of the War Department's committing itself to an extremely radical proposal: the creation of a third body of troops as a national federal reserve, to stand between the regular army and the state troops, and to be under the sole control of the War Department. There was also a strong

tendency in some quarters to change the character of the state troops by bringing them more under the control of the Department. Happily these fears were unfounded. A study of the question was undertaken by Assistant Secretary Sanger, and it led to a recognition of the fact that the genius and spirit of the American institutions are wholly against such a long step toward making this a military nation. For the prevention of internal disorder, it is desirable and necessary that the existing state troops should retain their historic status and be available only for internal defense, in repelling invasion and quelling civil strife, under orders either of the respective governors or of the President, until armies of volunteers can be raised.

But among the changes called for in the militia bills referred to above is a provision for the formation of a reserve of the regular army, similar to that of the English army. This represents the compromise which Secretary Root and Assistant Secretary Sanger have hit upon as a way of avoiding the creation of the new body of organized troops, to which it is believed that their thoughts first turned. Under this plan, there will be 100,000 unorganized men who have served in the regular army, the volunteers, or the National Guard, and who will be required to report once a year to some officer of the War Department during their enrollment period of five years. For this reporting they will receive ten dollars annually. While this plan presents some administrative difficulties, it has worked well in England, and has the merit of being comparatively inexpensive. Mr. Root's bill also provides for the list, already referred to, of National Guard officers, graduates of military schools, or civilians qualified to take commissions in the volunteer army at the outbreak of war. The names of men qualified to serve in the supply departments are to be especially sought. Here Mr. Root has learned another les-

son from the war with Spain. "To send volunteers into camp or field under inexperienced officers," he says, "is simply to educate the officers at the expense of the lives and efficiency of the men." Finally, the militia bill has the great merit of defining the status of the militia, which has hitherto been so unsatisfactory as to cause confusion and friction, and in at least one case has led to serious trouble between states and the federal government. What the War Department now aims at is to provide in advance, as far as possible, the machinery by which a volunteer army can be rapidly, effectively, and economically created.

There are various minor reforms to which Mr. Root has given his adherence. His plan of modifying the existing rule of promotion by seniority only, by the annual selection of a certain number of officers for advancement over the heads of others less industrious or less capable, is still on the carpet. President Roosevelt has urged this in his message, but it is difficult to think of a practical way of doing it in such a manner as to make favoritism and the use of social influence impossible. There would also be an ever present danger of inflicting great injustice upon some fine officers who, through no fault of their own, have lacked opportunities to show what is in them. Cases of this kind are no rarity to-day, but will occur at once to every officer. The ease with which military and naval matters become political ones or the subject of popular likes and dislikes, as in the cases of Rear-Admiral Schley and Lieutenant-General Miles, and even that of General Funston, presents still another danger to any system of promotion by selection.

To increase the efficiency of the army, and to end the enormous pressure now put upon the War Department for the promotion to brigadier-generals of a number of equally worthy old colonels and lieutenant-colonels, Secretary Root

has prepared a bill which is also now before Congress. It provides for the retirement of all officers who have served thirty-five years and are veterans of two wars, the Civil and Spanish, with the next higher rank to the one they hold. The retirements, which are to be voluntary on the part of the 185 officers concerned, and "with the advice and consent of the Senate," would free the upper grades of a number of faithful but now worn-out officers who are too old and too conservative to be of much use to the army. Their leaving the active list would permit the advancement to the important positions of regimental commanders of a number of alert and vigorous officers now in the prime of life, and eager to demonstrate in the war colleges or in the field their fitness for higher rank. In many cases simple justice to worthy veterans dictates the passage of the bill, as well as the interests of the army.

Indeed, it is a long list of other desirable changes for the "new army" which could be drawn up. Many officers hope that Secretary Root may soon be able to turn his attention to two matters which recent wars have shown to be of importance and which are in an exceedingly unsatisfactory state, — the individual training of the recruit and the question of proper regimental field transportation. The proposal to have the non-commissioned grades in the army made more respected and better paid positions will also appeal to him, without doubt. The final success of some of the reforms will of course depend largely upon the way they are treated by Congress and by Mr. Root's and President Roosevelt's successors, as well as upon the spirit in which they are received by the army itself. That they have the support of nine tenths of the officers to-day is certain. One captain, of wide acquaintance and of fourteen years' service, writes upon this point: "I don't imagine that Mr. Root is a man who cares very much, but all

men must care some for the approval of their fellows; and I know that the feeling for him, among a great crowd of officers who have never seen him, is one of intense and keen gratitude and of warm support and loyalty." If Mr. Root is able to instill into the new army, simultaneously with his other reforms, a fine spirit of devotion to the best interests of the service and a readiness to do one's duty without fear or favor, the chances are that it will be in every way as excellent a service as the United States is entitled to. Much will depend upon the severity of the discipline enforced at the headquarters of the army. President McKinley, in his kindness of heart, could hardly be brought to dismiss an officer for drunkenness; and the effect of this leniency is noticeable in many recent court-martial sentences, which have been utterly inadequate. Now that so many half-disciplined and, from the military point of view, half-educated officers have been commissioned, it is all the more important that every guilty officer should be dismissed without hesitation. Only in this way can the service be toned up after the demoralization of the recent campaigns and reorganization.

A prominent army official recently remarked, very frankly, that, as the service is now constituted, "the promotion boards do not examine, the survey boards do not survey, and the retiring boards do not properly retire." A number of incompetent officers have been passed, and a number of disabled officers allowed to stay on the active list, simply because their fellows had not the heart to end their careers. The case of a field officer of artillery is known to the writer. He was passed by an examining board although he was physically unable to mount a horse because of an evident and incurable trouble. In this and other matters there has been lacking a spirit of responsibility to the service and a high sense of duty. Fidelity and courage on the field

are never lacking, and cases of misappropriation of funds remarkably rare. But it has been considered no sin to shirk reading a paper at the post lyceum, or to read it in such a way as to fulfill the letter but not the spirit of the regulations. For this, of course, those in the "seats of the mighty" have largely been responsible. General Miles himself has openly violated the regulations in regard to the assignment of aides - de - camp. His terrible rebuke from his superiors for another violation of the regulations may have been too severe for the particular offense which called it forth, but it will have in many ways a beneficial effect upon the service.

How important the question of the education of the new army is a glance at the artillery will show. It has been increased about one hundred and fifty per cent since 1898, and has suffered perhaps more in the way of getting green and untrained officers than the other branches of the line. It is organized under an entirely new system, and has under its charge forts and guns valued at \$60,000,000. The technical training of the artillery officers in the handling of the torpedoes and the complicated electrical machinery and cannon which go to make up the equipment of a modern fort is important, but by no means as essential as that they should learn to perform their peace duties as well as those of the battlefield with that fidelity, devotion, and unvarying honesty in the smallest matters which they pledged by the acceptance of their commissions.

The future disposition and size of the army are things that no one can begin to foretell. At present Congress has fixed a minimum of 59,131 and a maximum of 100,000 men. On September 25, 1901, there were 84,513 men in the service, exclusive of 5000 native troops in the Philippines. By a singular but not unprecedented enactment, the right to fix the size between the two

figures set by Congress is placed in the hands of the President, — a proceeding certainly never contemplated by the founders of this government nor by those who drew up the Constitution. At the present day the condition of affairs in the Philippines dictates the size of the army, and many officers believe that the maximum allowed must be raised if 30,000 men continue to be needed in the archipelago. Since troops can be kept in the Philippines for only two or three years, they feel that there must be three shifts, giving each regiment six years at home out of every nine.

If, as a growing number of Americans hope, the United States shall soon take what seems to these citizens the right and Christian action of withdrawing from the islands where it is so bitterly hated and opposed, the army can at once be reduced to the minimum, or to even smaller dimensions. So wonderfully fortunate is the United States in its geographical situation that it seems as if it could become embroiled with other nations only by its own action, as in 1898. With many countries of Europe a land war is a physical impossibility, and there is not one which would contemplate a conflict with the United States with equanimity. In the Atlantic and Pacific oceans the United States has the best of defenses. With enlightened statesmanship and the avoidance of such unnecessary conflicts as those of 1845 and 1898, the United States should be able to return to that traditional policy which kept it free from international entanglements for fifty-three years, during which time, with the exception of the Civil War period, its navy and army were at a mini-

mum without the slightest detriment to its honor. During this period, it set a magnificent example to the entire world of an enlightened government which made the profession of arms one of the least important branches of the public service. Of all the great contributions of the United States to the upward progress of the world, there has been none finer than this.

With the troops out of the Philippines, the enormous military and naval expenditures could be greatly reduced from the \$205,000,000, exclusive of \$140,000,000 for pensions, paid out last year. The troops would be concentrated in large garrisons, ready for such riot, Indian, and police duty as so frequently fell to their lot in the period from 1865 to 1898. But whatever the fate in store for their army, and whatever its size, the people of the United States have an obvious right to get for their money an efficient, well-run, and modern military machine, such as they have not had in the past.

To this end Secretary Root and President Roosevelt's reforms are of the greatest value. It has been the Secretary's achievement to bring about and urge more reforms in his brief administration than did all his predecessors for fifty years, if not a century. As an example of what can be accomplished by an able and progressive man at the head of a great governmental department, Secretary Root's administrative successes are worthy of the attention of all students of government. They are numerous enough to make it a patent fact that his work for the "new army" has already made his administration memorable in army history.

Oswald Garrison Villard.

BYLOW HILL.¹

IN THREE PARTS. PART TWO.

V.

ARTHUR and Isabel were married in their own little church of All Angels, at the far end of the old street.

"I cal'late," said a rustic member of the vestry, "th' never was as pretty a weddin' so simple, nor as simple a weddin' so pretty!" Because he said it to Leonard Byington he ended with a manly laugh, for by the anxious glance of his spectacled daughter he knew he had slipped somewhere in his English. But when he heard Leonard and Ruth, in greeting the bride's mother, jointly repeat the sentiment as their own, he was, for a moment, nearly as happy as Mrs. Morris.

"Such a pity Godfrey had to be away!" said Mrs. Morris. It was the only pity she chose to emphasize. Godfrey was on distant seas. The north-bound mid-afternoon express bore away the bridal pair for a week's absence.

"Too short," said a friend or so whom Leonard fell in with as he came from the railway station, and Leonard admitted that Arthur was badly in need of rest.

At sunset Ruth came out of her gate and stood to welcome her brother's tardy return. Both brightly smiled; neither spoke. When he gave her a letter with a foreign stamp her face lighted gratefully, but still without words she put it under her belt. Then they joined hands, and he asked, "Where's father?"

"Inside, on the lounge," she replied. Her lips fell into their far-away smile, to which she added this time a murmur as of reverie, and Leonard said almost as musingly, "Come, take a short turn."

They moved on to the Winslow gate,

and entered the garden by a path which brought them to a point midway between the old cottage and the larger house. There it crossed under an arch transecting an arbor that extended from a side door of the one dwelling to a like one of the other; and the brother and sister had just passed this embowered spot, and were stepping down a winding descent by which the path sought the old mill pond, when behind them they observed two women pass athwart their track by way of the arbor, and Ruth smiled and murmured again. The crossing pair were Mrs. Morris and Sarah Stebbens, the Winslows' lifelong housekeeper, deeply immersed in arranging for Isabel to become lady of the larger house, while her mother, with a single young maidservant, was to remain mistress of the cottage.

The deep pond to whose edge Leonard and Ruth presently came was a narrow piece of clear water held in between Bylow Hill and the loftier cliff beyond by an old stone dam, long unused. Rude ledges of sombre rock underlay its depths, and lined and shelved its sides. Broad beeches and dark hemlocks overhung it. At every turn it mirrored back the slanting forms of the white and the yellow birch, or slept under green mantles of lily pads. It bore a haunted air even in the floweriest days of the year, when every bird of the wood thrilled it with his songs, and it gave to the entire region the gravest as well as richest note among all its harmonies. Down the whole way to it some one long gone had gardened with so wise a hand that later negligence had only made the wild loveliness of this inmost refuge more affluent and impassioned.

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At one point, where the hemlocks hung farthest and lowest over the pool, and the foot sank deep in a velvet of green mosses, a solid ledge of dark rock shelved inward from the top of the bank and down through the flood to a depth cavernous and black. Here, brought from time to time by the Byington and Winslow playmates, lay a number of mossy stones rounded by primeval floods,—some large enough for seats, some small; and here, where Ruth had last sat with Godfrey, she now came with her brother.

The habitual fewness of Leonard's words was a thing she prized beyond count. It made Mrs. Morris nervous, drained her mind's treasury, and sent her conversational powers borrowing and begging; Isabel it awed; Arthur it tantalized; to Godfrey it was an appetizing drollery; but to Ruth it was dearer and clearer than all spoken eloquence. The same trait in her, only less marked, was as satisfying to him, and from one rare utterance to another their thoughts moved like consorted ships from light to light along a home coast. A motion, a glance, a gleam, a shade, told its tale, as across leagues of silence a shred of smoke may tell one dweller in the wilderness the way or want of another. Such converse may have been a mere phase of the New Englander's passion for economy, or only the survival of a primitive spiritual commerce which most of us have lost through the easier use of speech and print; but the sister took calm delight in it, and it bound the two to each other as though it were itself a sort of goodness or greatness. "They have it of their mother," the old General sometimes said to himself.

There were moments, too, when their intercourse was still more subtle, and now they sat without exchange of glance or gesture, silent as chess players, looking up the narrow water into a sunset exquisite in the delicacy of its silvery plumes, fleeces pink and dusk, and il-

limitable distances of palest green seen through fan rays of white light shot down from one dark, unthreatening cloud.

"Leonard," at length said the sister, as if she had studied every possibility on the board before touching the chosen piece, "could n't you go away for a time?"

And with deliberate readiness the other gentle voice replied, "I don't think I'd better."

While they spoke their gaze rested on the changing beauties of pool and sky, and after the brief inquiry and response it still remained, though the inner glow of their mutual love and worship deepened and warmed as did the colors of the heavens and of the glassing waters. The brother knew full well Ruth's poignant sense of his distresses; and to her his mute tongue and unbent head were a sister's conviction that he would endure them in a manner wholly faithful to every one of the loved hands that had lain under his the evening Godfrey had said good-by.

Indeed, it was clear that to go away—unless he honestly felt too weak to remain—would be unfair to almost every person, every interest, concerned; and such a step was but second choice in Ruth's mind, conditioned solely on any unreadiness he might have uprightly to bear the burden brought upon him by—well, after all, by his own too confident miscalculations in the game of hearts. To him, such flight signified the indeterminate continuance of his sister's maiden singleness, and a like prolongation of her lover's galling suspense. To Ruth, it stood not only for the loss of her brother, but for the narrowing of their father's already narrowed life,—a narrowing which might come to mean a shortening as well; and it meant also the leaving of Isabel and Arthur to their mistake and to their unskillfulness slowly and patiently to work out its cure. To go away were, for him, to consent to be the one broken string on a noble but

difficult instrument. These thoughts, and many more like them, passed to and fro, out through the abstracted eyes of the one, across to the fading clouds, and back through the abstracted eyes and into the responding heart of the other.

At length the sister rose. "I must go to father," she said.

The brother stood up. Their eyes exchanged a gentle gaze and tenderly contracted. "I will come presently," he replied, and was turning toward the water, when he paused, threw a hand toward the steep wood across the pool, and silently bade her listen. The note he had remotely heard was rare on Bylow Hill since the town had come in below, and one of the errands which oftenest brought the hill's dwellers to this nook in solitary pairs was to hearken for that voice of unearthly rapture, — a rapture above all melancholy and beyond all mirth, — the call of the hermit thrush.

Now the waiting seemed in vain. The brother's hand sank; the sister turned, and soon he saw her pass from view among the boughs as she wound up the rambling path toward the three homes. At the top she halted, still longing to hear at his side that marvelous wood-note, and was just starting on once more, when from the same quarter as before it came again, with new and fervent clearness. With noiseless foot she sprang back down the bendings of the path, having no other thought but to find her brother standing as she had left him, a rapt hearer of the heavenly strain. She reached the spot, but found no hearkening or standing form. The young man's stalwart frame lay prone on the green bank, where he had thrown himself the moment she had left his sight, and his face was buried in the deep moss.

The stir of her swift coming reached his ear barely in time for him, as she choked down a cry that had all but escaped her, to turn upon his back, meet her glance, and drive the agony from

his face with a languorous smile. The melting song pervaded the air, but neither of them lifted a noting finger. Leonard rose to his feet. Ruth gave him a hand, and then its fellow, and as he pressed them together she said, "I wish you *would* go away for a time."

He dropped one of her hands, and keeping the other, started slowly homeward; and it was not until they had climbed half the ascent that, with his most remote yet boyish smile, he replied, "I don't think I'd better."

VI.

August, September, October, November, — so passed the year in gorgeous recession over Bylow Hill. Among their dismantled trees the three homes stood unveiled to the town on the meadows, and to travelers who looked from train windows while crossing the river bridge. To those who inquired whose they were there was always some one more than ready to give names and details, and to tell how perfect a bond ever had been — how beautiful a fellowship was yet, now — up there.

Sevenfold they called it, although one of the seven was away, namely, Lieutenant Godfrey Winslow, of the navy, famed for his splendid behavior in the late so-and-so affair. That state-ly house at the right, they said, was his home what brief times the sea was not. There lived, it would be added, his younger brother, so rapidly coming into note, — the eccentric but gifted rector of All Angels; whose great success in the heart of a Congregational community was due hardly more to his high talents than to the combined winsomeness and practical sympathies of his beautiful bride, or to the resourceful wisdom and zeal of his churchwarden, Leonard Byington.

"Any relation to Byington your new political leader in these parts?"

"Same man," the answer would be:

and there the narrator was sure to fall into a glowing tribute to the ideal companionship existing between the rector, his bride, the young district attorney, and Ruth Byington. What made this intimacy the more interesting was, in the eyes of a growing number of observers, that, as they said, "Arthur Winslow was not always an affable man, and was much more rarely a happy one."

Behind and above this popular verdict was that of the old street behind and above the town, — a sort of revised version, a higher criticism. If the young rector, this old street explained, oftener looked anxious than complacent, so in their time, most likely, did St. Paul and St. Peter. If he was not always affable, why, neither are volcanoes; the man was all molten metal within. Anyhow, he filled his church to the doors. Coaching parties of the vastly rich made the town their Sunday stopping place purely to hear him; not so much because the boldness of his speculations kept his bishop frightened as because he always fused those speculations on, white-hot, to the daily issues of private and public life, in a way to make pampered ladies hold their breath, and men of the world their brows. Such a man, to whom the least sin seemed black and bottomless, yet who appeared to know by experience the soul's every throes in the foulest crimes, was not going to show his joys on the surface in quips and smiles. "You should have heard," said the old street, "his sermon to husbands and wives! His own bride turned pale. He turned pale himself."

It was wonder enough that even the bride could be happy, at such an altitude, so to speak; immersing herself utterly, as she did, in the interests that devoured him. All Angels forgot his gloom in the radiance of her charms, — the sweet genuineness of her formal pieties, the tender glow and universality of her sympathies, the witchery of her ever ready, never too ready playfulness.

It was captivating to see how instantly and entirely she had fitted herself into a partnership so exacting; though it was pitiful to note, on second glance, how the tint and contour of her cheek were losing their perfection, and her eyes were showing those rapid alternations of languor and vivacity which storytellers call a "hunted look." Yet, oh yes, she was happy; the pair were happy. It was as a pair that they were happiest. Else, said the old street, they could not keep up the old Winslow-Byington alliance so beautifully.

To the truth of this general outline the three homes' domestics, dominated by Sarah Stebbens, certified with cordial and loyal brevity. Yet when Ruth wrote Godfrey how well things were going, there lurked between her bright lines one or two irrepressible meanings that locked his jaws till they creaked. In fact, both his brother and hers were ailing. Both carried a jaded, almost a broken look, and Arthur was taking things to make him eat and sleep; while Leonard had daily accepted more and more of the young rector's complicating cares, until he had really become the parish's chief burden-bearer.

"No," he said to his father, "Arthur carries his whole work manfully on his own shoulders."

"But, my son," replied the old General, "don't you see you're carrying Arthur?"

"No, I shan't do that," dryly responded the son; but Ruth saw a change on his brow as on that of a guide who fears he has missed the path.

The four young friends spent many delightful evenings together in the Winslow house, with Mrs. Morris and the General on one side at cribbage. Ruth had frequent happy laughs, observing Isabel's gift for making Leonard talk. It gave her a new joy in both of them to have the lovely hostess draw him out, out, out, on every matter in the wide arena to which he so vitally belonged; eliciting a flow of speech so

animated that only afterward did one notice how dumb as any tree on Bylow Hill he had been in regard to himself.

"They are bow and violin," said Arthur to Ruth, with his dark, unsmiling face so free from resentment that she gratefully wondered at him, and was presently ashamed to find herself asking her own mind if he was growing too subtle for her.

On these occasions Isabel was wont to court Ruth's counsel concerning her wifely part in Arthur's work, thus often getting Leonard's as well. Sometimes she impeached his masculine view of things, in her old skirmishing way. Then she would turn rose-color once more and mirthfully sigh, while Ruth laughed and wished for Godfrey, and Mrs. Morris breathed soft ho-ho's from the cribbage board. So came the Thanksgiving season, with black ice on the mill pond, where the four skated hand in hand. Then the piling snows stopped the skating with a white Christmas, the old year sank to rest, the new rose up, and Bylow Hill, under its bare elms and with the pine-crested ridge at its back, sat in the cold sunshine like a white sea bird with its head in its down. And when the nights were frigid and clear, its ruddy lights of lamp and hearth seemed to answer the downward gaze of the stars in silent gratitude for conditions of happiness strangely perfect for this imperfect world, and the town marveled at the young rector's grasp of his subject when his text was, "The heart knoweth his own bitterness." But on a day in early spring, when every one was in the thick of all the year's tasks and cares, there came to Leonard this letter: —

LEONARD BYINGTON, ESQUIRE:

SIR, — I find myself compelled to ask that you consider your acquaintanceship with my wife at an end. Doubtless this request will give you more relief than surprise. The visible waste of your frame and the loss of her exqui-

site bloom are proof enough that both you and she have long been in daily dread of a far worse visitation. It is not worse, because I know how sentimental your impotent and conscience-plagued interchanges of affection have been. I shall permit and assist you to keep this matter a secret. To let it be known would instantly wreck your own career, and would blast at a breath the fortunes of our church and of every one of both our kindreds. I will therefore not at this time require you to resign your church office, or to break off those business intimacies with me which, though no longer founded in personal esteem, are vital to interests that common decency must move you to shield from new peril.

I ask for no repair of the inextinguishable wrong you have done me. I only ask you not to fancy that I am to be beguiled by arguments or denials or moved by threats, or that one word I here write is founded on conjecture or inference. Groveling at my feet, in sobs of shame and with prayers for pardon, Isabel has told me all. Has told me all, Leonard Byington, my once trusted friend. Now, though prostrated on her bed, she rejoices in the double forgiveness of her husband and her priest, blessing him for deliverance from the misleadings of one who — great God! must I write it? — might at last have dragged her into crime. It is her request, as it is my command, that you darken our threshold no more, and that as far as practicable you keep yourself from her sight.

Faithfully,

ARTHUR WINSLOW.

With his swivel chair overturned behind him, the young lawyer stood at the desk of his inner office, read this letter through at headlong speed, turned it again, and re-read it, slowly, searchingly, from his own name to its writer's. Then, readjusting his chair, he stepped to a door, asked a clerk in the outer

office to order his cutter, turned back, and was closing his desk, when his partner came to him.

"Byington, are you ill?" asked the fatherly man.

"No; I'm only going out on some business. I'll be back about" — He looked at his watch.

"Byington, don't go. You're ill. You don't realize how ill you are. If you go at all, go home, and let me send some one with you. Why, your hand is as cold" —

"I'm all right," said the young man, freeing his hand and smiling with white lips. He took his hat and passed out.

Meanwhile Isabel lay on her bed, too overwhelmed to rise. In his room adjoining, with doors locked, Arthur paced the floor. He had spent the first half of the night in an agonizing interview with his wife, and the second half in writing and rewriting the letter to Leonard. Now Isabel noticed the cessation of his steps. In the door between them the key turned; then the door opened, and he stood, haggard and disheveled, gazing on her. She sat up in the bed, wan, tear-spent, her glorious hair falling over the embroideries of her nightdress.

"Arthur, dear, I am sorry for every angry word I have spoken. But the things I have denied I must deny forever. If you should wait till doomsday, I could confess no more. I have never harbored one throb of unworthy or unsafe regard toward any man in this wide world. For me to say differently would be to lie in God's own face. I have had great happiness of Leonard's companionship, and I have been proud to be myself a proof that a man and a woman can be close, dear, daily friends without being lovers or kin, and earth be only more like heaven for it, to them and all theirs. If Leonard has confessed one word more than that for me, — or even for himself, Arthur, dearest, — he has lost his reason. It's a frightful explanation, but I find no other.

Leonard Byington is not wicked, and if he were he wouldn't be so in a dastard's way. Never since the day I first plighted my faith to you, dear heart, has he given me one sign of a lover's love. Oh, Arthur, I do love my husband! This night has proved it to me as I never knew it before; and if you will only believe me and go back to Leonard, I believe he can tear the mask off of this horrible mystery."

Arthur turned, and once more locked the door. His wife flamed red and hearkened, and the light footfall which had tortured her for hours began again. Suddenly she left the bed and hurried to dress. At the mirror, with her hair lifted on her hands, she paused and again hearkened. Sleigh bells stopped at the front door. Now some one was let in down there, and now, at her husband's room, Giles, his English man of all work, announced Mr. Byington. "Yes, sir, but 'e says if you can't come down 'e will 'ave to come up, sir."

VII.

As Arthur entered the library Leonard came from its farther end, and they halted on opposite sides of a large table. Arthur was flushed and looked fearfully spent. Leonard was pale.

"I have your letter, Arthur."

The rector bowed.

He gave a start, but tried to conceal a gleam of triumph. Leonard ignored it and spoke on: "A gentleman, Arthur, — I mean any one trying to be a whole gentleman, — is a very helpless creature, nowadays, in matters of this sort." He looked formidable, and as he lightly grasped a chair at his side it seemed about to become a weapon. "The old thing once called satisfaction," he continued, "is something one can no longer either ask or offer, in any form. He can neither rail, nor strike, nor spellbind, nor challenge, nor lampoon, nor prosecute."

"Nearly as helpless as a clergyman," said Arthur.

"Almost," replied the visitor. "No, there is no more satisfaction in any of those things, for him, than if he were all a clergyman is supposed to be. There is none even in saying this, to you, here, now, and I'm not here to say it. Neither am I here to vindicate myself — no, nor yet Isabel — with professions or arguments to you. I might as well argue with a forest fire."

"Quite as well. What are you here for?"

"Be patient and I'll tell you. I'm trying to be so with you."

"You — trying" —

"Stop that nonsense, Arthur. Ah me, Arthur Winslow, I have no wish to humiliate you. Through the loyalty of your wife's pure heart, whatever humiliates you must humiliate her. Oh, I could wish her in her shroud and coffin rather than have her suffer the humiliation you have prepared for yourself, and for her through you."

Arthur showed a thrill of alarm. "Do you propose to go down to public shame, and drag us all with you?"

"No, nor to let you, if I can prevent you. Arthur, you have allowed a base jealousy gradually to persuade you, in the face of every contrary evidence, that your fair young wife has lost her loyalty, and your nearest friend the commonest honesty, in a clandestine love. Under the goadings of that passion you foully guessed, you heartlessly accused, you brazenly lied. Isabel has confessed nothing to you, and I know by your lies to me how pusillanimously you must have been lying to her. Had your guess been right, I should not have known you were only guessing, and your successful iniquity would have remained hidden from everybody but yourself — I still do you the honor to believe you would have realized it. Now the vital question is, do you realize it, and will you undo it?"

Arthur was deadly pale; his point-

ing finger trembled. "Leave" — he choked — "leave this house."

Leonard turned scarlet, but his tone sank low. "Arthur, I don't believe your soul is rotten. If I did, I should not be such a knave or such a fool as to make any treaty with you that would leave you in your pulpit one Sabbath Day."

"What do you — what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that such a treaty would be foul faith to everybody."

"So, then, you do propose one common shipwreck for us all?"

"Quite the contrary. To trust the fortunes of our loved ones to any treaty with a rotten soul would indeed be to launch them upon a stormy sea in a rotten boat. But I do not believe your soul is so. I believe it is sound, — still sound, though on fire; and so, to help you quench its burning, I give you my pledge to be from this day a stranger to your sweet wife. And now will you do something for me, to prove that your soul is sound and is going to stay sound? It shall be the least I can ask in good faith to the world we live in."

"What is it?" asked Arthur, with no capitulation in face or voice.

"I want you to make to her a full retraction and explanation of every falsehood you have uttered to her or to me in this matter." Leonard was pale again; Arthur burned red a moment, and then turned paler than Leonard.

"You fiend!" gasped the husband. "I am to exalt you, and abase myself, to her?"

"No. No, Arthur. Women are strange; every chance is that in her eyes I shall be abased." The speaker went whiter than ever. "But be that as it may, you shall have lifted your soul out of the mire. You must do it, Arthur; don't you see you must?"

Arthur sank into the chair at his side. He seemed to have guessed what Leonard was keeping unsaid. A cold moisture stood on his brow. Yet —

"I will die before I will do it," he said.

Leonard drew forth the letter, and then his watch. "Arthur Winslow, I give you five minutes. If you don't make me that promise in that time, I shall show this letter to your bishop."

The rector sat clenching his fingers and spreading them again, and staring at the table. A bead of sweat, then a second, and then a third started down his forehead. Presently he clutched the board, drew himself to his feet, and turned to leave the chair, but fell across its arms, slid heavily from them, and with one rude thump, and then another, lay unconscious on the floor.

Leonard sprang round the table, but when he would have lifted the fallen head it was in the arms of Isabel, and her dilated eyes were on him in a look of passionate aversion. "Ring!" she cried. "Ring for Sarah, and go! No! stop! don't ring! he's coming to! Only go! go quickly and forever! Say not a word, — oh, not a word! I heard it all! Despise me too, for I listened at the door! Oh, my husband! Arthur, — look at me, Arthur. Look, Arthur: it's your Isabel. Oh, Arthur, my husband, my husband!"

Martin Kelly, pious Irishman and outdoor factotum of the Byington place, paused from the last snow-shoveling of the season to reply to a wandering salesman of fruit trees: "Mr. Airthur Winslow or Mr. Linnard Boyington, — naw, sor! ye can see nayther the wan nor th'other, whatsomiver! How can ye see thim, moy graciouz! whin 't is two weeks since the two o' thim was tuck the same noight wid the pneumonias, boy gorra! and the both of thim has thim on the loongs!"

The nursery agent asked how it had happened so.

"Hawh! ask yer grandmother! All ye can say is they was roipe to catch the maladee, whatsomiver! Ye cannot always tell how 't is catched, and whin

ye cannot tell, moy graciouz! ye have got the wurrst koind!"

The two sick men recovered very nearly at the same time. One day, when Leonard had read all his accumulated mail and had seen three or four men officially in his bedchamber, he told Ruth that a certain criminal case which had been waiting for his recovery would take him to the county seat, and would keep him there many days, probably weeks, except for brief visits to his office and yet briefer moments at home. Ruth gave him a look of tender approval, laid a hand in his, and bent into the evening fire her far-off smile. Thus, and only thus, he knew she had divined what had befallen.

A day or two afterward Mrs. Morris brought him a note from Arthur. He wrote an answer while she stayed, and while Ruth listened elatedly to her sprightly account of how well Isabel still bore the burden of nursing a most loving but most nervous husband. The missive from Arthur was a short but complete and propitiative acknowledgment of his error and frailty. It offered no change in the agreement as to Isabel, but it professed a high yet humble resolve to fall no more, and it ended with a manly offer to resign his pulpit, and even to lay aside his sacred calling, if Leonard retained any belief in the moral necessity of his so doing. Leonard's reply was a very brief exhortation to his friend to put away all thought of resigning, and to take up his work again with the zeal with which he had first entered upon it.

Mrs. Morris went away refreshed, and left the Byingtons equally so. Her buoyancy had been as prettily restrained, her sympathies as sweet, her dimple as unconscious, her belief in everybody's wit and wisdom except her own as genuine, and her timid dissimulations as kindly meant and as transparent as ever. Yet there was an unspoken compassion for her when she was gone; for in the parting words with

which she playfully vaunted her ignorance of the correspondence she was bearing, it was clear, even to the General, that behind that small ignorance she had a larger knowledge, — a fact that made her dainty cheerfulness seem very brave.

VIII.

The freshets swept down the valleys, the myriad yellow twigs of the brookside willows turned green, a cheery piping rose from the ponds, the last gleam of snow passed from the farthest hills, the bluebird sang, the harrow followed the plough, Ruth's crocuses shone above the greening sod, and down by the old mill pool and on the steep hillside beyond it she and Isabel gathered arbutus, anemones, and the yellow violet. Then through the thickening greenery the dogwood shone like belated drifts, the flashing warblers passed into the north, the bobolink had arrived, the robin was already overeating, the whole chorus of birds that had come to nest and stay broke forth, and it was summer.

Leonard was back in his own town, enriched with new esteem from the public and from the men of his profession. The noted case was won, a victory for the peace and dignity of the state, due wholly, it was said, to the energy and sagacity of the young district attorney. A murder had been so cunningly done that suspicion could fasten nowhere until Byington laid his finger upon a man of so unspotted a name that no one else had had the mental courage to point to him. Through a long and masterly untangling of contradictions the state's counsel had so unanswerably proved him guilty that he had confessed without waiting for the jury's verdict.

"Yes," said many, "it was a great stroke, Leonard's management of that thing." And not a few added that it had made him an older man, — "that or something." Those who were of his politics, and even some who were not,

stopped him in Main Street and State Street to "shake," and to say, without too much care for logical sequence, how soon, in their opinion, he would be the commonwealth's "favorite son."

"My dear Mrs. Morris," said the General, "every town has at least one." But even Mrs. Morris could see the father's faith through the old soldier's satire.

On the other hand, things were going ill with the little church of All Angels. Arthur kept his people as tensely strung as ever, but he no longer drew from them the chords of aspiration and enterprise. It was a sad disenchantment, and none the less so because no one seemed to know what the matter was. One darkly guessed he was writing a book, and the vestryman who had praised the lovely simplicity of the wedding lucidly explained that the young rector had "lost his grip."

At times there were flashes of recovery. One Sabbath the whole congregation came out under his benediction uplifted by his word that "loving is living." "The more we love," they quoted him on their various ways home, "the more we live. The deeper we love, the deeper we live. The more selfishly or unselfishly, the higher, the broader, the purer, the wiser, we love, the more selfishly or unselfishly, the higher, the broader, the purer, the wiser, we live!" The rector's gentle wife was visibly and ever so prettily rejoiced. True, but hardly the whole truth. In her mother's cottage her smiles were almost sad, and when she had crossed the garden and got into her own room she dropped upon her bed and wept. Yet she quickly ceased, and put on again a brave serenity, for a very tender reason which forbade such risks.

A bunch of the church's best men got together and agreed that all Arthur needed was rest; that this bright moment was the right one in which to offer him a vacation; that his physician should flatly order him to take it; and that

Byington should arrange the matter. Leonard accepted the task, the physician spoke with startling flatness, and the whole kind plot worked well. Arthur consented to go away up into the hills, beyond all the jar of the busy world's unrest. Isabel was to go with him, and they were to sojourn at some point where she would still be within prompt reach of medical skill, yet from which he could make long jaunts into the absolute wilds.

Mrs. Morris was far from well when they left, and the day afterward she was seriously ill. That night Ruth sat up with her, and the next day she was worse, yet begged that no telegram be sent to her daughter. At the close of the day there came a letter from Isabel. It said that Arthur, "already a new man," would start the next morning at dawn for a three days' trip into the wilderness. He went; and he had not been three hours gone when Isabel received a dispatch calling her to her mother. The only day train would leave in a few minutes, and she had the fortune to catch it. Ruth met her at the station with the blessed word "better." They went up from the town in Ruth's carriage, Martin Kelly driving, who let it be known that though the doctor's name, "moy graciouz!" were signed to the telegram seven times over, the actual painstaker and sender was "Linnard Boyington, whatsomiver."

Still Ruth called it the doctor's telegram, and said it made no difference who sent it; but she saw Isabel was disturbed. "Well, Martin, doctor will have to wait on himself to-morrow; Leonard will be out of town."

That evening, alone with her brother, she said, "But I thought you were to be out of town to-morrow."

"No," he replied, "I don't think I'd better."

Another day passed, another came, and Mrs. Morris was still in danger. Isabel wrote Arthur that she would be with him the moment the peril was over, if he needed her; but if he did

not, she would stay on for her mother's fuller recovery. Her letter had barely gone when she received a penciled line brought in to the mountain hotel by a chance messenger and sent on to her, saying he would be out on his tramp five days instead of three. On the fifth day she telegraphed that her mother was getting well so fast that she would come, now, at his word. The next morning she betrayed to Ruth a glad sense of relief as she showed her a dispatch from Arthur, which read: "Going on another trip to-morrow. Stay till I write."

Ruth repeated it to her father and brother at their noonday meal. Leonard made no comment, but the General asked pleasantly, "Is she certain he won't come in on this evening's express?" He was discerning more than any one wanted him to. However, at dusk came the train, took water at the tank, stopped at the station, and passed on, and Arthur did not appear.

"Well, I'll go to bed," blithely spoke the General. "I'm not so old as I have been, but I'm tired after writing that letter this afternoon — to Godfrey. Good-night." So he gave fair notice that he had moved in this matter, himself.

"I did n't know father had received a letter from Godfrey," said Ruth, shading her face from the lamp, and lifting to Leonard a smile which implied that it would have been but fair for him to have told her.

"It came the day before Arthur went away," said Leonard, and Ruth reluctantly chose a new topic.

They rarely had an evening together thus, and with a soft rain falling at the open windows they sat and talked on many themes in what was to them a very talkative way. When something brought up the subject of the late noted trial, Ruth asked her brother how he had first come to suspect so unsuspected a man.

His reply was tardy. "Partly," he said, and mused while he spoke, "because I am so unsuspected a man my-

self." He looked up with a smile, half play, half pain. "I know what an unsuspected man is capable of — under pressure."

The questioner looked on him with fond faith, and then, dropping her eyes to her needlework, said, "That was n't all that prompted you, was it?"

"No," replied the brother, again musing. "I had noticed the singular value of wanton guesswork."

"I thought so," said the sister. Her needle flagged and stopped, and each knew the other's mind was on the implacable divinations of one morbid soul.

Leonard leaned and fingered the needlework, — a worsted slipper, too small for most men, too large for most women. "Is that for him?"

"Yes," apologized Ruth; "it's the thing every clergyman has to incur. But I'm only doing it to help Isabel out; she has the other."

The evening went quickly. When Leonard had let down the window sashes and lowered the shades, Ruth, standing by the lamp as if to shade its light, said, "I'll not go for a moment or two yet." She sent him an ardent smile across the room and turned to a desk.

IX.

Ruth wrote to her lover. Her father's keeping secret his receipt of Godfrey's letter until he had mailed its answer could mean only that the answer was for him to come home. His talk of being tired by the writing of it was a purely expletive irony, for he had written with the brevity of an old soldier to a young sailor; but he had written that trouble was impending, that its source was Arthur, and that the last hope of removing it lay with him, Godfrey. A line from her, pursuing after this message, would be one steamer behind it all the way, but it would reach the far wanderer before any leave would permit him to start homeward.

So, now, what should she write? If her father had discerned so much more than he had let any one know he had discerned, how about others? How about the kind whose chief joy is ruthless guesswork? *That* need of haste was one she had overlooked. Wise father! And yet — haste itself is such a hazardous thing! Ah, if Arthur had come in on that evening express, what to write were an easier question. The minutes sped by; her pen overhung the paper with the opening sentence unfinished, and every moment the thought she kept putting away came back: "Leonard! Leonard! Godfrey's summons should go to him from Leonard; and it should flash under the seas, not crawl across them!" Hark! She rose and glided to the door through which her brother had gone. There she was startled by the sight of him speeding cautiously down the stair.

On entering his unlighted room Leonard had moved across it to a front window, where, veiled by the chamber's dusk, he stood looking out into a night dimly illumined by the overclouded moon. The Winslow house widened palely among its surrounding trees. The servants' rooms were remote as well as on the farther side, and on the nearer no lamplight shone. A short way down the street a glow came from the Morris cottage. Evidently Isabel was with her mother.

He stood and mused, unconsciously lulled by the cool drip of myriad leaves, and with his mind poised midway between emotion and thought. To yield to emotion would have been to chafe against the bands that knitted his life and hers to every life about them. To yield to thought would have been to think of her as no more to be drawn from these surrounding ties than some animate rainbow-fringed flower of the sea can be torn from its shell without laceration and death. To give thought word would have been to cry, "Oh, truest of womankind, where would this

unsuspected man, the Leonard Byington, be, if you were other than you are?" Yet the suspense between avoided feeling and avoided thought held him where he stood. So standing, it drifted idly into his mind that yonder arbor must be very wet to-night, and the cinder sidewalk out here much drier. As the thought moved him to draw one step back, the glow from the cottage broadened. Its front door had opened, and Mrs. Morris's young maid came out with a lantern, followed by Isabel saying last fond words to her mother as the convalescent closed the door. "Good-night!" she called back.

In one great wave the young man's passion rolled over its bounds and brought him to his knees with arms outstretched. "Oh, Isabel!" he murmured. "Oh, my God! Oh, Isabel! Isabel! if I had but lost you fairly!"

The two slight figures came daintily along the wet path in single file: the maid throwing the lantern's beams hither and yon as she looked back to answer Isabel's kindly questions; Isabel one moment half lost in the gloom of the trees, and then so lighted up again from foot to brow that it was easy to see the very lines of her winsome mouth, ripe for compassion or fortitude, yet wishful as a little child's.

Her secret observer moaned as he stood erect. The fury of his soul seemed to enhance his stature. He did not speak again, but, "Oh, Isabel! harder to strive against than all the world beside!" was the unuttered cry that wrote itself upon his tortured brow, "if your unfair winner would only hold you by fair means! Yet I too was to blame! I too was to blame, and you alone were not!"

Opposite his window she ceased her light talk with the maid, halted, bent, and scanned something just off the firm path, in the clean, wet sand. The maid turned and flooded her with the light of the lantern just as she impulsively lifted an alarmed glance to Leonard's

window, and as quickly averted it. "Go on," she said. "I can walk faster if you can."

The girl quickened her steps, but had not taken a dozen when Isabel stopped again. "Wait, Minnie. Now you can run back, thank you." She reached for the lantern.

"I—I thought I was to go all the way, and—and bring the lantern back."

"No, I'll keep the lantern; but I'll stay here and throw the light after you till you get in. Run along."

Minnie tripped away. As she came where they had first halted, a purposely belated good-night softly overtook her; and when she looked back, Isabel, as if by inadvertency, sent the lantern's beam into her eyes. So too much light sent the maid by the spot unenlightened. Leonard drew aside, lest the beam swing next into his window. But the precaution was wasted; it followed Minnie. Isabel also followed, slowly, a few paces, and then moved obliquely into the roadway and toward the window. Only for a moment the ray swept near, and, lighting up the rain-packed sand close before her, revealed a line of footprints slanting toward her from Leonard's own gate. As the cottage door shut Minnie in, Isabel, reassured by the brightness of the Byingtons' lower windows, stopped for a furtive instant, and holding in her hand the fellow of the slipper so lately in Ruth's, exactly fitted it to one of these tracks. Then, with the lantern on her farther side, she made haste toward the open gateway of the Winslow house. A short space from it she recoiled with a gesture of dismay and self-repression, and her light shone full upon a man. He stepped from the garden, his form tensely lifted, his face aflame with anger. But her small figure straightened, also, and swiftly muffling the lantern in a fold of her skirt, she exclaimed, audibly only to him, though in words clear-cut as musical notes, "Oh, Arthur Winslow, has it come to this?"

She arrested his resentful answer by the uplift of a hand, which left the lantern again uncovered. "Inside! In the house!" she softly cried, starting on. "Not here! Look! those windows! — we're in full view of them!"

Quickly she remuffled the lantern, but not in time to hide his motion as he threw out an arm and pushed her rudely back, while he exclaimed, "In full view of them, answer me one question!"

It was then that Leonard went hurriedly downstairs.

"I will answer you nothing!" murmured the wife, still facing him as she moved round into the garden driveway. "Arthur Winslow, it is you who are on trial, not I!"

"I on trial! God, listen to that!" He sprang after her, gripped her shoulders, and hung over her, snarling, "You two-faced runaway, what have I done but suffer?"

She kept the lantern hid. "What have you done? Oh, my husband, will you hear if I tell you? You have hung the fates of all of us, living or yet to live, on one thread, — please, dear, don't bear so heavily on me, — on one poor thread, which the jar of another misstep will surely break. Oh, let us not make it! Come, Arthur, — my husband, — into the house; maybe we can yet save ourselves and our dear ones. Arthur, you're hurting me dreadfully. If you press me down that way, you'll force me to my knees."

Still she spoke in undertone and still she muffled the light, while steadily the weight of his arms increased. Suddenly he crowded her to the earth. "Arthur," she murmured, "Arthur, what are you going to do? Don't kill me here and now, Arthur; wait till tomorrow. I have that to pass through to-night which may end my life peaceably in bed; and if it should, then there will be no infamy on any of us, — on you or our child, living, or on me, dead; and Godfrey, and Ruth, and mother, and all can be" —

"Give me that lantern!" He held her with one hand, snatched the light from cover and thrust it into her face. "So this is what you signal him with, is it?"

"Oh no, no! Arthur, dear, no! Before God's throne, no!"

He lifted it as high as his arm would go, and with all his force swung it down, crashing and quenched, upon her head.

She gave a gentle sigh and rolled at his feet. Groaning with horror and fright, he lifted her in his arms and bore her to her room and bed. There she presently opened her eyes to find him laving her face and head, moaning, covering them with kisses, and imploring her forgiveness in a thousand hysterical repetitions.

"Hush, dear," she whispered. "I see how it all happened. Does anybody know? Oh, God be thanked! Don't let any one find out! It was all a misunderstanding. So many things crowded together to mislead you."

"Oh yes, so many, many things at once, my treasure! Oh yes, yes!"

"Call Sarah, will you, dear?"

"Oh, beloved, why should I? You don't need Sarah for anything."

"Yes, I need her. I must send her for mother — and Ruth — I promised Ruth; and you must send Giles for the doctor. My hour is come."

In the Byington house Ruth and her brother met at the foot of the stairs. "Leonard," she whispered, "what is it? Is father ill? Leonard! Oh, what have you seen?"

"Let me pass! quick!" He would have pressed her aside, but she laid hands on him.

"What has Arthur done?" she asked.

"What is he doing?"

"Ruth! Ruth! he is putting her out of his own gate!" The brother put forth both hands to turn the sister from his path, but she twined her arms on his.

"Leonard! Leonard! for the love of Heaven, let him do it! She has only to go to her mother; let her go! It's the last hope. But she'd better be dead, and she'd a hundred times rather be dead, than that Leonard Byington should be her rescuer! Come in here a minute." Slipping both hands into his she drew him into the lighted room, adding as they went, "In a few minutes I can make some errand to her and find how matters stand" —

They stumbled over a disordered rug. She fell into a chair; he sank to his knees, and with his face in her hands he moaned: "Oh, Ruth! Oh, Ruth! It's my fault, after all! I should have gone away at the beginning!"

Ruth and Arthur met in the Winslow garden drive. "I was just coming for you," he said excitedly. . . . "Yes, her mother is with her, and" — a sound of wheels — "here's Giles, now, off for the doctor." The servant passed. "Yes, I came by the sunset express. I could n't stay, with this impending. . . . No, of course you did n't see me, for I did n't go to the station, and so I did n't pass anywhere near your house. I got off at the tank and came up the hill path. . . . Oh no! I got in before the rain began. Let myself in without seeing any one, and found Isabel was over at her mother's. So I waited here. . . . No, I have n't been off the place since I came, but I stepped out so many times into the garden to see if she was coming that I'm soaking wet."

They entered the lighted house, and he turned upon her a glance heavy and wavering with falsehood. His tongue ran like a terrified horse: "Oh — eh — before you go upstairs — Ruth — there's one thing I'm distressed about. I've told Mrs. Morris, and she's promised to see that the doctor understands it perfectly, — though I shall explain

it to him myself the moment he comes. And still I wish you'd see that he understands, will you?"

"What is it?"

"Why, at last, as I was waiting for Isabel, and saw her coming, I went to meet her. Unfortunately she took me for a stranger, turned to run, and tripped and fell headlong! She somehow got her lantern between the base of a tree and the crown of her head, smashed the lantern, and cut and bruised her head pitifully!"

To hide her start of distress Ruth moved up the stair; but after a step or two she turned. "Arthur, why say anything about it, if nothing is asked?"

The husband stared at her and turned deadly pale. "Th — that's tr — true!" he said, with an eager gesture. "I'll not mention it. And — Ruth!" — she was leaving him — "you might s — say the same to Mrs. Morris!"

She nodded, but would not trust her eyes to meet his. He was right: she had divined his deed. He went loiteringly into the library, and gently closed the door. Then he turned the light low, paced once up and down the room, and all at once slammed himself full length upon a lounge, and lay face up, face down, by turns, writhing and tearing his hair. Soon again he was pacing the floor, and presently was prone once more, and then once more up. Giles, the man, brought the doctor, and Arthur heard him discoursing as the vehicle drew up.

"Yes, sir, quite so; quite so, sir. And yet I believe, sir, if h-all money and lands was 'eld in common, the 'ole 'uman ryce would be as 'appy as the gentlemen and lydies on Bylow 'Ill!"

The young husband met the physician cheerily, sent him up, and went back to his solitude. An hour passed, and then Sarah Stebbens knocked and leaned in. "Mr. Arthur? Oh! I did n't see you. All's well, and it's a daughter."

G. W. Cable.

(To be continued.)

ALLEGRA.

"A lovelier toy sweet Nature never made;
 A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being;
 Graceful without design, and unforeseeing;
 With eyes — Oh! speak not of her eyes!
 which seem
 Twin mirrors of Italian heaven."

In these Wordsworthian lines Shelley describes Lord Byron's little daughter Allegra, then under two years of age; and the word "toy" — so keenly suggestive of both the poetic and the masculine point of view — has in this case an unconscious and bitter significance. Allegra was a toy at which rude hands plucked violently, until death lifted her from their clutches, and hid her away in the safety and dignity of the tomb. "She is more fortunate than we are," said her father, with a noble and rare lapse into simplicity, and the words were the truest spoken. Never did a little child make a happier escape from the troublesome burden of life.

In the winter of 1816 a handsome, vivacious, dark-eyed girl called on Lord Byron in London, and begged him to use his influence in obtaining for her an engagement at Drury Lane. She was precisely the type of young woman who seeks a career on the stage, or in any other field, without regard to qualification and without the burden of study. She gave her name as Claire Clairmont, — which was prettier than the unromantic "Jane" by which she had been known from infancy, — and she added that her stepfather was William Godwin, whose daughter Mary had fled to Europe eighteen months before with the poet Shelley. As a fact, she had been their companion in flight; and their inexplicable folly in taking her with them was punished — as folly always is — with a relentless severity seldom accorded to crime. To the end of Shelley's life Miss Clairmont continued to be a source of irritation and anxiety.

No engagement at Drury Lane was procurable; but the acquaintance between Lord Byron and the infatuated girl ripened all too quickly into passion. The glamour of the poet's fame gave a compelling power to that fatal beauty which was his undoing. When we read what *men* have written about Byron's head; when we recall the rhapsodies of Moore, the reluctant praise of Trelawny, the eloquence of Coleridge; when we remember that Scott — the sanest man in Great Britain — confessed ruefully that Byron's face was a thing to dream of, we are the less surprised that women should have flung themselves at his feet in a frenzy of self-surrender which a cold legacy of busts and portraits does little to explain. Miss Clairmont, to use Professor Dowden's poetic phraseology, "was lightly whirled out of her regular orbit." When Byron left England she met him at Geneva, — still under the care of Shelley and Mary Godwin, — and the following winter her little daughter was born.

It was a blue-eyed baby of exceptional loveliness. Mrs. Shelley (Mary Godwin had been married to the poet on the death of his wife, two months earlier) fills her letters with praises of its beauty, though by this time she was sadly weary of her stepsister's companionship. Her diary — all these young people kept diaries with uncommendable industry — abounds in notes illustrative of Claire's ill temper and of her own chronic irritation: "Clara imagines that I treat her unkindly." "Clara in an ill humor." "Jane¹ gloomy." "Jane for some reason refuses to walk." "Jane is not well, and does not speak the whole day."

This was bad enough, but there were

¹ Clara Mary Jane Clairmont was "Claire's" full name.

other moods more trying than mere sulkiness. Miss Clairmont possessed nerves. She had "the horrors" when King Lear was read aloud. She was, or professed to be, in fear of ghosts. She would come downstairs in the middle of the night to tell Shelley that an invisible hand had lifted her pillow from her bed and dumped it on a chair. To such thrilling recitals the poet lent much serious attention. "Her manner," he wrote in his journal, "convinced me that she was not deceived. We continued to sit by the fire, at intervals engaged in awful conversation relative to the nature of these mysteries;" that is, the migrations of the pillow. As a result of sympathetic treatment, Claire would wind up the night with hysterics, writhing in convulsions on the floor and shrieking dismally, until poor Mrs. Shelley was summoned from a sick-bed to soothe her to slumber. "Give me a garden, and *absentia* Claire, and I will thank my love for many favors," is the weary comment of the wife, after months of inextinguishable agitation.

There was no loophole of escape, however, from a burden so rashly shouldered. Miss Clairmont could not and would not live with her mother, Mrs. Godwin, — "a very disgusting woman, and wears green spectacles," is Charles Lamb's description of this lady, whom, in common with most of her acquaintances, he cordially hated. But when Byron wrote, offering to receive and provide for his daughter, Mrs. Shelley determined that the child should be sent to him. Claire consented, and the journey to Italy in the spring of 1818 was undertaken mainly as a sure though expensive means of conveying the infant to its father.

A delicate baby, not yet sixteen months old, proved a formidable and inharmonious addition to the poet's Venetian household. Byron was sorely perplexed by the situation, and when Mrs. Hoppner, the Swiss wife of the

English consul-general, offered to take temporary charge of the child, he gladly and gratefully consented. That he wanted Allegra there is no doubt, nor that he was already deeply concerned for her most uncertain future. Over and over again in his letters he dwells upon his plans for her education and settlement. He was at all times sternly practical and pitilessly clear-sighted. He never regarded his daughter as a "lovely toy," but as a very serious and troublesome responsibility. The poetic view of childhood failed to commend itself to him. "Any other father," wrote Claire bitterly, "would have made of her infancy a sweet idyl of flowers and innocent joy." Byron was not idyllic. He dosed Allegra with quinine when she had a fever. He abandoned a meditated journey because she was ill. He dismissed a servant who had let her fall. He added a codicil to his will, bequeathing her five thousand pounds. These things do not indicate any stress of emotion, but they have their place in the ordinary calendar of parental cares.

One difficulty in his path he had not failed to foresee, — that Claire, having relinquished Allegra of her own free will, would quickly want her back again. In fact, before the end of the summer Miss Clairmont insisted upon going to Venice, and poor Shelley very ruefully and reluctantly accompanied her. Byron received *him* with genuine delight, and, in an access of good humor, proposed lending the party his villa at Este. There Mrs. Shelley might rest after the fatigues of prolonged travel, and there little Allegra might spend some weeks under her mother's care. The offer was frankly accepted, and the two men came once more to an amicable understanding. They were not fitted to be friends, — the gods had ruled a severance wide and deep, — but when unpricked by the contentiousness of other people they passed pleasant and profitable hours together.

Meanwhile the poor little apple of discord was ripening every day into a fairer bloom. "Allegra is very pretty, remarkably intelligent, and a great favorite with everybody," writes Byron to his sister in August. "She has very blue eyes, a singular forehead, fair curly hair, and a devil of a spirit; but that is papa's." "I have here my natural daughter, by name Allegra," he tells Moore six weeks later. "She is a pretty little girl enough, and reckoned like papa." To Murray he writes in the same paternal strain: "My daughter Allegra is well, and growing pretty; her hair is growing darker, and her eyes are blue. Her temper and her ways, Mr. Hoppner says, are like mine, as well as her features. She will make, in that case, a manageable young lady."

Other pens bear ready witness to Allegra's temper. Mr. Jeaffreson, who has written a very offensive book about Lord Byron, takes pains to tell us that the poor child was "greedy, passionate, and, in her fifth year, precocious, vain, and saucy." Mr. Hoppner, after the publication of the Countess Guiccioli's *Recollections*, wrote an agitated letter to the Athenæum, assuring an indifferent public that he had no acquaintance with the lady, that he utterly disapproved of the poet's life, and that he had seldom been his companion, save when they rode together, — on Byron's horses. "Allegra was not by any means an amiable child," he added sourly, "nor was Mrs. Hoppner nor I particularly fond of her."

It could hardly have been expected that the daughter of Byron and Claire Clairmont would have been "amiable;" nor can we wonder that Mr. Hoppner, who had a seven-months-old baby of his own, should have failed to wax enthusiastic over another infant. But his warm-hearted wife did love her little charge, and grieved sincerely when the child's quick temper subsided into listlessness under the fierce Italian heat. "Mon petit brille, et il est toujours gai

et sautillant," she wrote prettily to the Shelleys, after their departure from Venice; "et Allegra, par contre, est devenue tranquille et sérieuse, comme une petite vieille, ce que nous peine beaucoup."

Byron was frankly grateful to Mrs. Hoppner for her kindness to his daughter; and after he had carried the child to Ravenna, where the colder, purer air brought back her gayety and bloom, he wrote again and again to her former guardians, now thanking them for "a whole treasure of toys" which they had sent, now assuring them that "Allegrina is flourishing like a pomegranate blossom," and now pouring into their sympathetic ears the bitter resentment of his soul.

For Claire, clever about most things, was an adept in the art of provocation. She wrote him letters calculated to try the patience of a saint, and he retaliated by a cruel and contemptuous silence. In vain Shelley attempted to play the difficult part of peacemaker. "I wonder," he pleaded, "at your being provoked by what Claire writes, though that she should write what is provoking is very probable. She is unhappy and in bad health, and she ought to be treated with as much indulgence as possible. The weak and the foolish are in this respect the kings, — they can do no wrong."

But Byron was less generous. The weak and the foolish — especially when their weakness and folly took an hysterical form — irritated him beyond endurance, and he had no pity for the pain that Claire was suffering. On one point his mind was made up: Allegra should never again be sent to her mother nor to the Shelleys. He had views of his own on the education of little girls, which by no means corresponded with theirs.

"About Allegra," he writes to Mr. Hoppner in 1820, "I can only say to Claire that I so totally disapprove of the mode of children's treatment in

their family that I should look upon the child as going into a hospital. Her health has hitherto been excellent, and her temper not bad. She is sometimes vain and obstinate, but always clean and cheerful; and as, in a year or two, I shall either send her to England or put her in a convent for education, these defects will be remedied as far as they can in human nature. But the child shall not quit me again to perish of starvation and green fruit, or be taught to believe that there is no Deity. Whenever there is convenience of vicinity and access, her mother can always have her with her; otherwise, no. It was so stipulated from the beginning."

Five months later he reiterates these painfully prosaic views. He has taken a house in the country, because the air agrees better with Allegra. He has two maids to attend to her. He is doing his best, and he is very angry at Claire's last batch of letters. "Were it not for the poor little child's sake," he writes, "I am almost tempted to send her back to her atheistical mother; but that would be too bad. If Claire thinks that she shall ever interfere with the child's morals or education, she mistakes; she never shall. The girl shall be a Christian and a married woman, if possible."

On these two points Byron had set his heart. The Countess Guiccioli — kindly creature — assures us that "his dearest paternal care was the religious training to be given to his natural daughter, Allegra;" and while the words of this sweet advocate weigh little in the scale, they are in some degree confirmed by the poet's letters and conduct. He placed the child at the convent school of Bagnacavallo, twelve miles from Ravenna, and he explained very clearly and concisely that he intended keeping her in Italy, because he could there find her a husband. "Abroad, with a fair foreign education and a portion of five or six thousand pounds, she might and may marry very

respectably. In England such a dowry would be a pittance, while elsewhere it is a fortune."

Miss Clairmont was spending her carnival merrily in Florence, when word came that Allegra had been sent to school. It was a blow, says Professor Dowden, "under which she staggered and reeled." In vain Shelley and his wife represented to her the wisdom of the step. In vain Byron wrote that the air of the Romagna was exceptionally good, and that he paid double fees for his little daughter to insure her every care and attention. Claire, piteously unreasonable, answered only with frenzied reproaches and appeals. She taunted the poet with his unhappy married life, — which was applying caustic to a raw wound, — she inveighed against the "ignorance and degradation" of convent-reared women, she implored permission to carry her child to England. Her grief was so excessive that in August, 1821, the longsuffering Shelley made a pilgrimage to Bagnacavallo, to see how Allegra was placed, and to assure himself of her health and happiness. His charming letter — too long to be quoted in full — leaves no doubt upon this subject. The little girl was now in her fifth year, and lovelier than ever, with that strange mingling of melancholy and vivacity which she had inherited from her father. "Her hair, scarcely darker than it was, is beautifully profuse, and hangs in large curls on her neck. She was prettily dressed in white muslin, and an apron of black silk, with trousers. Her light and airy figure and her graceful motions were a striking contrast to the other children. She seemed a thing of a finer and higher order. . . . She showed me her little bed, and the chair where she sat at dinner, and the *carrozzina* in which she and her favorite companions drew each other along a walk in the garden. I had brought her a basket of sweetmeats, and before eating any of them she gave her friends and all the nuns a portion.

This is not much like the old Allegra. She knows certain *orazioni* by heart, and talks and dreams of paradise and angels and all sorts of things, and has a prodigious list of saints, and is always talking of the Bambino."

Shelley's content with Allegra's situation (the poor little tempest-tossed thing had at last sailed into quiet waters) failed to bring comfort to Claire. The convent walls seemed a hopeless barrier between mother and child, and Miss Clairmont actually persuaded herself that Byron meant to leave his daughter at Bagnacavallo in the event of his own departure for England. Tormented by this fear, which the poet's maddening silence did something to excuse, she determined to steal Allegra from school, and proposed wild schemes of abduction, in which she was ardently encouraged by Lady Mountcashel, Mr. Tighe, and Elizabeth Parker, all of whom seem to have worked themselves into a fever of excitement over what was certainly not their concern. Miss Parker, indeed, assured her friend that, were she the child's mother, she would unhesitatingly stab Lord Byron to the heart, and free his unhappy offspring from tyranny.

In the midst of this melodramatic turmoil we hear Mrs. Shelley's voice pleading for moderation and common sense, and stating distinctly that her husband has no money for the furtherance of such plots. Shelley himself is equally explicit on this score. "So far

from being able to lend me three or four hundred pounds," he writes to Claire, "Horace Smith has lately declined to advance six or seven napoleons for a musical instrument which I wished to buy for Jane Williams in Paris."

There was no need this time of money, or counsel, or heroics. Fever was even then sweeping the towns of the Romagna, so seldom scourged by infection, and the little English-born girl fell an early victim. Allegra died at her convent school in the spring of 1822. Byron, who loved her, admitted that death was kind. "Her position in the world would scarcely have allowed her to be happy," he said, pitying remorsefully the "sinless child of sin," so harshly handicapped in life. A fortnight later he wrote to Scott: "I have just lost my natural daughter, Allegra, by a fever. The only consolation, save time, is the reflection that she is either at rest or happy; for her few years (only five) prevented her from having incurred any sin, except what we inherit from Adam.

'Whom the gods love die young.'"

Allegra's body was sent to England, and buried, by her father's wish, in Harrow church. Close to the door she lies, and visitors, searching sentimentally for "Byron's tomb," — by which they mean a stone that he was wont to sit on when a boy, — seldom observe the spot where his little daughter sleeps.

Agnes Repplier.

CITY SPARROWS.

WITHIN the stone Sahara of the Town
A green oasis lies the open Square:
Hark to the noisy caravans of brown,
Intrepid Sparrow-Arabs of the air!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE PIPES OF PAN.

*THIS is something that I heard, —
Half a cry and half a word, —
On a magic day in June,
In the ghostly azure noon,
Where the wind among the trees
Made mysterious melodies,
Such as those which filled the earth
When the elder gods had birth.*

Ah, the world is growing old!
Of the joys it used to hold,
Love and beauty, naught have I
But the fragrant memory.

Once, ah, once, (ye know the story!)
When the earth was in her glory,
Ere man gave his heart to breed
Iron hate and heartless greed,
Near a meadow by a stream
Quiet as a dateless dream,
As I watched from the green rim
Of a beech grove, cool and dim,
Musing in the pleasant shade
The soft leafy sunlight made,
What should gleam and move and quiver
Down by the clear, pebbly river,
Where the tallest reeds were growing
And the bluest iris blowing, —
Gleam a moment and then pass,
(Ah, the dare-to-love she was,
In her summer-fervid dress
Of sheer love and loveliness!)
Wayward, melting, shy, and fond,
Lissome as a bulrush wand,
Fresh as meadowsweet new-blown,
Sandal lost, and loosened zone,
Our own white Arcadian
Touched with rose and creamy tan,
Eyes the color that might fleck
The red meadow lily's neck,
Hair with the soft silky curl
Of some strayed patrician girl,
Beech-brown on the sunlit throat,
Cheek of tawny apricot,
Parted lips and breast aglow, —
Who but Syrinx, as ye know!

The Pipes of Pan.

Gone, swift as a darting swallow.
What could young Pan do but follow?
(Have ye felt the warm blood beat,
At an ankle in the street?
Known the pulse's hurried throb
And the breathing's catch and sob,
When, upon his race with Death,
Life the runner halts for breath,
Taking with a happy cry
His brief draught of ecstasy?)
Call I did, with only laughter
Blown back, as I hurried after;
Till I reached the riverside,
Where I last had seen her glide
In among the reeds, and there
Lost her. But a breath of air
Moved the grass-heads, going by,
And I heard the rushes sigh.

So the chase has always proved;
And Pan never yet has loved,
But the loved one all too soon
Merged in music and was gone, —
Melted like a passing strain,
Vanished like a gust of rain
Or a footfall of the wind,
Leaving not a trace behind.

All that once was Pitys stirs
In the soft voice of the firs.
Lovers, when ye hear that sigh,
Not without a prayer pass by!
And, O lovers, when ye hear,
On a morning soft and clear,
All that once was Echo still
Wandering from hill to hill,
Breathe a prayer lest ye too stray,
Lost upon the mountain way,
And go seeking all your lives
Love, when but his ghost survives!

Then a swaying river reed
From the water, for my need,
In a dream I blindly drew,
Cut and fashioned, ranged and blew, —
Such a music as was played
Never yet since earth was made.
Shrilling, wild and dazed and thin,
All my welling heart therein
Trembled, till the piping grew
Pure as fire and fine as dew,

Till confusion was untangled
From the crowding notes that jangled,
And a new-created world
To my wonder was unfurled,
Sphere by sphere, as climbing sense
Faltered at the imminence
Of the fragile thing called soul
Just beyond oblivion's goal,
And creation's open door
Bade me enter and explore.

Slowly hill and stream and wood
Merged and melted, for my mood,
With the color of the sun
In the pipe I played upon.

Slowly anger from me fell,
In the coil of that new spell
My own music laid on me, —
Like the great rote of the sea,
Like the whisper of the stream,
Like a wood bird's sudden gleam,
Or the gusts that swoop and pass
Through the ripe and seeding grass, —
Perfect rhythm and color cast
In the perfect mould at last.

Slowly I came back to poise, —
A new self with other joys,
Other raptures than before,
Harming less and helping more.
I could strive no more for gain;
Being was my true domain,
And the smiling peace that ever
In the end outruns endeavor.
It was not enough to do;
I must feel, but reason too, —
Find the perfect form and fashion
For the elemental passion;
Else must blemish still be hurled
On the beauty of the world, —
Gloom and clang and hate alloy
Color, melody, and joy,
And the violence of error
Fill the earth with sound and terror.

So I felt the subtle change,
Large, enduring, keen, and strange;
And on that day long ago
I became the god ye know,
Made by music out of man.
Now ye have the pipes of Pan,

The Pipes of Pan.

Which ye call by Syrinx' name,
 Keeping bright a little fame
 Few folk ever think upon.
 Ah, but where is Syrinx gone?

*As the mountain twilight stole
 Through the woods from bole to bole,
 A dumb warder setting free
 Every shy divinity,
 I became aware of each
 Presence, aspen, bass, and beech;
 And they all found voice and made
 A green music in the shade.*

Therefore, therefore, mortal man,
 When ye hear the pipes of Pan,
 Marvel not that they should hold
 Something sad and calm and old,
 Like an eerie minor strain
 Running through the strong refrain.
 All there is of human woe
 Pan has fathomed long ago;
 All of sorrow, all of ill,
 Kindly Pan remembers still;
 Disappointment, grief, disdain,
 Stifled impulse and bleak pain, —
 Pan has learned them; Pan has known
 Hurts and passions of his own.

Thus Pan knows the secret hid
 Under the Great Pyramid;
 Why young lovers for their love
 Think the stars are light enough,
 And they very well may house
 In the odorous fir boughs, —
 Think there is no light of day
 With the loved one gone away,
 Use in life, nor pleasure more
 By the hearth or out of door, —
 Since all things begin and end
 But to glad the little friend,
 And all gladness is forgot
 Where the little friend is not.

Thus Pan melts your human heart
 With the magic of his art.
 Yet, O heart-distracted man,
 When you hear the pipes of Pan,
 Marvel not that they should hold
 Something sure and strong and bold,

Like a dominant refrain
Heartening the minor strain.

Come into the woods once more;
Leave the fire and close the door;
Trust the spirit that has made
Musical the light and shade,
Still to guard you, still to guide you,
Somewhere in the wood beside you,
Pace for pace upon the road
To your larger next abode.
Though the world should lay a finger
On your arm to bid you linger,
Ye shall neither halt nor tarry
(Little be the load ye carry!)
When ye hear the pipes of Pan
Shrill and pleading in the van.
'Tis the music that has freed you
From the old life, and shall lead you,
Gently wise and strongly fond,
To the greater life beyond.
Yet I whisper to you, "Stay;
That new life is here; to-day
Is your home, whose roof shall rise
From the ground before your eyes."

For Pan loves you and is near,
Though no music you should hear.
Hearken, hearken; it will grow,
Spite of bitterness and woe,
Clear and sweet and undistraught,
(This old earth's impassioned thought,)
And the sorry heart shall learn
What no rapture could discern.

All the music ye have heard:
Mountain brook and orchard bird;
Fifers in the April swamp,
Fiddlers leading August's pomp;
All the mellow flutes of June
Melting on the mating tune;
Pale tree cricket with his bell
Ringing ceaselessly and well,
Sounding silver to the brass
Of his cousin in the grass;
Hot cicada clacking by,
When the air is dusty dry;
Old man owl, with noiseless flight,
Whoo-hoo-hooing in the night;
Surf of ocean, sigh of pine;
Note of warbler, sharp and fine;

The Pipes of Pan.

Rising wind and falling rain,
Lowing cattle on the plain;
And that hardly noticed sound
When the apples come to ground,
On the long, still afternoons,
In the shelter of the dunes;
Chir and guggle, bark and cry,
Bleat, hum, twitter, coo and sigh,
Mew and belling, hoot and bay,
Clack and chirrup, croak and neigh,
Woof and cackle, whine and creak,
Honk and chatter, caw and squeak;
Wolf and eagle, mink and moose,
Each for his own joyous use
Uttering the heart's desire
As the season bade aspire;
Folk of meadow, crag, and dale,
Open barren and deep swale, —
Every diverse rhythm and time
Brought to order, ranged in rhyme:
All these bubbling notes once ran
Thrilling through the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the tune
Learned beneath the slim new moon,
When these throbbings all were blent
To the dominant intent?

All the beauties ye have seen:
Autumn scarlet, young spring green;
Floating mists that drift and follow
Up the dark blue mountain hollow;
Yellow sunlight, silver spray;
The wild creatures at their play;
Through still hours the floating seed
Of the thistle and milkweed,
And the purple asters snowed
In a drift beside the road;
Swarthy fern by pebbly shoal;
Mossed and mottled beech-tree bole;
Fireflies in a dewy net,
When the summer eves are wet;
All the bright, gay-colored things
Buoyed in air on balanced wings;
All earth's wonder; then the sea
In his lone immensity
Only the great stars can share,
And the life uncounted there,
Where the coral gardens lie
And the painted droves go by.

In the water-light and gloom,
Silent till the day of doom:
These have lent, as beauty can,
Color to the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the key
Of their primal melody, —
Phrase and motive to revive
Every drooping soul alive?

All the wilding rapture shared
With the loved one, when ye dared
(Lip to lip and knee to knee)
Force the door of destiny, —
Greatly loved and greatly gave,
Too divine to stint or save;
All the passion ye have poured
For the joy of the adored,
Spending without thought or measure
Young delight and priceless treasure,
Grown immortal in the hour
When fresh manhood came in flower;
All the ecstasy unpent
From sweet ardors finding vent
In the coming on of spring,
When the rainy uplands ring,
And the misty woods unfold
To the magic as of old;
All the hot, delicious swoon
Of the teeming summer noon,
When the year is brought to prime
By the bees among the thyme,
And each mortal heart made over
By the wind among the clover:
All these glad things ye shall find
With a free and single mind,
Dreaming eye and cheek of tan,
Lurking in the pipes of Pan.

*So the forest wind went by, —
Half a word and half a sigh, —
On a magic night in June,
When the wondrous silent moon
Flooded the blue mountain clove,
And the stream in my beech grove
Uttered secrets strange and deep,
Like one talking in his sleep.*

Would ye enter, maid and man,
The novitiate of Pan?
Know the secret of the strain
Lures you through the summer plain,

The Pipes of Pan.

Guess the meaning of the thrill
Haunts you on the autumn hill?
Would ye too contrive a measure
Out of love, to fill your leisure?
Learn to fashion a flute-reed
That should answer to love's need,
When the spirit in you cries
To be given form and guise
Others may perceive and love,
Fair and much accounted of, —
Craves to be the tenant heart
In some wild, new, lovely art,
Such as haunts the glades of spring
When the woodlands bloom and ring?

While the silver night still broods
On the mountain solitudes,
And the great white planet still
Is undimmed upon the hill, —
Ere a hint of subtile change
Steals across the purple range
To arouse the sleeping bird, —
Hear the wise old master's word,
When he leads the pregnant notes
From the reedy golden throats,
And the traveler, in their spell,
Halts, and wonders what they tell!

Here is Pan's green flower, the earth,
He has tended without dearth,
Brought to blossom, fruit, and seed
By the sap's imperious need,
When the season of the sun
Sets its fervor free to run.
Sap of tree and pith of man,
Ah, but they are dear to Pan!
Not a creature stirs or moves,
But Pan heartens and approves;
Not a being loves or dies,
But Pan knows the sacrifice.
Man or stripling, wife or maid,
Pan is ever by to aid;
And no harm can come to you,
But his great heart feels it, too.

Love's use let the joiner prove
By the fit of tongue and groove;
Or the smith, whose forge's play
Stubborn metal must obey;
Let the temple-builders own,
As they mortise stone to stone;

Or the sailor, when he reeves
Sheet and halliard through the sheaves;
Or the potter, from whose wheel
Fair and finished shapes upsteal,
As by magic of command,
Guided by the loving hand.

Ye behold in love the tether
Binding the great world together;
For without that coil of wonder
The round world would fall asunder,
And your hearts be filled with sadness
At a great god's seeming madness,
Where they now have peace, and hope,
Somewhere, somehow, time will ope,
And the loneliness be sated,
And the longing be abated
In the loved one, — lovely past
All imagining at last,
Melting, fragrant, starry-eyed,
Like a garden in its pride,
Odorous with hint and rapture
Of soft joys no word can capture.

Ah, the sweet Pandean strain!
He who hears it once shall gain
Freedom of the open door,
Willing to go back no more.

When ye hear the sea pipes thunder,
Bow the loving heart in wonder;
When ye hear the wood pipes play,
Lift the door latch and away;
When ye hear the hill pipes calling,
Where the pure cold brooks are falling,
Follow till your feet have found
The desired forgotten ground,
And ye know, past all unlearning,
By the raptured quench of yearning,
What the breath is to the reed
Whence the magic notes are freed, —
What new life the gods discover
To the loved one and the lover,
When their fabled dreams come true
In the wondrous fair and new.

For the music of the earth,
Helping joy-of-heart to birth,
(Field note, wood note, wild or mellow,
Bidding all things fare and fellow,)
Means that wisdom lurks behind
The enchantment of the mind;

The Pipes of Pan.

And your longing keen and tense
Still must trust the lead of sense, —
Hint of color, form, and sound, —
Till it reach the perfect round,
And completed blend its strain
With the haunted pipes again.
Ye must learn the lift and thrill
That elate the wood pipes still;
Feel the ecstasy and shiver
Of the reed notes in the river;
Shudder to the minor trace
In the sea's eternal bass,
And give back the whole heart's treasure
To supreme the music's measure,
Glad that love should sink and sound
All the beauty in earth's bound.

All this loveliness which ran
Searching through the pipes of Pan, —
All this love must merge and blend
With Pan's piping in the end.
All the knowledge ye draw near
At the ripening of the year,
Living one day at a time,
Innocent of fear or crime,
(When the mountain slopes put on
Their brave scarlet in the sun,
When the sea assumes a blue
Such as April never knew,
And the marshes, fields, and skies
Sing with color as day dies,)
Peaceful, undistracted, free,
In your earth-born piety;
All the love when friend for friend
Dared misfortune to the end, —
Fronted failure, flouted harm,
For the sake of folding arm, —
Bravelier trod the earth, and bolder,
For the touch of hand on shoulder;
All the homely smiles and tears
Ever given childish years;
Every open, generous deed
Lending help to human need;
Every kindness to age,
Every impulse true and sage,
Lifting concord out of strife,
Bringing beauty into life:
These no feeble faith can ban
Ever from the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the scheme
Or the cadence of his theme?

Ah, your wit must still discover
No mere madness of a lover,
Headstrong, whimsical, and blind,
But a prompting sane and kind,
Scope and purpose, hint and plan,
Lurking in the pipes of Pan;
Calling ever, smooth and clear,
Courage to the heeding ear;
Fluting ever, sweet and high,
Wisdom to the passer-by;
Sounding ever, soft and far,
Happiness no grief can mar.

This enchantment Pan bequeaths
Unto every lip that breathes;
Cunning unto every hand
Agile under will's command;
Unto every human heart
The inheritance of art,
Lighted only by a gleam
Of the dear and deathless dream, —
Power out of hurt and stain
To bring beauty back again,
And life's loveliness restore
To a toiling age once more.

Yes, the world is growing old,
But the joys it used to hold,
Love and beauty, only grow
Greater as they come and go, —
Larger, keener, and more splendid,
Seen to be superbly blended,
As the cadenced years go by,
Into chord and melody,
Strong and clear as ever ran
Over the rude pipes of Pan.

*So the music passed and died
In the dark green mountain side;
The entranced ravine took on
A new purple, faint and wan;
And I heard across the hush
A far solitary thrush
From the hemlocks deep and still
Fluting day upon the hill.*

Bliss Carman.

PAN-AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

COUNT DE ARANDA, Spanish ambassador in Paris, in announcing to Charles III. the treaty of peace and independence of the British-American colonies, used this prophetic language: —

“This federal republic is born a pygmy. A day will come when it will be a giant, even a Colossus, formidable to these countries. . . . In a few years we shall watch with grief the tyrannical existence of this same Colossus.”

Of all the statesmen of Europe, he seems to have realized most fully the significance of this event, and especially the influence it was destined to have upon the Spanish dominions in America. He advised King Charles to transform the Spanish colonies in America into three great empires: one embracing all the possessions in North America, with Mexico as a centre; one in the southern part of South America, with Peru as its seat of power; and the other on the Spanish Main, grouping the viceroyalties of the northern half of that continent, — each empire to be ruled by a member of the Spanish royal family. He proposed that the king should assume the title of Emperor, that the new sovereigns should intermarry with the Bourbon families, and that each of them should pay an annual tribute into the Spanish treasury. Thus this far-seeing statesman sought to satisfy the spirit of independence which must be awakened in the western hemisphere, to resist the contagion of republican principles, and to attach to the Spanish throne by ties of consanguinity and mutual interest the vast territory then under Spanish domination.

At that time it embraced nearly forty-six per cent of the area of the hemisphere; Portugal possessed twenty-one per cent, and the new republic of the United States only five per cent. Before a generation had passed the leaven

of republicanism had begun to work in the Spanish-American colonies, within half a century they had followed the example of the British colonies and established their independence, and our day has witnessed the fulfillment of Aranda's prophecy in the complete expulsion of Spanish authority from this half of the world.

The influence of the United States, so potent in bringing about the overthrow of Spanish dominion in this hemisphere, has continued throughout the entire existence of the Latin-American republics. This influence has been at all times very marked; usually of a friendly and beneficent character, but often misinterpreted and not always on our part distinguished by disinterested and honorable conduct. A citation of some of the leading events of the past seventy-five years respecting the relations of the United States with the other American republics will give emphasis to these statements.

During their prolonged and sanguinary struggle for independence they looked anxiously and impatiently for recognition from our government, whose principles they had embraced, whose Constitution they had adopted as a model, and on whose favor they confidently relied. Mr. Clay championed their cause with eloquence and great urgency, but the conservative policy of President Monroe's administration led to much delay in the realization of the hoped-for recognition. The purchase of Louisiana had rendered necessary the acquisition of Florida; and a century ago the power of Spain made her a formidable opponent for the young and still feeble republic. Florida was finally secured, by peaceful negotiations, in 1821, — an event which John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, characterized as the most important achievement of his life.

That event removed the chief embarrassment to recognition, and it soon followed, to the great satisfaction of the Spanish republics as well as of our own people, who had no sympathy with the delay of the administration.

The achievement of independence by these countries had a direct influence on the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, which was hailed with great delight by them. But they were soon destined to serious disappointment, when they sought to have what they regarded as its principles put into execution. The Panama Congress of the American States, in 1826, was the inspiration of Bolivar, the South American liberator. It had for its object the union of these nations in the organization of an army and navy to resist the encroachments of the Holy Alliance, and in securing the freedom and independence of the remaining Spanish-American colonies. When the United States was invited to send delegates, our government was given to understand that it need not participate in the armed measures, but would be asked to unite in a declaration against European interference in American affairs, to consider measures for the suppression of the slave trade, and to recognize the negro republic of Hayti. The proposal of President Adams to send delegates evoked a bitter debate in Congress, in which the Monroe Doctrine was fully discussed and the rising spirit of slavery propagandism was manifested.

After much delay the delegates were finally appointed; but the Panama Congress had adjourned before their arrival, and its objects failed largely because of the hesitating conduct of the United States. These new republics met with a further disappointment in the declaration of the House of Representatives on the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, in consenting to the appointment of the delegates. It was as follows: "In the opinion of this House, . . . the United States . . . ought

not to form any alliance . . . with all or any of the South American republics; nor ought they to become parties with them . . . to any joint declaration for the purpose of preventing the interference of any of the European powers with their independence or form of government, or to any compact for the purpose of preventing colonization upon the continents of America, but that the people of the United States should be left free to act in any crisis, in such manner as their feelings of friendship towards these republics or as their own honor and policy may at the time dictate." This must be accepted as a proper statement of the policy which should guide our government in the application of the Monroe Doctrine; but it created an unfavorable impression in the Spanish-American countries, and was interpreted as evincing an indisposition to treat with them upon a basis of equality.

What may be termed the middle period of our country's history was characterized by a spirit either of indifference or of outright unfriendliness toward the other American republics. It includes the aggressive colonization of Texas and its separation from Mexico through the action of American settlers; the unjustifiable war with Mexico and the spoliation of one half its territory; the rampant spirit of slavery extension, which permitted the filibustering expeditions of Walker and others from our shores against the Central American states; the famous Ostend Manifesto, which declared if Spain would not sell us Cuba for a fair price we should be justified "by every law, human and divine," in taking it by force. These are dark pages in our history, and it is not to be wondered at that the countries to the south of us should have contracted feelings of suspicion or hostility, which a generation and more of better conduct has hardly obliterated. Our excuse is that the government was bewitched by the de-

mon of slavery, and our hope is that, chastened by the terrible ordeal of the Civil War, we emerged with a proper spirit of fraternity toward our sister republics.

It is gratifying to note that the relations of the United States with them since that period have been of a much more honorable and friendly character, notwithstanding the action of the government has not in all cases been interpreted in a favorable light. Though inspired in part by motives of self-interest, the interposition of the United States to bring about the withdrawal of the French forces from Mexico, which resulted in the overthrow of Maximilian, made it manifest that the Monroe Doctrine was not a defunct nor useless pronunciamiento, but a vital force sufficient to reestablish republican government in Mexico. In the case of Venezuela the interposition of the United States was free from every imputation of self-interest, and the check then given to the expansive spirit in the British colonial possessions was the most significant indication that our government stands ready to interpose its powerful influence when it is satisfied that a European nation is infringing upon the territorial rights of even the weaker of the American republics. That act has done much to satisfy them that the United States is sincere in its advocacy of the doctrine, even when its own interests are not immediately involved.

In a number of instances our government has departed from the strict line of impartial neutrality in times of civil disorder, to favor republican principles when threatened by undue European influence or monarchical tendencies. On the eve of our Civil War, when Mexico was torn by internal dissensions and the clerical party was supported by the open sympathy of the European monarchies, the administration of President Buchanan did not hesitate to recognize Juarez as the legitimate ruler, and our navy at Vera Cruz was able, without any

overt act of war, to render material aid to the liberal cause. Also during the administration of Lincoln and up to the close of the French intervention, relations were maintained exclusively with the Juarez government, and Maximilian's envoys were refused recognition.

A more recent manifestation of the manner in which the sympathy of the United States may be made effective in support of republican principles on this hemisphere was seen during the attempt of the royalists to reestablish the monarchy of Brazil, in 1893-94. The opponents of the newly established republic gained possession of the Brazilian navy and held undisputed possession of the harbor of Rio Janeiro. A squadron of the United States navy was ordered to that port, to observe the progress of affairs. The American admiral found the commanders of the European squadrons in sympathy with the reactionary movement. The revolted Brazilian admiral proposed to establish a blockade of the port. The American admiral alone protested, in the interest of foreign commerce, and threatened to prevent it by the exercise of force against the Brazilian navy. The latter had to desist from its purpose. The republican government was thereby greatly encouraged and strengthened in its hold upon power, and the revolt soon after collapsed.

But not always in recent years has our government found it possible to maintain a friendly attitude toward the southern republics. A case in point is the relations with Chile. Pursuing a uniform policy of maintaining friendly relations with the established government, the United States, up to the overthrow of Balmaceda, recognized him as the legitimate President; and during the civil war in that country we were compelled, in the enforcement of the neutrality laws, to frustrate some of the plans of the revolutionists for securing warlike materials in this country. When the latter succeeded to

power, they manifested their unfriendly feeling toward the United States by the attack of the populace of Valparaiso on the sailors of our navy. This led to the firm attitude of President Harrison, heartily supported by Congress, which brought about an apology from the Chilean government and compensation to the families of the murdered and maimed sailors. Our government could not have done less and retain the respect of other nations, but its action has left a feeling of resentment in Chile.

This feeling is the more deep-seated because of an occurrence a few years before, when we unwittingly gave that country a ground of complaint. The war between Chile, Peru, and Bolivia, in 1881, brought about an unpleasant state of relations between the United States and Chile, the victorious party, because of the effort of Secretary Blaine to save Peru from some of the harsh terms exacted for peace. To facilitate this effort Secretary Blaine dispatched two special envoys to Peru and Chile, with instructions which, if followed to the letter, would have brought about a suspension of diplomatic intercourse with Chile, and possibly have led to more serious consequences. But before the envoys could execute their instructions a change in the State Department occurred, occasioned by the death of President Garfield, and the new Secretary, Mr. Frelinghuysen, so modified the instructions as to deprive them of their hostile character. Mr. Blaine's purpose was to interpose the good offices of the United States to save Peru from her cruel fate, but his unsolicited intervention was a cause of offense to Chile.

Repeated instances have shown that the United States cannot presume upon its disinterested friendship nor upon any supposed primacy on this hemisphere to intrude its counsel on two or more disputant American republics. The weaker or defeated party may welcome the intervention, but the stronger power is apt to resent it as an intrusion. Mr.

Blaine instructed our minister in Mexico, in 1881, to tender our good offices in a boundary controversy between Mexico and Guatemala, which seemed to threaten hostilities. Guatemala welcomed the offer, but it was respectfully but firmly declined by Mexico. So also any suggestion that our system of laws or jurisprudence is better than theirs is not kindly received. An American was arrested, a few years ago, across the line in Mexico, for a libel published in the United States. Secretary Bayard insisted that, under the common law, the offender should be tried in the district where the offense was committed. But the Mexican government held that he had offended against the civil law, which prevailed in Mexico, and having voluntarily come within its jurisdiction he must be tried by that code. It was of no avail that the Secretary sent a special envoy to the City of Mexico and that an investigation was had by Congress.

In one class of international questions, at least, the United States has pursued a consistent and conciliatory course toward the other American republics. Nothing has been such a perennial source of trouble for them as the claims of foreigners. This was the foundation or avowed cause of the tripartite intervention in Mexico in 1861, which led to the coming of Maximilian and the temporary overthrow of the republican government. Yesterday witnessed the dispatch of a British fleet to Nicaragua to enforce the money claim of a subject. To-day an Italian cruiser visits a Colombian port to support the broken contract of a subject. And tomorrow a German squadron may seize the custom houses of Venezuela to compensate a German railroad company whose accounts are disputed by the government with which it voluntarily entered into a contract.

The United States does not abandon the just claims of its citizens, but often presents them with much diplomatic

persistence, and usually succeeds in bringing about a satisfactory settlement. But when diplomatic resources are exhausted, our country does not adopt the tactics so often resorted to by European governments against the weaker American republics. Force gives place to arbitration, and in a score and more of instances American citizens have been required by their government to accept that method of settlement.

This government has shown still greater consideration for the sensibilities of its neighbors. In repeated instances where American citizens have been awarded large sums upon claims presented on their behalf by their government, it has not hesitated to reopen the awards or refuse to enforce them when it has been made to appear that they were tainted with fraud. In the case of Venezuela, corruption on the part of the American officials connected with the arbitration was suspected; and though awards in favor of our citizens for large sums had been rendered, Congress, upon the suggestion of the State Department, set aside the whole proceeding, and by a new arbitration Venezuela was saved from the payment of fraudulent claims to a considerable amount. A similar proceeding has recently occurred respecting Mexico, and by the voluntary action of the United States over a million dollars has been returned to her, which represented certain dishonest claims presented by our government, without knowledge of their character, to the arbitration tribunal, whose award, the treaty prescribed, should be final and conclusive.

Almost every one of the American republics has profited by this sense of equity and honorable dealing on the part of the United States respecting private claims. Notable instances not already named are those in the case of Peru, Brazil, and Hayti, which need not be narrated in detail. In contrast with what has so often been the arbitrary conduct of European nations, the

action of the United States in this respect has not failed to create a favorable impression among the other American states.

Since the Congress of Panama various efforts have been made to unite the American republics in some general line of policy. In 1883 the representatives of a number of the Spanish-American states assembled at Caracas, and another conference was held at Buenos Ayres; but the most notable of these assemblages was the Pan-American Conference which met in Washington in 1889-90. It was the first time that the representatives of all the independent nations of this hemisphere had come together.¹ The invitation to attend was issued by the President of the United States, and it is a marked illustration of the influence of this government that it received a favorable and unanimous response. The two subjects most prominently brought to the attention of this conference were arbitration and the improvement in the commercial relations between the American states, but various other matters received consideration, such as the establishment of steamship lines, an intercontinental railway, a uniform system of customs regulations, of weights and measures, of consular fees, and of sanitary regulations, and the establishment of a monetary union.

On all of these subjects formal reports were made, and on most of them the draughts of treaties or distinct recommendations for the action of the participating nations were adopted. It is discouraging, however, to those who hope for a better union or coöperation among the American republics, to record the fact that all these projects failed of realization, with one exception, — the establishment of the Bureau of the American Republics, for the dissemination of commercial and other information respecting these countries.

¹ San Domingo expressed concurrence in the objects of the conference, but omitted to send delegates.

The limits of this article will not permit of a detailed discussion of the causes of this failure, but it may be well to make some comment on one subject. Before doing so a useful result of the conference may be noted. One of the most distinguished and experienced of its members, the late Señor Romero, of Mexico, in a review of the work of the conference, wrote: "Almost all of the Latin-American nations came to Washington with a fear that the United States intended to dictate to them by reason of its great power and its material superiority; and they went back satisfied that, so far from this being the case, this country had only sentiments of respect and consideration for her sister republics, and that its aim had simply been to accomplish what was of mutual advantage to all, she acting on the same footing as the smallest of the nations represented."

The subject most discussed and which evoked the greatest feeling in the conference was that of compulsory arbitration, and the proceedings on this question developed some of the reasons why a more perfect union or harmony among these states was difficult of realization. Chile and the Argentine Republic are the most progressive and important of the South American countries. Their governments, upon the whole, have been well managed, and their financial credit well sustained abroad. They are both ambitious of power, and had developed much antagonism because of boundary disputes. Chile also had controversies with Peru, growing out of their late war. The five Central American states had a long-standing source of trouble in the effort made on the part of some and resisted by others of them to form or compel a single confederate nation. Costa Rica and Colombia also had a controversy arising out of their frontier line. The same cause of difference existed between Mexico and Guatemala, and it had more than once approached the brink of war.

The conference threatened dissolution without result because of the arbitration controversy. Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, who had been conspicuous in calling the conference and deeply interested in its success, personally exerted all his influence and persuasive powers to secure harmony of action. But he was only able to bring a bare majority of the republics to agree to the arbitration treaty; and the important states of Mexico, Argentina, and Chile, with other of the smaller ones, declined to commit themselves to the project. The effect of this dissidence was the failure of the arbitration scheme, as none of the governments whose delegates signed the treaty ever ratified it.

Twelve years after the adjournment of this conference a second one was held, and it has only recently concluded its labors in the City of Mexico. After an agreement respecting the call for the conference had been reached by the diplomatic representatives of the American republics, resident in Washington, the invitation was issued by the President of Mexico, and, after some hesitation on the part of Chile, it was accepted by all of the independent nations on this hemisphere. Their delegates assembled in the City of Mexico in October last, and continued in session through January. As in the Washington conference, the subject of compulsory arbitration gave rise to the most animated discussion, and for a time threatened to break up the sessions; but happily, at the last, a pacific though not unanimous agreement was reached.

The action of the conference on the subject of arbitration has a threefold character. It was unanimously decided that all the American republics should become parties to the conventions concluded at the Hague in 1899, including that for arbitration, which, as is well known, is purely voluntary on the part of the signatory powers. The adhesion of the American nations is to be made

through the good offices of either the United States or Mexico, which were the two governments of this hemisphere participating in the Hague conference and signatory parties to the conventions. In addition to this, ten of the nineteen nations represented at the City of Mexico united in the project of a treaty, to be ratified by their respective governments, providing for compulsory arbitration of all controversies which, in the judgment of any of the interested nations, do not affect either their independence or national honor; and it is prescribed that in independence and national honor are not included controversies concerning diplomatic privileges, limits, rights of navigation, or the validity, interpretation, and fulfillment of treaties. Mexico became a party to this project, but the United States declined; thus showing an entire change of attitude on the part of these two nations since the Washington conference of 1890. Mexico had in the meantime adjusted its boundary dispute with Guatemala. But since Mr. Blaine's ardent advocacy of compulsory arbitration the Senate of the United States had manifested its opposition to the policy by the rejection of the Olney-Pauncefote arbitration treaty of 1897, and it is to be inferred that the Secretary of State did not think it wise to commit our government to a measure which had been disapproved of by the coordinate branch of the treaty-making power.

The third provision of the conference respecting arbitration related to the subject of claims. It was resolved to submit to the arbitration court organized under the Hague convention all controversies that may arise among the governments of America on account of the claims of private individuals for indemnities and damages where they amount to a sum sufficient to justify the reference. This action was characterized by Señor Mariscal, the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Affairs, in his address

closing the conference, as the most important triumph of that body, as he attributed to questions of this class the most frequent cause of controversies between the countries of this hemisphere. His commendation of the measure is well founded, if, upon examination, it shall prove that the project has properly provided for the method of submission and the composition of the tribunal.

Treaties were likewise agreed upon respecting a number of other important matters, including extradition and protection against anarchy, patents and trademarks, literary and artistic copyright, the exchange of official, scientific, and literary publications, and the exercise of the learned professions. A recommendation was made for the establishment of a Pan-American bank, and resolutions were adopted for the holding of conferences to consider customs regulations for facilitating commercial relations; for the construction of an intercontinental north and south railway, utilizing existing lines; for the agreement upon sanitary measures and the establishment of a permanent international sanitary board; and for the exchange of statistics and samples of natural and manufactured products. Important principles were also enunciated as to the rights of foreigners, and a commission was decided upon to frame a code of public and private international law, which, when sanctioned, should be recognized throughout the hemisphere.

In order to provide against the failure to carry out these desirable measures, such as followed the decisions of the conference of 1890, a resolution was adopted for the convocation of a Pan-American Conference within five years, which after that interval might consider anew the questions, remedy defects, and overcome the causes for failure. In officially closing the conference the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Affairs said: "It is possible the results obtained may not come up to what an enthusiastic Pan-American had been led

to expect. But they are enough, and more than enough, to prevent any one of you going away disappointed. . . . May the aims for which this conference was convened serve to confirm and strengthen your love of peace, fraternity, and justice; and may these sentiments, placed at the service of your several nations, guide their policies, making them happy in themselves and happy in the reflected happiness of all their sister republics, whether great or small."

It is certainly a source of congratulation to all the friends of peace and good government in America that such valuable results as those enumerated have been secured, and that elements so discordant could be brought to an agreement upon many important questions. Doubtless all the projects will not be immediately realized, but it is a great step toward continental concord that such a conference has been held, and it does mark an advance in republican government and fraternity. A fair degree of credit for this result is due to the Secretary of State and the delegates from the United States. The power of our nation and its greater prosperity and success in government naturally led the other nations to defer much to its line of conduct, and its moderate attitude on arbitration prevented Chile and Chilean sympathizers from causing an open rupture.

But no less credit is due the Mexican government and its very capable delegation. Holding views on arbitration more in harmony with the majority of the delegates, it was able to restrain their action, and, joining with the United States in a conservative policy, it contributed greatly to the final adjustment of that troublesome question. Its delegates were also better adapted to gain the sympathy of the members of the conference; speaking the language of most of them, being of the same religious, social, and racial tendencies, they afforded no cause for jealousy or sinis-

ter designs. The presence in the City of Mexico of the delegates from Central and South America gave them a constant object lesson of great value. Here was a country of Spanish-American origin, which, after half a century of independent existence, the victim of constantly recurring revolutions, had abruptly turned upon its past history and made a record of twenty-five years of peace and orderly government. As a consequence, it was in the enjoyment of unparalleled prosperity and development. It pointed these delegates the way to a solution of all their troubles.

The construction of an isthmian interoceanic canal has an important relation to the other American republics, and more especially those through whose territory it may pass. For half a century our government has been hampered in the realization of this great enterprise by treaty relations with Great Britain; but having released itself from European embarrassments, it is now addressing itself to perfecting satisfactory arrangements with the countries of Central America in or adjacent to which the canal may be located. It proposes to construct the canal at its exclusive cost, taking all the risks of its practicability and profit, and upon completion to throw it open to the commerce of the world on terms of equality. Notwithstanding the assumption of these burdens, it proposes to pay to the government through whose territory the canal may pass a liberal compensation for the right of way. Neither does it seek any territorial aggrandizement, or other privileges than such as are absolutely necessary for the proper maintenance, control, and preservation of this valuable and important property. To this end, it is understood, negotiations are in progress to obtain a lease, perpetual or for a long term of years, for the strip of land through which the canal passes, with the right of police and judicial control. Such privileges do not derogate materially from the sovereignty of

the nation in whose territory the canal shall be constructed, but, on the other hand, confers upon it valuable pecuniary benefits, and guarantees the peace and security of the locality. Such conduct is in marked contrast with that of its great commercial rival, Great Britain. That government allowed the Suez Canal to be built by a private company, with capital largely contributed by the people of other nations, although the enterprise was to be mainly for the benefit of its own commerce and its possessions. When the canal was shown to be an engineering success and a profitable investment, it purchased a controlling interest in the stock; and then, in order to make sure of connection through the canal with its imperial domain and for its navy, in time of peace and war, it took violent military possession of the entire country in which the canal is located, and still continues as overlord.

The foregoing review of the relations of the United States with the other republics of the Americas presents no such record of self-aggrandizement or of disregard of national rights, and yet their estimate of us has not always been free from jealousy or suspicion. Neither are our commercial relations with them upon a satisfactory basis. There are several reasons for this, two of the leading ones being the lack of frequent and direct communication and the absence of satisfactory tariff arrangements. Much might be done to overcome the first if our government would give greater encouragement to the establishment of steamship lines, and the second if satisfactory reciprocity treaties could be made.

Social intercourse is apt to follow commerce. With Mexico, since the opening of the various railroad lines, we have established both a large commerce and fairly intimate financial and social relations; but with the other countries we have little trade and less social intercourse. There are good rea-

sons for this fact. Aside from the similarity of our systems of government, we possess little in common with Latin America. The people have a different language, religion, and historical association. Their government loans, financial exchanges, and banking are with Europe; their steamship communication is most frequent with the ports of that continent, and the tide of travel turns thither. Much of this may be changed by us with the development of greater commercial relations, but not wholly overcome.

There is also a reason of a personal character which has operated to our disadvantage with the Latin-American countries. Too little attention has been given to the fitness of the diplomatic and consular representatives sent to them by our government. It is a calumny to state, as has been charged, that the Spanish-American countries have been made the Botany Bay of broken-down American politicians; but it is true that the diplomatic posts on this hemisphere are not so much sought after, nor has the government exercised as much care in filling them, as those in Europe. This does not grow out of the fact of lower salaries, as Congress has treated them on an equality. For instance, the ambassador to Mexico receives the same salary as one to London or Paris; and because of the fact that Mexico is on a silver basis the salary is of more intrinsic value. The salary of the minister to Brazil is the same as that of the ambassador to Italy; that of the minister to Colombia or Peru equal to that of the envoy to Belgium, and greater than that of the envoy to Sweden or Greece. Señor Romero, in referring to some of the disadvantages under which the delegates of the United States labored in the Pan-American Conference at Washington, states that not one of the ten delegates could speak the Spanish language. It is a rare instance that a person when appointed minister or consul to a Spanish-American country

has any knowledge of the language, and usually he has had no diplomatic experience. Our country will not exert the influence in Latin America that it should until greater attention is given to the appointment of ministers and consuls fitted for their posts.

But with all its shortcomings and mistakes the policy of our government toward the other American nations has been one of friendship, seeking more intimate relations, both commercial and social. The spirit which actuates it to-day cannot be better stated than in the language of Secretary Hay in a recent public address, as follows: "I think I may say that our sister republics to

the south of us are perfectly convinced of the sincerity of our attitude. They know we desire the prosperity of each of them. We no more want their territory than we covet the mountains of the moon. We are grieved and distressed when there are differences among them; but even then we should never think of trying to compose any of those differences unless by the request of both parties to it. Not even our earnest desire for peace among them will lead us to any action which might offend their national dignity or their just sense of independence. We owe them all the consideration which we claim for ourselves."

John W. Foster.

A TALE OF LANGUEDOC.

HE drove at me again with a clumsy courage; but I was over my surprise by now, — he had no chance. That side-wise blow of mine ended the affair; after the whirl and clash of it the silence fell again. The two who had attacked us a moment before in such a gust of fury lay quiet enough, with the blood making little rivers under them, and the wide plain around.

Gilles the Black held up his sword with that swagger he had, and peered at its edge against the light. "Now that was a curious thing," mused he. For all around us, as I say, lay the lonely plain, the wide, strange land of Languedoc. We were on a main highway, but at this place there met it a kind of byroad, which ran off to the left into rough, barren ground. Out of this road — which nobody would have thought of taking — those two had rushed so desperately, to make assault on Gilles and myself, the chosen pair who rode in front of Guiard of Châlons' men.

While we sat our saddles there and

meditated, the count himself came up. "Fighting?" he asked, and got off to look at the bodies. "House servants, by the look of them," said he. "But why should they fight instead of fly?" He stood and peered up the byroad with a puzzlement like ours. For in that level country the people who yet had life in them had learned to fly instead of fight. To right and left and behind was silence on the face of the land. That was no milk-and-water business, saints of God! that in Languedoc, when we carried down war against the cursed Albigenses. The songs of their minstrels, their Provençal troubadours, might better have been dirges. You have heard men tell, here in the north, of the fairness of that land: I think of it as splashed all over with blood, and red with stormy sunsets.

Such a sunset hung now in the sky above the moor into which that road led. On the horizon was a dark mass which might prove to be a place where men dwelt. "These two who were frightened into fighting," Count Guiard

said, "may have thought that we would take this road. If they were trying to defend it, there must have been something to defend. Well, we must find a lodging for to-night, and I am minded to seek it here." A word of command ran down along the troop, and we turned off to the left.

"It is a place for witchcraft and for sorcery!" said Gilles, and crossed himself as he looked around. And this seemed to me very probable. The whole plain looked as though it had been scorched by fire or harried by Guy of Lusignan; the night was closing down; evil seemed in the air. It was an awesome place which could make Gilles the Black devout. Myself, I was once, as they will tell you, intended for holy orders, — think! — but chose the other trade. And I followed like a good retainer, as I trust, Count Guiard of Châlons, who had come down from his castle in the north for this crusade. Up yonder he had left broad lands and a slip of a girl, betrothed to him for years, whose wide, clear eyes, as clear as northern lakes, could never see anything but Guiard. I should have been a troubadour, forsooth; no churchly life for me!

In front of us we saw in no great time a pile of buildings looming, with a tower above. The place was half in ruins, yet, strangely, not deserted. We surprised a scared half dozen of serving-men, like those whom Gilles and I had met, and from the stables horses neighed to our horses. "What devil's tangle is this?" Count Guiard said. "Look through the grove for their masters," and went himself into the great echoing hall.

Presently there arose a cry from the horseboys, and they came toward Gilles and me, bringing two prisoners whom they had taken. These were no servants: they seemed like people of place and consequence, and they wore heavy cloaks of black and hoods to shade their faces. The foremost did the talking,

readily and boldly, as might a man from the lawyer class of the cities; the other hung back somewhat. A big fire crackled away behind them and lighted up the two, and behind that again our men came crowding to stare.

"Well taken, ha!" quoth Gilles, and put on the swelling air he loved. "Heresies, beyond a doubt! Hellhounds of Thoulouse who worship Mahound, by the rood!"

The other waved all that aside, and went to the gist of the matter. "In this purse," said he, "are some six hundred crowns; in the stables horses. All that we ask, my companion here and I, is to mount and ride northward in peace."

A roar of jests went up at that from the gaping crowd behind him. Northward in peace, where at that moment, as we knew, Guy of Lusignan and his gentle lambs were working their own will! But all the land, indeed, was full of the moving bands, Germans, French, Burgundians, all bearing down toward Lunas, where the next task lay to do. Whoever fell in with them, as a general thing, died: it did not matter so much what the religion was. As Arnold Amalric said to us: "Kill them all. God will know his own."

"Hist there," warned Gilles as the laughter swelled, "or our little count will come out and break our necks." But I, glancing around, saw that he stood there already in the shadow, and that he looked for a long time at those two strangers. He was quiet, Count Guiard, almost like a boy, with steady blue eyes which saw everything. He stood a half head over either Gilles or me, and could have killed us both with his naked hands, although he hated brawls. The axe and long sword were the weapons that he favored, but the only man who ever held him even with the lance was William of Barres, the match of Cœur de Lion. Mercy of God, but that was a pretty company of ours, and a leader fit to follow, when we carried

down the holy war on the heretics of the south!

"Your name?" asked Guiard then of the foremost stranger.

"Is Thiebault. I am, or was, a lawyer and a magistrate of Thoulouse. This, my younger brother John. We ask fair quarter and leave to ride down into Lunas, if there be no other way."

"If you will go into the hall," said Guiard courteously enough, "you shall have, at least to-night, what we have." He turned; for there arose a sound of horses' hoofs, and a swarm of riders came crowding to the place, as though the world were coming. "Guy of Lusignan!" some one bawled out in the darkness. At that name, as I thought, the foremost stranger suddenly went pale, and the second one yet paler, and they hurried into the hall.

Guy of Lusignan slid from his saddle with a great clattering of mail. He never took the trouble to seem anything but the big brute he was. "My greeting," grunted he. "I seek two runaways who have but now escaped me."

"Two gentlemen of Thoulouse?" quoth our count.

"Gentlemen or not," said Guy of Lusignan, "I claim them as mine own. They must be here."

"Come inside the hall, then," our count replied, and led the way. Great torches flared from the walls; and he stopped still in the light of them, amazed. "St. Mary!" he said. "What witchcraft have we here?"

For Thiebault of Thoulouse came toward him, and led by the hand a girl. She had donned in that brief interval a woman's garments, and stood before us, tall as myself, but with a woman's gentle grace. Her hair was dark as midnight, and her eyes, her face as pale almost as northern snows, but on her lips, even in that dire stress, there lingered yet a little of the laughter of the south. A moment she and Count Guiard stood and stared at each

other, while on the faces of them both a kind of wonder came.

"My lord," said Thiebault then, "I lied to you, but, as I thought, of necessity. The disguise was because of that man," and he nodded toward Guy of Lusignan. "This lady is my ward and my affianced wife; and her name, not John, but Johan." He waited like a law pleader for Lusignan's side of the case.

"By right of sword I claim them," said the other, and swaggered one step toward her.

"It appears to me," quoth our count, "that to find might be to hold, in this case. Well, I have promised these two protection for to - night: to - morrow I will see them safe to Lunas, if that may be. After that, I suppose, my gentle lord, they must be the prize of battle for whoever can take."

That gentle lord went red up to his temples and chewed upon his mustache, in two minds for a moment. He was ever a brawler and a ruffler, Guy of Lusignan, quick to scent insults from everybody: William of Barres and this cool young count of ours were the two who did not insult him. With a sulky curse or so he presently got to saddle again, and went clattering with his rake-hells from the place.

The night passed quietly enough, with Thiebault asleep in the hall, the lady in a chamber near by. Count Guiard slept not much; he prowled the place, while Gilles and I, resting beside the fire, watched him out of the corners of our eyes.

"A place for magic arts is this," I said to Gilles, — "spells made by the fiend: I like it not."

"It may be so," quoth he and laughed. "The magic and the sorceries of Mother Eve!"

But when the morning dawned and the horses were saddled, we forgot the qualms of night. Down to the great highway we rode again, and the very land seemed changed, — a meadow

sprinkled with dew and flowers. For the gladness of morning was on it, the freshness of spring. Count Guiard rode behind the two Thoulousians. Once or twice he put his horse alongside, and spoke with them a little. For the rest he rode in silence and deep thought; only I who watched him always saw how his glance, as though compelled, kept going to the maiden's face again, and met her glance returning. I should have been a troubadour, a juggler of songs.

Meanwhile we were getting down toward Lunas, that stronghold of the unfaithful. In front were fugitives, seeking to win the town in those last hours; on either side the companies all hurrying that way. At noon we fell in with one of these, and the captains spoke with each other. There may have been some laxity. Our count, returning, ran his eye over us and sharply cried, "Where are the two, my prisoners?" He might ask it: they were gone as though in smoke. We scattered and searched for them. We found them not, save that one man declared that he had seen, away in the direction of Lunas, two riders pricking fast. By the bones of St. Bartholomew, that was a bad half hour! Any one who had seen and heard our lord would not have called him cool.

"But forward, then," said Gilles the Black at last. "St. Mars instead of St. Cupid!" And we rode down in front of Lunas to join the holy army. My faith, but that was a sight for a man to remember long. French and Italians, Normans, Belgians, and Burgundians,—they were swarming there in packs, like wolf packs for a feast. And before us, insolent, offering celestial honor for the soul and somewhat for the hands, lay Lunas, a great red castle on a hill, and the town behind its walls.

You know how that business went. Three days of skirmishing in the breaches, and then no water, and despair for them. Down they came and sallied out into the plain,—fighting

men, women, all of them; their van a bristling front, but with wailing in the rear. The cries of battle began to swell up faster and faster; there was soon stubborn fighting everywhere. That front of theirs reeled to and fro, and men were trampled under, women were trampled: still their front held, until a cry began to pass along for Guiard of Châlons then. "Let him break this line, if he can, for the Lord and us!" Since that escape three days ago our count had fallen to a wicked quiet; now he merely nodded and swung himself to the saddle. One could tell by the way he did it, by the way he shifted himself in his seat, the quick power that he had. And braggart Gascons, envious knights of Poitou, drew up with the plunder under their horses' noses, and watched through half-shut eyes to see our champion of Châlons, our strong lad of the north, make good the fame he carried. He rode back a little way behind us and wheeled his great roan around; the men at arms in front of him drew off to give him room. A dreary clamor of shouts and curses arose from their ranks at the sight of him launching against them. And then we saw a strange thing. For as the man and horse struck and went ploughing through, Count Guiard seemed to slip from his saddle and bent him down, scarce level with the horse's back. He hung there in the press, striking no strokes, and accepted without reply the curses and the blows.

A sudden, taunting cry went up from among Guy of Lusignan's men, a kind of scornful cackle, answered by a big laugh from our own; for Count Guiard had lunged forward a little way, and from that mêlée, that ruck of blood and mud, had clutched his prize out,—a girl like a great white lily, the flower of Provence. He tossed her lightly to the saddlebow and steadied her there with one hand, killed Godfrey of Menerbe with the other, and waited for us to come in.

Their line was crumbling away, say like a flock of frightened sheep which scatters far and wide: you should have seen the wolves! Some men I know, who are not squeamish, cannot be coaxed to talk of the taking of Lunas. For their insolence and riches, their damnable heresies and black art, learned from the Saracen, no doubt they deserved to pay, and they paid. You know what Arnold Amalric said: that was our motto there.

Afterward a kind of silence fell, but the plundering went on. Count Guiard was not the man to call off his faithful followers from that. But out beyond the edge of the hurly-burly, where the led horses waited and tossed their heads to be gone, a girl as white as a great white lily sat on a palfrey and waited, still as death. She was bent down until her face almost rested against the black mane, lest some last arrows might be flying. And on that face, chasing like lights and shadows over water, were fear, surprise, despair, delight— By Holy Mary, I do not know!

One old acquaintance she had near her; for Thiebault was not, at least, a coward. When the rout began, he walked out past the flicking swords and came to where Count Guiard sat on his horse, directing matters. The Thoulousian looked toward the rear where the girl was, as one who should say, "Kill me or let me go to her." The other man nodded his head, — it was not a place for much talking, — and so Thiebault went out through the running blood, and sullenly stood beside her. He could understand there, my faith, how well the gauntlet of steel had crushed his clever wiles. All around him men were shouting and passing jokes of a kind, and looking across toward Count Guiard, who had taken the fairest booty. He sat on the roan, Guiard, making plans with the other leaders, and never glanced behind, but a slight smile lurked around his lips. I who knew him so well could guess

with what a pleasant madness the blood was dancing through his heart.

After a while, when there was no more to do in Lunas, the bands began to separate. Our troop closed up together, finished with putting the packs on the led horses. There was a word from the van, and we went eastward. Stretched out in a long line we jogged across the plain. In our rear the horseboys still chattered over victory; in the centre those two prisoners — we had no others — sat silently and let their horses carry them forward toward what might be; we were almost as silent, we in the advance. Count Guiard rode along for hours without speaking to Gilles or me, who followed him. And there, as it seems to me, if ever in this world a man had chance to choose his road, the one before us had it. For a man like that might take or might put aside, but he could not blink the question. In all that plain, in all the wide Provençal land, was naught to balk his will, any more than Guy of Lusignan could, raving away in the rear. He had the game in his own hands.

Far to the northward a chain of mountains stole along the sky, faint blue they were so far. And one road lay toward these. The other road led toward the south, through that great smiling plain which stretched away, away, till no eyes could see the end. Down on the horizon you might catch a glimpse now and then of a patch of blue sea. In that direction the whole land smiled with flowers, while fragrant breezes blew across to us, and voices seemed to whisper: "Here is the land for a man to come and take his heart's desire. One day of me is worth all other days."

The Count Guiard drew rein at last, and turned upon us suddenly. "There are two roads that I can take," he said, "and how am I to know the better?"

Then spoke out Gilles, like the roistering knave he was. "Why, throw a main for it," he said.

"Yes," replied our count, "one

might do that. You love the games of hazard, Gilles; but you would not throw for stakes which were all in your own hands, or I to choose a road when the road is already chosen." And we took the way toward the south.

So in the course of time we came down to Narbonne, a port upon the sea. Around it were silent, fragrant gardens, but the town itself was full of riot and uproar. There had been no defense here; the bands that came in helped themselves as they pleased, the people glad to escape on any terms. Down on the quays a throng of fugitives were trying to get on board the shipping and sail away to Marseilles. Near by these quays was a great looming pile of a building, into which our Châlons men swarmed for a lodging. Outside in the streets, as it grew later, the rioting increased, but here in the great court, lit up by flaming torches, were quiet and repose. And here Count Guiard, after a while, ordered the two prisoners to be brought before him.

They came, and waited silently: the man white, desperate; the girl white, radiant. I said that she was like a lily, a great flower: in these last hours she had revived like one. She stood there, so slender-tall, and left the matter in his keeping, waited for him to say. Count Guiard looked at her once, and passed his hand across his brow; and then he spoke to Thiebault.

"You have forfeited life and goods and this lady," he said harshly. "In the name of all the saints, man, take your life and a thousand crowns, and go!"

But the sullen Thoulousian answered: "Not by my own will do I leave her. I stay by her while life remains. You know the remedy for that."

"By the faith," Count Guiard answered, "I think I do!" and signed to some of us. We went out into the streets with those two prisoners and the torches, and so down to the water's

edge. Along the quays, where the crowd was gathered, a tumult and a clamoring arose; sometimes a yell of despair as a ship threw off the ropes and lurched toward the open water. Beside one ship we paused, and our count turned upon Thiebault.

"St. Mary," said he, with a sudden heat, "but I should like to kill you! To Marseilles must you go." He spoke a word with some men upon the deck, and in a moment they had drawn Thiebault over upon it, and held him struggling there. As the ship veered out a little way, a kind of frenzy seized on the Thoulousian. Across those few feet of water the two men stared at each other,—he who was to have and he who must go forlorn. Thiebault was gasping, foaming; but the count smiled slightly again. And he turned to look at Johan.

Awhile he stood and gazed at her, with the strangest contorted face that ever a man wore. "Johan! Johan!" he said; and in his throat was a noise betwixt a laugh and groan. He stretched out his long arms, for the second time in life laid hands upon her, and raised and dashed her from him across that strip of water fair into Thiebault's arms. So rapidly he did it, so lightly she flew and fell, that she came down all unharmed against the startled Thoulousian, who staggered, but held that burden. There are men who say that such a thing could not be possible; but they never saw Guiard of Châlons.

I do not know what she thought of it,—the lady. Our man turned without ever looking at her more, and we went back into the city. There were mirth and carousing everywhere, but he went along like a man dazed by a sword-stroke. When we had reached our lodging, he said to Gilles and me: "I would be alone awhile. Do not, especially, let Guy of Lusignan come where I am." Some people say that he spent that night in feasting, like the other captains; but Gilles and I, who

guarded the door for him, we knew the truth of it. So we watched Guiard of Châlons, sitting there through the long hours, in his eyes a kind of desperation,

a kind of rueful amusement at himself, and a wonder at the fortune which could send upon a man such puzzling things as that.

Mortimer O. Wilcox.

THE PLAY AND THE GALLERY.

THE significance of the play to the audience is a subject upon which students of the acted drama invariably hold opinions, — opinions most bewilderingly various. One point in common, at least, they all admit, — the perennial attraction of the play.

"The people go to the theatre," they grant easily enough: "they go nowhere else more willingly; they go nowhere else in greater numbers. But why do they go? What do they get, or not get, from the play?"

It is an insistent question; and it has provoked hundreds of speculative and involved answers, solemn, humorous, and exasperated. It is an alluring question, too; for it may well have an almost limitless number of replies, — very nearly as many, indeed, as there are plays and audiences, and individuals in audiences. The difficulty with these replies is that they are ordinarily made, not by the audience, but by the questioners themselves. The people of the audience in the majority are, to use an expressive Scotch word, too canny to reply, if they could or would. Usually they neither can nor will; they are too well informed as to the complexities of dramatic art and stage technicalities, and too knowing, and too busy trying to find out why the other people go to the play. Even the less learned and less knowing are yet too self-conscious to be other than cautious when they approach the subject. They seem to feel under the necessity of having some occult interest in seeing the play.

One afternoon, in Boston, at a most

hilarious matinée performance of *The Pride of Jennico*, the extreme excitement of a girl — a sophomore, as she presently told me, of Radcliffe College — actually alarmed me. She wept copiously, she laughed most wildly, she shuddered, and she applauded Mr. Hackett, whenever he appeared or disappeared, with an exaggerated but delightful fervor. Between the acts she dried her eyes, and talked to me, though I was a stranger to her, about plays, — or, more accurately, players. "Did you ever see such eyes as Julia Marlowe's?" she asked me. "I adore Julia Marlowe, anyway, don't you?" "At Barbara Frietchie," she added, without waiting for any replies, she had "cried quarts." She "positively worshipped Sothern," she declared; but she had not seen his *Hamlet*, because she knew that she "could n't possibly live through a play in which he had to die." She mentioned Mr. Hackett, too. She was "wild to see him off the stage," she said, though she knew that if ever she did she should "fall over in a faint."

"You must find the theatre very interesting," was the one remark with which I interrupted her monologues.

"Oh *yes*," she said fervently, "*I do*, and especially since I have begun to read psychology."

That sophomore undoubtedly does find the theatre interesting; but could Professor James himself discover any connection between what she finds in it of most evident interest and her study of psychology? With all her confidences, she still was canny when it

came to the delicate point. She possibly does not know just why she goes to the play; she may actually believe that her motive has something to do with the study of psychology. At any rate, even she had her reserves, confiding as she was.

The people in the audience who have not these reserves are the people in the gallery, the people who come from the city tenements to what are graphically known as the "rush seats." They have not begun to read psychology, and they are not in the least self-conscious. They may be canny; but they are not too canny to know why they go to the play, and, more delightful still, they are not too canny to tell it all to a sympathetic listener.

It has been my happy fortune to be regarded in this light by some of the people who see the play from the gallery; and in the course of many conversations they have told me why they have gone to the theatre, and what they have taken from the theatre. Few things could be more charmingly simple than their relations to that least simple of all the arts, the acted play.

In the first place, they have gone to the theatre, and they go to the theatre, to see the play; not to see the players, nor to see how they play the play, nor why they possibly play it thus, nor why they do not play it in some other way ("in any conceivable other way," as I overheard a critic murmur, at a recent Shakespearean revival), nor what the author of the play meant, nor what he did not mean, nor what he should have meant. They may see all these things; they frequently do see several of them; but they go to the theatre to see the play. It is interesting to remember that in Shakespeare's time the entire audience went to see the play.

Shortly after my experience with the sophomore to whom *The Pride of Jenico* had been interesting from a psychological standpoint, I said, for an ex-

periment, to a young girl of about the sophomore's age, who frequently goes to the unreserved gallery of the theatre, "Why do you go to the theatre?"

"Why, to see the play!" she said, in surprise.

This girl lives in one of the city tenements. I met her, as I have met other members of the audience in the gallery, at a college settlement. Through the college settlement and various charitable organizations, as well as through other means, I had gained some knowledge of the lives of the people in the city tenements, and of a few of the influences brought to bear upon them. It was not, however, until some of the people were very friendly with me that I found that, among their influences, none had been greater and more vital than the influence of the stage, of the acted play.

My own love for the acted drama is somewhat great; and I found, in visiting the women in many of the city tenements, that an involuntary betrayal of it sometimes melted their reserve, and even their occasional suspicion, as an application of the formal principles of social science would never have done. Their instant response was at times not without humor, but neither was it without significance. The moment they found me irresistibly sympathetic with a fondness for seeing acted plays, they regarded me no longer as an alien, who might be expected to give unsolicited advice on all subjects and to ask inconvenient questions on most, but as a kindred spirit. They seemed to feel that a person who could echo a wish that Miss Ellen Terry would come to America "a little oftener" was privileged to give advice about keeping the back yard in order, and might even safely be trusted to take the children and have them vaccinated.

It has given me much delight to find that some of the people whom I have met in various tenements have thus strongly — as Mr. William Winter says most

of us have in some measure — the dramatic perception. It has been to me so beautiful to have in common with them an interest in things so lovely as the drama and dramatic art. I meet it in new acquaintances among them with keen pleasure; and they, when they happen to discover that I too like to go to see plays, seem always to feel “a kind of joy to hear of it.” They know how very much one can like it, for they themselves like it so well and it means so much to them.

They go from their tenements to see plays: they see, and they feel, and they think, and they effectually remember. They are influenced; they are made greater or less; and, simple as the influence may be, its result is surely felt by their associates and their surroundings.

They go not once, but often, — as often as they can buy tickets of admission to the galleries. The majority of them work throughout the day, and they go to the gallery in the evening. So much does the experience mean to them that many times they save for their suppers portions of the lunches brought in the morning to the shops and factories in which they work; and thus, enabled to go directly from their work to the theatre, they gain another hour in which to await the opening of the doors leading to the gallery.

Once I remonstrated at some length with a young woman who made a habit of this unhygienic saving of time. “It will make you ill,” I warned her.

“It gives me a better chance for a front seat,” she responded, with the effect of presenting a complete justification of even a greater sacrifice of physical well-being than is represented by a supper made up of a banana and half a cheese sandwich.

Through this same young woman I found the first instance of many instances that I have found of the good given by the theatre through the gallery to the tenements.

Learning one day that she was ill, I went to her home to see her. It happened to be in the autumn of 1898. Mr. Richard Mansfield had been announced in a new play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, by M. Edmond Rostand. By the merest chance I had with me a new copy of the English version of the play, to be used by Mr. Mansfield, and it was in my hand as I went into the room. The room lacked much to make it even approximately comfortable. The face of the sick girl was drawn and tired, until she saw that book. Then an eager light came into it; she held out her hand.

“Oh, Mansfield’s big new play!” she exclaimed. “I can hardly wait to see him in it! How kind you are to bring it to me!”

I was more than a little surprised; I had not supposed that she ever had heard of Mr. Mansfield or of *Cyrano de Bergerac*; but I was interested. I had not brought the book for the girl, but I gladly left it for her. In the usual fashion I had brought some flowers for the tenement room, but she scarcely mentioned the flowers; instead she asked me in how many plays I had seen Mr. Mansfield, and exactly what I thought of him in each of them.

She saw the play of *Cyrano de Bergerac* on its first night; and I too saw it on its first night, urged thereto by the girl. “What did you think of it?” I inquired, when she called at the settlement the next night to ask me what I thought of it.

“Well,” said she, “I think all the trouble came because they all cared so much about looks. *Cyrano* cared about looks, and *Roxane* cared about looks, and *Christian* cared about looks. Of course *Cyrano*’s carin’ made the most trouble, because he cared the most.”

This was interesting in the extreme: it was a true critical appreciation of the play, and the appreciation of a playgoer who was ignorant of any canons of dramatic criticism; who was unaided by any authority of critic; who had no the-

ory, and felt no necessity of having any theory, as to the drama and dramatic art; to whom, indeed, the words themselves were without meaning. She merely and simply had seen the play, and had seen it truly. This alone was interesting, but the girl continued: "Of course I've heard that looks don't count much, and that feelin' they do makes trouble. I never thought much about it; but now I've seen it, I don't believe I'll ever forget it."

Nor was this all. Many months later I saw again the influence of that play for what Mr. Sothern has called "noble living." A little girl, living in a tenement in the same neighborhood, burned her face very severely with fireworks. When I went to see her, I found with her the girl who considered a front seat in the gallery of more importance than food. The child who was burned was in great distress because some one had suggested that her face would be left disfigured. I hopefully expressed a contrary opinion; but the girl who had seen *Cyrano de Bergerac* from the gallery said, with a conviction that quieted the child: "Well, it won't matter — much — if it is, dear. Looks ain't what count. It's what we *do* that counts."

Several weeks later I met the child, entirely recovered, on the street. "My face ain't scarred!" she cried. "I'm glad," she continued, — "but" — after a pause she added, "if it had er been, it would n't er mattered — much. It's what we *do* matters, not looks."

The influence was simple in its trend, but it was potent; and in the city tenements the new measure of values it created has a deep meaning. Simple as it was, what was the meaning of M. Rostand's and Mr. Mansfield's art in the play of *Cyrano de Bergerac* but just exactly that "it's what we *do* that counts, not looks"? I had seen the play of *Cyrano de Bergerac* twice, and had read it twice as many times, and had read pages of critical appreciation

of it; but I confessed to myself that its real import was most suggested to me, after all, by the girl who merely had seen it once from the gallery. I never see her without recollecting that "it's what we *do* that counts, not looks."

One day I went to call upon a woman whose life had been very hard, whom circumstances might well have made more hard. She lived in one of the least model of tenements, and I had difficulty in groping my way through the dim hall and up the dark stairs. The woman received me in a room from which great poverty had not taken all cheer, and silently, stolidly waited until I should open the conversation. I had been warned that she would expect me "to do rather most of the talking." Very much at a loss for a topic, I glanced around the room. On a small shelf in one corner I saw a picture, cut from a magazine, of Miss Ellen Terry as Portia. Supposing it to be purely decorative, I said, partly for the sake of breaking the silence, which was threatening to be protracted, "That is a beautiful picture."

"Yes, but it ain't as beautiful as *she* was," said the woman unexpectedly.

"Have you seen her?" I exclaimed, in amazement. It seemed scarcely possible.

"Yes," said the woman, "once I saw her. I saw *The Merchant of Venice*, and she was in it. She was Portia."

"She certainly was!" I found myself agreeing, not without fervor.

The woman succumbed. She moved her chair nearer and prepared to tell me all about it. As she told me, she warmed more and more to her subject; she gave me no further opportunity to do any of the talking at all.

"I didn't care much for *Shylock*," she said reflectively, "but he was n't a person you would want to care much 'bout: but," and her eyes lighted and she indicated the picture of Miss Terry, "she was lovely. It's a long time since I saw her, but I've never forgot

the things she said 'bout havin' mercy, and how she looked when she said 'em. People ain't always had mercy for me; and when I've wanted to pay 'em back for it or be mean to anybody, I jes' remember her and what she said 'bout havin' mercy — and I don't want to be mean 'cause of her," she concluded, almost shyly.

Ah, there are happily many of us who have the abiding joy of remembering how lovely Miss Terry is in *The Merchant of Venice*, and the things she says about having mercy, and how she looks when she says them; but it is doubtful if there be quite as many who remember further, because of her, to "render the deeds of mercy."

During three years that followed I was fortunate enough to find opportunities to make this woman's life less hard; but very recently some one laughingly told me that she had heard me designated fondly by my friend simply as "the lady who knew to say right off by heart all them things in the play I saw 'bout havin' mercy, and gave me the book with 'em in."

One day another woman in the same neighborhood, who had seen the book, — which its owner still prizes and exhibits, — met me with the inquiry, "Did you ever see a play named *Othello*?"

I told her that I had seen a play named *Othello*.

"Can you get the book of it to read?"

"I have it," I said to her. "Would you like to read it? I shall be glad to lend it to you. Have you seen the play?"

"Yes," said the woman, "and I'd love to read it. I saw it a long time ago. I rushed to it, to the gallery. The man that was *Othello* said what he said in *Eye-talian*. Did *Othello* when you saw it? I could n't tell what he said, 'cause it *was* in *Eye-talian*, but I could see what he was like: he believed everything he heard. I see lots like that. Rememberin' how *he* ended has kept me from believin' lots *I* hear."

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Even the man who "said what he said in *Eye-talian*" has not had this influence upon all who remember what his *Othello* was like — if he were like anything or any one — and how he ended.

The woman came to the settlement to return the book. "It seems so real, to read it," she commented.

"Did it seem as real to see it played?" I asked.

"It seemed realer," she said meditatively, "'specially *Othello*."

Who can say more than that it did, — especially *Othello*? The woman who spoke was unconscious that she was making a plea for the theatre; a plea to the stage and to the others of the audience, — a plea to them for larger opportunities to come under the influence of the stage. She was unconscious, too, that she was increasing the weight of responsibility as to the character of that influence.

That the influence has been of harm I have found to be quite as definitely true as that it has, in the lives of these three women, been of good.

A young woman in the tenements, whom I have known for more than three years, went to see one of the recently produced plays of which Nell Gwynn is the heroine. She was interested in history, and when she learned that Nell of old Drury had actually lived she went to the Public Library and inquired into the circumstances of her life. She came one night, after she had seen the play, to discuss it with me. She is as fond of discussing plays as of seeing them.

"Nell Gwynn was n't a good woman, was she?" she began.

It seemed wisest to express a doubt; but I reminded her of the period in English history to which Nell Gwynn belonged.

"Did the other people think her good then?" the girl persisted.

"No," I replied, "they scarcely did."

"But in the play she seems better than them; she gets along best."

This was too true to attack very strongly, though I made some effort to explain.

"But even if she did get along best then, and was n't good, if people thought her bad then, what makes them think her good now?" the girl said, in reply to my attempt at enlightenment.

"But they do not."

"The people who made the play do," insisted my companion, "and everybody goes to see it and seems to think she is all right."

From this point of view I could not move her, though I went the length of risking the hypothesis that the authors of the Nell Gwynn plays had created a fictitious heroine in Nell Gwynn's historic place and given her the real heroine's name. The girl had read too many historic novels, and she took plays too seriously, to be impressed by this theory, which from a mere historic standpoint strongly suggested itself. I had seen three Nell Gwynn plays, written by three respective authors, and the dénouement of each one had been, to express it very mildly indeed, historically unexpected. The theory was well grounded, but it did not help the girl. Her conception of the standard of good and evil held by the majority, and by the gifted who make plays, had been lowered, and lowered through the theatre.

It is probable that these plays were meant to give, and to most of their audiences gave, the merest amusement. This is more than possible; but, however it may be forgotten, it still is somewhat relentlessly true that the stage is a power, that the theatre is an influence.

A boy, almost grown to manhood, living in the tenements, went at times to the gallery to see a play. I had known this boy also for several years, and realized that to an unusual degree his future rested upon the relative strengths of the influences which might be brought to bear upon him. With misgivings I

listened, therefore, when he said one evening: "I saw a play the other night named *The Gay Lord Quex*. The people in it are a bad lot, but they get out all right. The worst is the best, and they gets out best."

"But in real life it is different," I replied to his inference.

"Maybe it is," said the boy, "maybe it ain't. There's no tellin'." This doubt he still holds. It is a dangerous doubt, and in the tenement district especially dangerous.

That the boy saw the play aright I thought probable. He saw in the same year Mr. E. H. Sothern's *Hamlet*, having previously read the tragedy; and of the production he said, "I liked it; but *Hamlet* was kinder in the play than in the book." This same kindness in Mr. Sothern's *Hamlet* was the subject of chief praise and chief blame from his ablest critics, some of whom insisted also that *Hamlet* is less kind in the book than in Mr. Sothern's playing. If the boy saw thus truly Mr. Sothern's exquisitely fine conception of *Hamlet*, it is more than probable that he saw as truly *The Gay Lord Quex*.

It is remarkable how truly the people who form the audience in the gallery see the play. They have in most cases none of the lights with the help of which even most devoted students of the acted drama still find themselves insufficiently lighted, but they do so unerringly see.

One girl whom I know is especially clear and definite in her views of plays. She went one night to see Miss Maude Adams in *The Little Minister*. "No," she said decisively, "I did n't get any enjoyment out of it. Lady Babbie had a kind of a taking way with her, but she was so childish!" Most of us got so much enjoyment out of *The Little Minister*; and did we not get it because Lady Babbie had *such* a "taking way with her, and was so childish"?

This same girl went to see *Ben-Hur*. She had been very eager to see the play,

but she found it almost too disappointing for words.

"What was the trouble with it?" I asked sympathetically.

"Well," she sighed, "the scenery was grand, and the clothes were grand, and the chariot race was grand; but when I go to the theatre I like to see acting."

There are others of us who when we go to the theatre like to see acting! The particular play that this girl wanted I could not discover until she saw 'Way Down East, and explained quaintly that she liked it "because it touched the hearting."

'Way Down East touched her heart as truly as *The Sunken Bell* touched the imagination of another girl whom I met. I was sitting in the shelter of the settlement doorway one summer evening, telling fairy tales to some of the neighborhood children; and she came in search of her little sister just as the last story reached its climax. Urged by the little sister, she sat on the steps to wait until the story should be ended.

"Go on," the children said to me, impatient of the interruption. "You were where the lovely fairy came, dancing in the moonlight" —

"Yes," I continued, "she came; and she was *very* lovely. Her hair was spun of long, bright sunbeams, and she had a beautiful dress made of a soft red cloud" —

The older girl laid her hand on my arm. "Why," she said eagerly, "she must have looked just like Rautendelein! Oh, *did* you see her, too?"

She waited until the story was finished, and then she plied me with questions. When she found that I "too" had seen the beautiful production of *The Sunken Bell*, given with Mr. E. H. Sothorn as Heinrich, and Miss Virginia Harned as the lovely, elusive Rautendelein, her delight was charming to see. She had so much to say about it all, but especially about Rautendelein.

Rautendelein had been to her, as Mr. Clapp said the entire production was to all of us who saw it, "a comfort and a joy." She worked in a factory, but not even months of long, monotonous days had dimmed her memory of the "elfin creature."

"She was like a fairy come true," she said. "Sometimes, when I get tired, it rests me just to remember her, with her fairy ways and looks."

Rautendelein was so actual to her that I longed to ask her the questions that so many of us have asked ourselves about the significance of Hauptmann's "dear enigma," but I did not. It seemed better to leave to her untouched the vision that Miss Harned had given her of the "sweet fantasy" with fairy ways and looks, whom it rested her to remember when she was tired.

An older woman whom I know told me one day that she "loved the theatre, but had n't had a chance to go for nine years." I promptly invited her to go to a *matinée* with me on her next holiday. Since then we have seen several plays together. One of them was a delicate comedy, and it did not interest her; another was a finely constructed tragedy, and it tired her; another was a most thrilling melodrama, and it seized and held her attention.

It was given by the stock company of the Castle Square Theatre in Boston; and the person in the play who appealed especially to my companion was the heroine, who, in the exciting course of the play, loses her reason through her grief at the unforgiving rage of the hero, and when, just before the final curtain, he relents, regains it. The absurd part was played in a manner surprisingly not absurd, and by a very young actress, Miss Eva Taylor. Realizing, doubtless, that if she must play so preposterous a rôle at all, her only hope lay in playing it seriously, she actually compelled even the humorously inclined in the audience to take at least her motive as seriously, and

moved the others to tears for herself and hisses for the hero.

My companion was obviously affected. She was also unusually silent. When I met her, several days later, she immediately spoke of the melodrama. "I felt bad," she said, "to see you take it so calm, 'cause I knew you cared 'bout people's sorrows, and that poor girl had such a hard time! But I see now that it would er been better if *she* had taken it calm, too, 'stead er gettin' so excited an' losin' her mind."

"It would have been rather more sensible," I agreed.

"Yes, would n't it?" she said. "It's better to take things calm. I never see it so plain till I see that play, and I'll remember it."

To learn the value of self-control from a melodrama, and that melodrama, of all others, *The Duel of Hearts*, was so diverting that I often smiled at the mere memory of it.

Then, one day, some time after, two of the little children of the woman who had seen the melodrama fell ill, one of them quite beyond hope of recovery. When I went to see her, she was, even in her great trouble, quiet. It was an unusual, an unexpected mark of strength, and before I left her I could not forbear saying: "Not every one has your courage. You are even braver than I had hoped you could be, and you know how brave that is."

"Don't you remember," she said, "when we saw that play, an' talked 'bout how much better it is to take things calm? I never thought I'd have anything like this to take, when I made up my mind to take things calm, but I'm tryin'."

It was inexpressibly pathetic. It was the most touching, and in many ways the most lovely, to me, of all the various meanings which the people of the tenements have told me they have found in plays. By the merest chance we saw the melodrama. By another chance the rôle of the impossible heroine was

played by a young and naively sincere woman, whose mere sincerity redeemed its grotesqueness. Whatever else it lacked, it was sincere; and it not only affected for the moment the woman of the tenement, but in her great need it kept still the force of the appeal it had made to her.

One of my particular friends in the tenements is a Polish girl, who, even when so slightly acquainted with the English language that she was unable to follow the lines of the play, went often to the gallery. She had seen Mr. Edwin Booth's *Hamlet*, and Mr. Richard Mansfield's *Richard III.*, and Miss Ada Rehan as *Katherine the Shrew*, and Madame Modjeska as *Lady Macbeth*, and Sir Henry Irving as *Shylock* with Miss Ellen Terry as *Portia*, and Miss Julia Marlowe in many parts.

Miss Marlowe's acting has been her greatest delight; and when first I met her, it was her favorite and almost her only topic of conversation. She had, and she still has, a great deal to say about Miss Marlowe, — quite as much as the psychological sophomore, — and she says it freely and frequently; but she never yet has mentioned Miss Marlowe's eyes to me, nor has she ever said that she adored her. Very often, though, she says, "I like it, I like it much, to see Julia Marlowe act."

When this girl heard that she might have most of Miss Marlowe's plays to read, her pleasure was exceedingly great. She worked all day in a shop, but at night she read *As You Like It* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and made lists of words and phrases that puzzled her, and brought them to me and sent them to me for interpretation. Had she been urged to study Shakespeare, she doubtless would have refused; but the joy of reading Miss Marlowe's plays caused her not only to surmount the difficulties of reading, but to commit to memory some of the lines, and to ask for information regarding their author and "his other books."

She afterward read Hamlet and The Merchant of Venice, and had long arguments with me as to Hamlet's madness, and the strict legality of Portia's reasoning and triumph in the trial scene. She took these discussions so seriously that my belief in Hamlet's madness — a belief contrary to her own — gave her much anxiety, and at intervals she would confront me with proofs against it in the shape of lines from the play. Even when she ceased to combat it in this way it distressed her. Not very long ago I met her. I had not seen her for more than a month, and she had much to say.

"Before Julia Marlowe, she comes, you will lend me When Knighthood Waxed in Flower?" she presently said.

"I certainly shall," I promised.

"And Hamlet, do you yet think him, he waxed mad?" she next anxiously inquired.

She wrote "appreciations" of several Shakespearean characters. I suggested to her that she write next a sketch of Shakespeare's life, and explained to her how to go about finding her material at the Public Library. One evening, about a week later, she came to the settlement. I was busy with a club meeting, but she said so earnestly that she absolutely must see me that some one came for me, saying in explanation that the girl was evidently in some dire need.

"Your mother is n't worse?" I asked. Her mother had been ill.

"No," she replied, "she is better. But in a book at the Library it did say that a man named Bacon, he did write Shakespeare's plays! Did he?"

She became so imbued with Shakespeare that she involuntarily fell into his lines and used his words. Hearing me express a wish one day that better care might be taken of a tenement near the settlement, to which wish I added, "It *should* be done," she said, "Oh yes, and it *would* be 'if to do were as easy as to know what were good to do.'"

On another occasion, when I was spending an evening at her home, she filled a small glass with a wine brewed by her mother, and, turning to me, said with the greatest dignity and impressiveness, "I carouse to thy fortune, my friend." Several weeks earlier I had explained to her that the words of the Queen in Hamlet, "The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet," were of themselves a good wish, and the act of itself a tribute.

She went to see Miss Marlowe as the Countess Valeska with eager anticipation, for she knew that the play dealt with Poland, her own native and beloved country.

"What did you think of it?" I asked, about as eagerly, when next we met.

The girl's reply gave evidence of a minutely true view of the production. She was very thoughtful as she answered: "I did like it; but Valeska was a Polish woman, and Julia Marlowe is an American woman. I wish Modjeska, *she* would play it. An American woman, — America is so different, — how can *she* know how feels a Polish woman?" She was so loath to find a deficiency in Miss Marlowe's acting that she found it instead in her environment.

"But Juliet," I said, for the purposes of argumentation chiefly, "was an Italian woman, you know; and you thought Miss Marlowe knew how she felt."

"Ah," said the girl, "Juliet, she was just a woman; but Valeska, she was a Polish woman!"

Even allowing for the Polish girl's pride of race, who shall say otherwise or more truly than that Juliet was just a woman, and Valeska, peculiarly, a Polish woman?

She saw The Pride of Jennico before I had seen it. "The princess and the man," she reported, "they did behave like children; but all the people in the theatre, they did like it much." This was comprehensive, but was it not true?

Is it not this youthful behavior that constitutes the essence of the romantic drama, and its particular and unailing charm for "the people in the theatre"?

My Polish friend had a companion who went to the gallery to see plays. She came to the settlement to meet me, because her friend had mentioned to her my interest in the stage and had lent her my books of plays.

She was a serious, thoughtful girl, and through closer acquaintance with her I found a most unique evidence of the power of the theatre, and the responsibility of the stage to those who come within reach of its influence.

"Do you believe in seeing immoral plays when great actors and actresses act them?" the girl asked, one evening when we were reading aloud *She Stoops to Conquer*, and had drifted from the one play to plays in general.

It was a large question, and I hesitated. "I believe in seeing nothing that, for any reason, the person seeing it finds unwholesome to see," I replied finally, and vaguely.

"But you don't know *what* you are going to see, when you go to the theatre," the girl said. There was a certain grim humor in this too true observation, but she made it in all seriousness.

"When you are there, you very soon find that out," I said by way of reply, "and you are not compelled to remain, you know, if you find that you prefer not."

She did not for many weeks return to the discussion of the subject. Shortly after it she went to see a dramatization of *Quo Vadis*? and the strong impression left by the play, and her subsequent absorption in reading and discussing the book, left us no time for more abstract conversations.

"I'll always remember that play!" she exclaimed. "Lygia was so noble; she stood up for her principles and was n't afraid. I'll always think of her when I have to stand up for mine."

By this time I had grown accustomed to definite instances of the influence of the stage in the tenement. This instance did not surprise me; it was not unexpected. My amazement came, however, some weeks later.

"I went to a play last night," began the girl, one evening at the settlement.

"I went to Zaza" —

"You did?" I interrupted, recalling our discussion.

"Yes," continued the girl, "but I did n't stay."

"You did n't?"

"No, I did n't stay," she went on. "I had n't been there long before I remembered what you said about going away from what was unwholesome; and then I remembered how Lygia stood up for what was right and was n't afraid, and how good Lygia was, and so I came home."

Of the vital meaning of the stage to the simplest of its audience I had been certain. It was of much interest to find that meaning so real that a moral development produced by one acted play had made it impossible for the person in whom it had taken place to see another acted play. To the relative artistic values of the two plays the question is not directed. The influence was, and the influence must invariably be, the influence of the message of the art.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis gives as a reason for writing his studies of the New York tenements his belief that "every man's experience ought to be worth something to the community from which he drew it, no matter what that experience may be, so long as it was gleaned along the line of some decent honest work." It is with the hope that they may be not only of interest, but perhaps also of use, to others who are interested in the stage and in the tenements, that these few of many instances of the influence of the theatre upon the people who go to its gallery from the tenements are given.

To me and to my work in the tene-

ments they meant very much. Through them I was enabled to substitute volumes of Shakespeare, of Sheridan, of Goldsmith, of Rostand, of Washington Irving (the last was lent to a boy who had seen Mr. Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle), and of too many other masters of literature for present mention, for sensational papers and worse than sensational books. The value of the substitutions is evident, and the value of the acted play is more evident.

The influence of the theatre had been, through the gallery, a force, a real

force for good and for evil. When it had been for good, it had been very good; and chiefly it had been, it would seem, for good. At its beginning the acted play was meant to be a power for good. It was given, as it is given, with a seriousness of purpose, which was, and is, the secret of its power. It may be — with all its failures, it to-day is — a power for good. Wherever else it may glance aside, certain it is that the people of the gallery abundantly receive it, and through it affect social and moral standards in the tenements.

Elizabeth McCracken.

THE DAY'S WORK OF A FORESTER.

"Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root?"

Macbeth.

FORESTRY may briefly be defined as the science of conservative lumbering; or, more at length, as the study of the management of a forest in a way to secure a financial return to the owner, at stated intervals of rotation, which will be at least equal to, and is in fact greater than, that attained by the usual methods of lumbering, and at the same time so to protect, to perpetuate, and to improve the younger forest as to insure its permanence, and therefore to make the retention of it a paying investment. In total disagreement with the popular notion of it, forestry has as its aim only partially the preservation of the forests, as this affects the owners' income or is to their advantage in other ways; and while the conserving of our water supply and the continued enjoyment of forestal beauty will be brought about by the better methods of lumbering introduced by forestry, the proper economic conception of a forest is that of a great natural reservoir of useful raw material which, if sound and matured timber, should be converted into a finished pro-

duct for man's comfort and welfare. Then, too, forestry is not merely the culture of trees, with reference to their picturesque effects, in parks or groves; it is not landscape gardening. Its practicality is hence the ultimate test of the usefulness of the forester's profession, and his daily work in the woods must partake very largely of a life of that nature. For forestry, to lumbermen, means a business; and unless it pays to employ a trained forester, — that is, unless his presence will not only restrain any immediate waste in the course of cutting and guard against later depredations that can be prevented, but will also absolutely increase the future value of the forest to them, in both the quality and the quantity of the wood, and therefore also in its salability, — his services will not be needed in the woods. However, the time is now ripe in this country for an intelligent handling of the forest with these ends in view; for it is imperative that the ruthless slashing and rough destruction of all undergrowth, which characterize American lumbering of the present day, shall cease. Unless we foster our forests there will soon be no woodland.

Forestry is no new thing in European countries, where the necessity for it arrived long ago; and there is a growing conviction in America that, in one way or another, something must be done with the virgin timber that still remains here. It is the policy of the Bureau of Forestry of the United States Department of Agriculture to encourage the new lumbering in every possible way, for as yet there are very few private foresters in this country. In a circular issued not long ago to lumbermen and the owners of wood lots, it offered to give practical assistance and advice in the management of their stand of timber. The good achieved was twofold, in that, while the private interests were being looked to, and widespread instruction upon the principles of forestry thereby created, the government at the same time was gathering statistics of the growth and stand of timber in various regions, — statistics that are for the most part new, and that will be exceedingly valuable to future foresters. The information thus gained is frequently embodied in a report issued as a Bulletin. As a result of this effort, many owners of large and small tracts in almost every section of the country have taken advantage of the offer and made application for working plans. The Bureau of Forestry has also coöperated with the state of New York in the surveying of its state lands in the Adirondacks. It is the wish, too, of the government to encourage the introduction of tree plantations on a large scale out upon the plains, or wherever the forests have been devastated and trees are needed; and the success of this movement has been most gratifying, thousands of acres having already been planted in catalpa, black locust, black walnut, and other woods, which will be ready for use in a few years as posts, railroad ties, or for similar purposes.

The first thing to be done, in the preparation of a working plan, after a preliminary cruising has been made and

the advisability of it determined, is to make an estimate of the actual stand of merchantable timber upon the tract. This is accomplished by conducting a number of valuation surveys. The method of surveying adopted by the government is what is known as the strip method. Usually three men are employed in a crew: the central one, as tallyman and the head of the crew, to record the trees, and a man on each side of him to measure them with calipers. There is sometimes a fourth man, to keep the course selected, and thus to relieve the tallyman of the annoyance of constant attention to a compass. Calipers, be it known to those unacquainted with them, are a scale or rule, generally three feet in length, with a stationary arm at one end, and a movable, sliding one at the other, which may so be adjusted that both will clasp the tree, when the exact diameter may be read in inches on the scale.

It is the duty of the men with calipers to announce to the tallyman the species and diameter, taken breast-high, of each tree as it is measured, and it is the duty of the tallyman to keep an accurate record of the trees and dimensions given. The tallyman must also note the variation in altitude, the direction followed, the general character of the country and soil, the depth of the humus, the ground cover, the extent and quality of the reproduction, and the kinds of seedlings and saplings forming the undergrowth; observe the density of the forest; determine the present condition of the trees, if sound or unsound; decide whether the quality of the timber is as good as it should be for the soil, situation, and density that it has; and pass his judgment upon whether the country is favorable or unfavorable for lumbering.

The tallyman is provided with a chain, thirty-three (or occasionally sixty-six) feet in length, which is attached usually to a belt about his waist; and armed with chain, tally board, and cali-

pers, and with lunch for the noon hour, the crew of foresters go forth into "the merry green woods" for the fray. After the tallyman has steered the course with his compass and walked from the starting point the length of a chain, he is halted, and the survey begins; the men with calipers keeping an equal distance of thirty-three feet upon each side of him, and measuring all the trees within that distance. As soon as all these have been measured and recorded up to the limit of the length of the chain, the tallyman proceeds along his course another chain's length, is again stopped at the end of it, and the survey continues as before. It is at first somewhat difficult for those calipering to keep an accurate estimate of the distance; but in doubtful cases, when a tree seems to be almost beyond the limit, the distance is generally paced or measured with the chain, and it soon becomes an easy matter. Twenty chains of this sort of surveying, if a thirty-three-foot chain is used, complete one acre; if a sixty-six-foot chain is chosen, only ten lengths are necessary. Each acre, when finished, is filed by itself, and is considered to be one valuation survey. From fifteen to twenty acres, in ordinary country and with a moderate stand of timber (say three hundred trees calipered to the acre), is an average day's work, if the diameters be taken down to a five-inch limit; but the area of timber surveyed will vary considerably with the diameter limit, the number of trees found, and the character of the country, whether open or hilly, and also will greatly increase in extent if only certain species are to be calipered, and not the entire stand. The writer very well recollects one memorable survey made in the woods of central Arkansas, and on the day before Christmas, too, in which, as tallyman, he recorded the trees on seventy acres in one day; but only the pines were measured, and even then the diameter was at ten inches. If hardwoods had

been included, the number of acres would have been cut down by over half. The tallyman, as a rule, has the easier time of it, for the men who do the measuring must go from tree to tree and swing their calipers about in every direction, and they will, as a rule, manage to cover about twice as much territory as he does; but the tallyman must keep his eyes open, for all depends upon the accuracy of his record.

The strip method varies in operation according to the ends in view, the topography and the percentage of timbered land to be surveyed. Indeed, in some large tracts, where the character of the country has been ascertained to be generally similar and where the stand of timber is quite uniform, it has been customary to survey along the section lines or to zigzag obliquely from corner to corner across the quarter sections, following the map; in others, where a greater percentage to be surveyed has been involved and where the country and timber have varied a good deal, the township lines have been reblazed, and parallel surveys made from stations half a mile — or perhaps even less — distant from one another along those lines; in smaller tracts, where certain kinds of timber were mainly in question — as, for example, the percentage of cedar in swamp lands — or where previous surveys had been made, only those portions have been gone over which are of pertinence in an estimate of the timber. The percentage of timber actually surveyed for an estimate varies from two to five per cent, or, in rare cases, even more. These surveys, taken as they are impartially as regards the stand of timber, across poor country as well as good, are considered to afford an average acre, and it is believed that this method comes within five per cent of the actual stand of timber; whereas a lumberman, by cruising over a tract and selecting what in his judgment is a representative acre, and then estimating the general stand from that, rarely

comes nearer than within twenty per cent of the total stand, as shown by the lumbering of it, and his estimate is likely to vary from within ten to forty per cent.

Culling, in an estimate, is accomplished in several ways: first, while the surveys are being made, by not caliper-ing the trees that are evidently inferior; second, by using the percentage of cull trees and logs as shown in the stem analyses made on similar ground or on the tract actually surveyed, or by using the cull figures of the lumbermen; and, third, by surveying all the trees on a marked acre before it has been lumbered, and then resurveying the same area after all the merchantable trees have been cut off. All these methods are good. Few men know what is in a tree until it has been cut; and an accurate percentage of culls is one of the most important things to be considered by a forester.

As many survey and other crews are provided as are necessary and possible. The number of men in a camp will range from three to thirty, or more, according to the size of the tract and the importance and pressure of the work. Canned goods are the most portable food, and tents and blankets are the usual movable equipment for a camp, including a cook tent and utensils; but frequently the work requires a party to be so constantly with the men of the lumber camps that in such cases they have their lodging and meals with the lumbermen. A cook always accompanies an independent party, except in emergency cases, in order that no time may be lost by the men themselves. Yet there are occasions when the forester will rejoice if he is able to prepare a meal; and if he finds himself slightly in ignorance on such matters, he will probably come out of the woods with at least a better conscience and perhaps a little more self-reliance. It may be said, too, that he will be somewhat more competent to wash his own clothes,

should the necessity for it ever arrive thereafter. The men usually have cots to sleep on, as these may be folded and are quite light in weight; but it is not at all an infrequent occurrence for them to make their own beds of leaves and boughs, and roll up in blankets like soldiers, with the rest of their belongings for pillows; for the camps are shifted as the work progresses, and the distance to camp each day becomes greater, and to be always in readiness and in light marching order is one of the best rules for the mobility of the men and for the advance and success of the season's work. The men all rise early, and work long and hard; but it is much better that less work be done, and that done well, than that the result should be merely a showing in numbers, and not in accuracy. The camp equipment is all moved by teams, if possible, but occasionally is transported in canoes, if the nature of the country requires it, or is carried in pack baskets, on their backs, Indian style, by the men themselves.

Surveying is hard work. To walk from ten to twenty miles a day, caliper-ing and tallying, up over hills above the clouds and down again in the valleys, through swamps and thickets, wading perchance across streams, sometimes climbing great precipices, while affording every opportunity for gaining an acquaintance with the trees and with all the wild life of the forest, and for the enjoyment of much beautiful scenery too, must not be looked upon as an easy task. It is one that would be shunned by most men. The lines do not always fall in pleasant places. Yet it is the most important part of the work to be done.

Next in importance to the surveys, for practical calculations, but of greater scientific interest, are the analyses of the stems or trunks of the various kinds and sizes of merchantable trees on the tract. If possible, the lumbermen are followed and measurements taken as the

trees are cut; but frequently special felling is done for the purpose, and the logs are rolled out with cant hooks by the men of the crews. Usually two men are sufficient for this purpose, one to tally and to do his share also in helping the other; but as many men can be used as are available or as one tallyman can keep up with. The age of the tree is found by counting the number of its annual rings of growth at the stump; the diameter, too, is taken there, and the years and diameter are also ascertained at the end of each log cut. From these and similar data may be learned the time necessary for the different species to reach certain heights and diameters under their separate conditions of soil, situation, and density, which are recorded in the case of each individual tree. An account is kept of each tree's soundness and of each log's; of the shape of the trunk, whether straight or crooked, tapering or cylindrical; of the form of its crown, whether full or narrow, long, short, or scraggly; and of the length of the logs, of the crown, and of the whole tree. The height of the stump is then taken, and the length along the trunk that is clear of all branches, from the ground up to the first limb three inches in diameter, is measured; or, where there is no three-inch limb, the beginning of the crown is considered as the end of the clear length, and the diameter taken in either case. The actual merchantable point, too, is observed, with its diameter and the distance to it from the ground. Other height and clear-length measurements of standing trees are obtained separately with a hypsometer, and the trees thus measured should be in all situations and for all diameters.

The record of the rings is a most interesting study, and the ways, too, in which the different trees and species reveal therein their individualities and life histories. The rings of some trees are wavy and irregular, while those of

others show even growth. The record is imperishable and lives with the tree, and is a true one, showing in its wider rings the favorable seasons, and in its narrower rings the unfavorable years of drought, or fire, or late spring frosts. The writer has seen and measured, in the open stand of the loblolly pines in the Southern states, a distance of over one inch between one annual ring and another, making the increase in diameter for that year to be over two inches; on the other hand he has frequently seen, in the Adirondacks, hemlocks so suppressed in growth that it had taken more than ten years to add one quarter of an inch to their diameters. The pine had had the most favorable environment in every way, and was scarcely one hundred years old, while the hemlocks, which were nearly five hundred years of age, and hence had been trees of some size when Columbus first saw land ahead in the west, had grown up in the shade, and had been protected from the winds which eventually blew down their taller neighbors. Trees, in stem analyses, are classified as either dominant, codominant, or suppressed. A dominant tree is one having a full enjoyment of open sunlight; one codominant is perhaps slightly younger than the dominant and somewhat beneath it, though frequently aspiring to reach its fellows; one that has been suppressed in growth is much lower than the others, and, if a tree of size, is usually as old as they, or older.

The percentage of sap and heart wood, for trees of different ages and at different heights on the same tree, is measured on the face of the cross-sections; and no better opportunity could be afforded for learning the hardness, color, odor, and grain of the different woods than the study of these disks at the ends of the logs. In some, as in the oaks and ashes, the spring growth is a ring of open pores, and the summer wood a gradual thickening of them; while in others, as in the maples and

birches, the spring growth is very diffuse in a broad band, and the terminating distinct layer of summer wood is the only thing definite. In either case the ring records the year, and each year's growth forms a new sheath inclosing the others. The growth is generally measured along the average radius, from the bark to the centre, in periods of ten years, and the distance, in tenths of inches, recorded for that period's increase. The aim is to find the average rate of growth, and then to determine how many years it will take a tree, under certain expected conditions, to realize a desired diameter. The width of the bark is measured, too, for each log, thus showing the taper for the tree; and there is quite a difference in every way in the bark of the various species. Where practicable, as in a windfall, studies in the root systems of the different species, the extent of their spread and the depth of them in certain soils and moisture, are also carried on. If there is any coppice growth which has sprouted from old cuttings, analyses are made of this, and a comparison thus afforded between the coppice and similar analyses of small seedlings. Anything unique in a tree's history is definitely found out, and the characteristics of the different species on a tract become thoroughly learned; as, for example, where a bird's-eye maple is discovered, the distance is found along the trunk to which this phenomenon of the wood is discernible, and frequently it will be up even into the branches. The trees in mixture in the immediate vicinity of those examined are also mentioned in the analysis, and other relevant facts are remarked similar to those kept by the tallyman on the surveys.

It is hardly possible to ascertain the exact age of an old tree. It will have taken it a few years to grow up to the height of the stump on which the rings are counted, and the seasons may at times have been so unfavorable that,

especially if a tree has a small top, not enough material will have been absorbed through its leaves that year to extend in new wood all the way down the trunk, and so no new ring will have been formed at the base.

Valuation surveys and stem analyses are the main data in the forester's measurement of the stand and growth of his crop of trees, but their real significance is deeper than that, and is known only by very careful silvicultural observations. Silviculture is the study of the requirements and preferences of the different varieties of trees with reference to soil, situation, and density, and complements the practical aim of forestry proper. Such investigations are no less essential to the eventual success of a forester than the ascertaining of the stand of timber; and, in fact, unless his specifications are supported by a thorough silvicultural knowledge of his forest, they are very likely to fall through. Much of the surveying and stem-analysis work, however, is found to be of great silvicultural value.

The forester should know, for example, the kinds of trees that grow best together, and how much light they will need, so that his thinning of useful but crowded material may be judicious. Cutting out the less important species and the inferior trees of the more valuable varieties is one of the most desirable features to introduce for the improvement of the forest. The rejected timber can easily be disposed of as cord wood, if in a region suitable for such work, and this will be found to pay the expense of having the work done; while the seedlings of the finer trees will thereafter have a chance to live, and the straight boles of those left will widen and become still more symmetrical with the even increase of new foliage in the tops.

The study of the reproduction of the different species, of the most favorable conditions of soil, moisture, and light exposure in which the seeds of the

various trees will best germinate, has many interesting silvicultural points. A representative square acre is measured off, peeled poles are driven at the corners and in conspicuous places along the lines, and trees that are on the lines are slightly blazed. All the seedling growth inclosed within these lines is then recorded, and the number of veterans and standards taken, also, so that the extent of the reproduction from these trees may be judged, and, in the poles and saplings, the proportion of the seedlings that will eventually mature. As an example of this work, after selecting what seemed to be a spot of average density and a normal distribution of trees, it was soon found, to the writer's dismay and to that of the two men with him, that the recording of several thousand seedlings would be the result of this study in reproduction; and the actual tally showed thirty-five hundred hard maples under one inch in diameter and over three inches in height, and a total of nearly six thousand trees and seedlings of all species. It is the duty of the forester to see that suitable and sufficient seed trees are left in the lumbering. In the Adirondacks, the percentage of spruce affected with mistletoe is noted in this sort of work. Sometimes smaller sample areas, say ten feet square, are picked out, and on these everything is counted, the wild flowers and grasses as well as the seedlings.

It is very desirable, therefore, that the forester have a good working knowledge of botany and geology as well as an understanding of his forest. It might be well, too, for him to have some acquaintance with astronomy, so that he could pilot himself by the north star, if in the woods at night without a compass. The true forester, however, will have other resources under such circumstances. He will know whither the streams lead, upon which slopes he is, from the kinds of timber upon them, and on a cloudy day can tell where the sun lies by the delicate shadow of

his knife blade on his palm; in fact, as old woodsmen say, the only compass absolutely necessary in the woods is a good silver dollar and a horseshoe nail. The moss on the trunks is generally a safe guide as to direction; for it is thickest on the north side, because the sunlight comes upon it from the south, though it is dependent upon other light exposures, also, and in the case of a clearing may be of equal growth on all sides of the tree. Trees, too, dip along the banks of lakes and rivers, or wherever there is a depression, and the forester will perhaps be able to locate himself by such appearances of the forest.

Why is it that there are always more seedlings of birch on a fallen hemlock than anywhere else in the woods? Is it because there is something in the tannin of the bark which especially nurtures the growth of birches, or is it because the little seeds easily lodge as they are blown against the log and drift into its great seams? The writer has seen old hemlock logs, in the forests, covered with ferns and with innumerable tiny seedlings of birch and spruce, and they seemed the most beautiful things in the world. Birches will grow upon old hemlock stumps, too, and frequently may be seen in their maturity, with their great roots, like buttresses, supporting the bases of their stems a foot or so in the air, and beneath each tree an open space where the stump had been and had decayed. Sometimes a row of these singularly propped-up birches may be observed; and it will easily be seen that they were once seedlings on a log, for in the round hollow through their roots, evidently, once lay the original log which gave them life, and which they had twined about and clasped.

By the density of a forest is usually meant the extent to which the crown cover excludes the light from the forest floor beneath. In a wood where the canopy of leaves is so spread from one tree to another that it admits of prac-

tically no entrance for the sunlight the density is absolute; but that would be a rare forest that did not have some openings through which the light might filter. Sometimes the stem density is recorded, too, in which instance the absolute density would be that of a forest completely crowded by the tree trunks. But in either case, whether stem density or crown density is called for, the actual density of the forest is averaged on the basis of a unit as the absolute density; the various degrees of density, for different acres and situations, being ranged in decimals, according to the nature of each case. Thus, in the Adirondacks, the crown density for the entire forest averages about seven tenths; and this is a very commendable density, for enough light is permitted to encourage the growth of the younger forest, while the older trees have ample space in which to spread their tops.

It is interesting, as an illustration, to observe that Spenser's conception of a forest as a place completely shaded by the foliage, and yet with trees so far apart that a knight and his lady could ride side by side between them, and with paths leading throughout, perfectly free from the tangle of undergrowth, was evidently based upon one whose crown density had been so absolute that no light could enter, and that hence beneath it no seedlings could live:

"Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yolad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred ar."

The trees mentioned in the stanzas ensuing could hardly all be growing together naturally; but if his description was based upon an actual forest (possibly composed largely of the English oak),

there is no wonder that no seedlings survived, even of those species tolerant of shade, under a canopy so thick that it was "not perceable with power of any starr." Elsewhere, too, Spenser reiterates this mediæval ideal of the forest as

"a gloomy shade,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heavens
light;"

the inhabitants being generally found sequestered there among the trees "in secret shadow from the sunny ray." Spenser's grand old forest, however, is perhaps a sad commentary upon the endless jungle of decayed trunks and ill-managed undergrowth in so many of our forests of to-day.

It is well known that the evergreens, such as pine, balsam, hemlock, spruce, and cedar, thrive well beneath the shade of overarching broadleaf species, a new forest of conifers following the former one of hardwoods. This is especially noticeable in some places in the Berkshires, where the young evergreens, so tolerant of shade, form a beautiful under-forest in the older woods of maple, birch, beech, and ash. But the beech and the maples endure shade nearly as well, more so than almost any other broadleaf species. The writer has seen maples and beeches of some size growing healthily and with full green crowns, and yet completely overarched by the tops of their dominating neighbors, and with little entrance of light for them, except here and there among the trunks or through small openings between the branches. The basswood also endures shade well, with its wide leaves. But all trees love the light, and without it they could not live; and wherever there is the least exposure of open sky among the trees, there you will find an arm perhaps of beech or of maple, trees that are otherwise tolerant of shade, gently fingering the light and stretching out into luxuriant life and growth. On the same tree, the leaves on those branches having a full enjoyment of light will be, as a rule, in much better condition, be

larger and in better health, than those restricted to the shade.

It is interesting, silviculturally, to observe that in a forest of conifers the tamarack is evidently crowded off from the slopes by the spruce, balsam, and hemlock, — the tamarack requiring a greater amount of light than is afforded in the close stand of the others, which excludes the light. So, though the tamarack will grow on a ridge, if planted with no very near neighbors, it seems to have taken up its abode in the low, wet places where few other species choose to thrive, and where consequently each individual tree is permitted as much light as an unhindered open exposure can give. Again, it has been noticed that, at least in some sections of the country, the beech — a tree, as has been said, most tolerant of shade — will put forth long shoots of fresh green twigs and leaves at the first unfolding of the buds, some time before most of the other species are even swelling in the tips; and this early growth of two weeks will in most cases be two thirds of the length of the total annual increase in height, as judged by the growth marks of previous years. This remarkable and sudden springing out of the beech at the first approach of spring, when the other surrounding trees are still undeveloped in their foliage, and when, therefore, there is less shade and an easier entrance of light, is doubtless one cause for its well-known tolerance of shade; for most of its leaves are well developed before the shade from the contiguous trees comes, and the later growth, after the light begins to be excluded by their oncoming foliage, is much less, thus showing that it does not get all its growth from a small amount of light. The beech is one of the most interesting and beautiful of trees in its habits. Thoreau was very enthusiastic over the "lichen-painted" beeches. And the different varieties of birches, — what grace in them, what refinement and delicacy of light green foliage and

white bark! Readers of Hamerton will well remember his fine description of them in *The Sylvan Year*. Each tree has its own individuality, and to know this completely is the part of silviculture. The real reasons for many of the ascertained facts in the forest's life are questions still open for the forester to solve.

Another interesting study in silviculture is that of the kinds of trees found generally together, and those growing upon different slopes and in different soils. In the Adirondacks, for example, the red spruce and other evergreens thrive best upon the southern and western slopes, while the broadleaf hardwoods are larger and more numerous and in better health on the eastern and northern slopes; apparently an anomalous condition, for one would naturally expect the reverse, the hardwoods needing light and the conifers enduring the shade. Moisture conditions doubtless have something to do with it, however, and we consequently find the softwoods most numerous on those slopes which the sun reaches first, and whose soil is as a result drier, while the hardwoods grow better on those sides of the mountains not always openly exposed to the rays of the sun, and the soil on which is therefore more moist and porous.

These are some aspects of the forester's everyday life in the woods; but these are not all of it. The forester in charge of a party has much more to do. He must prevent the use of valuable timber in the construction of skidways, and regulate the cutting of the trees, that they be not sawed too high; for thousands of board feet are lost every year in lumber, in tall stumps. He should know how much it costs per thousand feet to get the logs sawed and on to the skidways, and how much to get them from the skidways to the mill and into lumber. He must know which species especially to encourage on his tract, in view of present and future markets, and how best to foster them.

He must go over the ground and select sites for camps, must buy provisions and see that all goes well with the men, and must make a thorough reconnoissance of the whole tract, botanical, geological, and topographical, and collect all sorts of material for his report which the survey parties would not see or be expected to see. He will later collate the results of all that has been done in the woods, and embody his conclusions in a working plan for the lumbering of the tract, together with recommendations looking toward the obviation of soil erosion; the prevention of fires, if that be necessary; the best ways of combating the many other enemies of the forest, such as insects and fungi (as, for example, the burning of pruned branches, dead stumps, and tops left after the lumbering); and, if his work be in the West, perhaps the most advisable methods of regulating the grazing or browsing of sheep or cattle. After the field season is over, there is still much office work to be done before the real facts of a summer's survey can be learned, and then explicitly stated in accurate specifications. With the data obtained from the stem analyses and height measurements symbolic curves are plotted, representing the rise in height with the increase in diameter, and also the rising height with the increase in age. Mainly, however, the number of merchantable logs on a tract must approximately be determined in terms of board feet, together with the percentage of each species and of the trees of each diameter, and the diameter limit to which it is safe to cut in order that a continuous financial return may be secured.

It has been the good fortune of the writer to have work in the woods assigned to him in more than one locality, during the past year. He has been in the endless pine forests of Arkansas in the winter time, among the beautiful Berkshire Hills in spring, upon Grand Island, Michigan, during the summer, and in the Adirondacks in autumn: and

not the least enjoyable of the things seen and remembered is the time when, on a Thanksgiving Day hunt, he came across a cabin deep in the woods, with an outjutting rafter strung with black, fox, and gray squirrels, cottontails and big swamp hares, doves and quail; or or when an old Confederate soldier strolled into camp with his son-in-law, and the latter gave us *The Arkansaw Traveler* on a fiddle in genuine Southern style, while another beat time with a straw on the strings and made a weird accompaniment to the playing of the tune; or when, beside some stream bordered and fringed with alders and birches, he toasted his bread, reclined upon a soft carpet of spring beauties, and listened to the musical, ceaseless swirl of the waterfalls; or when, in the evening, he was one of a happy group about a huge camp fire of driftwood on the shores of Lake Superior; or when once he almost stepped on a fawn in the forest, and when three beautiful does came tripping past his camp, and again when a buck bounded away before him early one morning, and he could hear the antlers crack and knock against the undergrowth; or when, in the night, he lay beneath a lean-to of bark and leafy branches, and slept upon balsam boughs under the stars. But he especially remembers one beautiful noon in the Berkshires, when he and his companions had lunch in the shade of two spruce trees on a hillside. It was a clear and perfect day. In the south was Mount Tom; toward the north old Greylock loomed up in sheer massiveness; to the east the lovely Massachusetts country lay spread out before him; westward, ponds could be seen among the hills, whose slopes, too, were strikingly varied in color in their spring green, the lighter hues of beech and ash being mingled with the darker balsam and spruce; beyond these was a view of the Housatonic Valley, with a glimpse of a village here and there; while far in the distance, in irregular gray outline,

like clouds banked up along the horizon, were the Catskills. He never tired of looking toward the Catskills. It was the old story of Rip Van Winkle come back again through the years with all the freshness and dream of boyhood.

This enjoyment of the wild, the quaint, and the picturesque is a part of the life of the forester, and of his daily life, and not the least part of it. No man, it has been said by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, should be a forester who is not by instinct a hunter; and it is a comfortable doctrine to preach, and a still more comfortable one to practice. For the forester has opportunities to see and to know the wild life of the forest better than most men. He hears the whistle of the quail and the drumming of the partridge, and frequently he finds their nests and sees their broods of young; he learns the ways of the wild duck, stumbles upon the curious nest of the ovenbird, and becomes acquainted with many rare, shy birds; he has the best of chances to observe the squirrels and deer, the two most graceful animals in the woods, in their native homes amid the trees, and he comes across saplings against which deer have scraped their horns when in the velvet, follows their trails to his work, surveys through their feeding grounds where they have browsed the tips of cedar, hemlock, ash, and basswood, picks up their cast-off antlers lying among the leaves, and finds the beds of matted grass and ferns where they have lain. And then, too, few things are quite so palatable as game cooked to a crisp over a wood fire in the open air, and nothing tastes so good as pure, fresh, cold water drunk straight from a brook, without the intervening aid of cup or glass. These also are the forester's advantages. He may fry some brook trout or pickerel for breakfast, roast a piece of venison for lunch, and broil a rabbit or squirrel for supper. The writer has had bass, venison, and partridge in one day, and all taken within

a mile of camp. This, it is true, is not the ordinary camp fare; but a taste of game is not at all uncommon, and guns and rifles are almost a necessary part of an outfit.

The forest's growth is quickly responsive to man's hints. The old story in Virgil's *Æneid*, of how the branches of cornel, when torn, shed blood, having sprung from the body of Polydorus, is not so far from the mark. The forest is very much alive. It is not always a "gloomy wood," leading to hell, as the old Florentine pictured it, nor are we always astray therein. Readers of Hamerton will recollect his attractive portrayal of the primitive life of the forester, Jean Bouleau, in *The Sylvan Year*, and of his hut, — "a sort of wigwam of young oak trunks and branches, with a thatch of gorse that covered both roof and wall." Do you remember, too, the old antiquary in *The Unknown River*, who every year retired for the summer to his hut on the hill, amid the beeches; compelled to flee the city, with its magnificences, overcome because of his desire "for the little hut, and the free range of the wild forest, and the fresh, high air, and the healthy days of toil, and the lonely evening walks about the hill, and the vast, illimitable horizons"? Well, it is with some such feelings, perhaps, that the forester of to-day, if he be a man, should venture upon his duties, with his heart in his work, knowing that it is not every one who has his privileges. There is always something new in his profession, some unknown fact about trees to discover, untrodden regions to explore, something ever to identify. It is not all learned in a day, and there are few other ways of earning one's living in which more mental activities are brought into play, or where the work itself is so constantly interesting, and the daily task, performed in the exhilaration of the great outdoors, has combined with it so much of real pleasure.

But, besides affording a life perhaps a little like that of Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest, the forest imparts to men also the finer spiritual influences. Nature wins us over by uplifting our emotions as well as by inspiring us to scientific investigation. The forester who does not feel the majesty of the forest, the infinite beauty of the sky, the repose of the hills, and the illimitable life and mystery of the world has not found all that is there, among the trees and the flowers. He is a good poet, and might have made a forester, who has written of trees in these beautiful lines; and they will be appreciated by every lover of the woods, and by all who have a concern for the poetic in life as well as for the industrial and commercial:—

“Your sense is sealed, or you should hear them
tell
The tale of their dim life and all
Its compost of experience: how the Sun
Spreads them their daily feast.
Sumptuous, of light, firing them as with wine;

Of the old Moon's fitful solicitude,
And those mild messages the Stars
Descend in silver silences and dews;
Or what the buxom West,
Wanton with wading in the swirl of the wheat,
Said, and their leafage laughed;
And how the wet-winged Angel of the Rain
Came whispering . . . whispering; and the
gifts of the Year—
The sting of the stirring sap
Under the wizardry of the young-eyed Spring.
Their summer amplitudes of pomp
And rich autumnal melancholy, and the shrill,
Embittered housewifery
Of the lean Winter: all such things,
And with them all the goodness of the Master
Whose right hand blesses with increase and
life,
Whose left hand honours with decay and death.

“So, under the constraint of Night,
These gross and simple creatures,
Each in his scores of rings, which rings are
years,
A servant of the Will.
And God, the Craftsman, as He walks
The floor of His workshop, hearkens, full of
cheer
In thus accomplishing
The aims of His miraculous artistry.”

Paul Griswold Huston.

PROTHALAMION.

O DAWN that ushers in the bridal day,
And with the twilight brings the bridal joy,
Yours is the torch that once would light the way
Of that fair pagan boy,
Who guided hearts, and married their delight,
And closed the portals on the nuptial night.
No more he comes, all winged with desire,
And flambeau burning bright;
No more he brings his unawakened lyre,
And makes the strings dance to the blowing breeze;
No more his careless heart is set on fire
In bower after bower of amorous ease.

Long years ago, when on the Syrian hills
A glory shone, and all the world grew light.
Ours was the day, and his the endless night;
We left him dreaming on Hymettus mount.

Where murmur of the bees his slumber fills,
And all the bubbling rills.
The honey stolen from the wilding hive
Clings to the dryad's lip; he dreams it sweet,
And her fond kisses keep his hope alive,
But waking finds the sun upon the plain,
With all the world in combat at his feet,
And all his vassals fallen from his train.

No more we follow where his torches led,
No more we listen to his careless song;
Our hopes are high, and his dominion dead.
The graven tablets that undid this wrong,
The holy heart that made the whole world hear,
Have taught us wisdom; and with wings of fire
We can outsoar his torches, burnt too bright;
We have unfettered love from her old fear,
Like some enchanted sprite,
That has escaped the caverns of desire.
O bridal dawn, your light is not his light!

And you, twin souls, who on this happy day
Have married hearts, and mingled the two streams
Of your own fates in this more perfect way,
Behold the bright girl April's dancing eyes
Grow brighter with your dreams.
She sets the sun 'mid showers in the skies,
To mock your tender tears; and on the hills,
Through the dank earth, wrapped in her curling leaf,
The bloodroot flower forgets her winter's grief,
In longing for your bridal. Maytime brings
Arbutus and anemone, and fills
The woods with perfume, but the April sun
Holds court in heaven, and the robin sings
Full-hearted carols when the bride is won.

O lady, weeping at your own delight,
A happy sorrow mellowing your tear,
The plighted day, the consecrated night.
The honeyed month, the slow-revolving year,
Are yours and his by right.
O guiding star of his unsundered fate,
Through life and death, through hopes that cannot die,
Keep his strong heart elate;
Be pilot of your yet unweathered bark,
Faithful to that bright planet in the sky,
Through reaches of the far mysterious dark.

O happy youth, bringing the bride-heart home,
To seal with nuptial rapture her sweet fate,
From out of highest heaven's awful dome
You were ordained to mate, —

Twin passions of a single hallowed heart,
 Who join the sweet and strong with perfect art,
 And marry good with great;
 No mystic portent and no elfin power
 Rouse your desire in watches of the night,
 Nor fair Armida of the blissful bower;
 Her deepest magic is her womanhood;
 But through the shadows of our earthly wood
 Follow your star that makes the heaven bright.

Not here within the bridal clasp of hands,
 But in the Eden of your highest hope,
 The perfect future stands;
 You do foretold that diviner day
 We eat our hearts in praying for, and grope
 Through shadows on the never ending way;
 The goal is far, but earth and heaven the prize.
 On this bright dawn let us forget our fears,
 And yield to every hope your nuptials rouse;
 For echoing Sinai, Nazareth is wise,
 And all the heartache of the grinding years
 Is buried in your deathless marriage vows.

So sang the wood thrush throbbing in my brain,
 But the blithe robin dancing in my heart
 Carols a softer strain:
 No time is this for peril or for pain,
 When bright-eyed April plays her happiest part,
 Smiling through dewy lashes; no time this,
 When youth meets youth, and bridegroom takes his bride,
 And love and living seem a single bliss.
 O rapture in the twilight clasp of arms,
 O melody, O joy of virgin charms,
 Youth and the young year, budding side by side,
 Make all Spring's flowers blossom in your kiss!

J. E. Spingarn.

A SIBERIAN EVANGELINE.

ONE hundred and forty steamers ply up and down the Amur River and its tributary the Chilka. All fly the three horizontal stripes of Russia, red, white, and dull blue. According to treaty with China and notification to the rest of the world, craft flying other flags are unconditionally debarred these waters.

Half of the steamers belong to the

company which receives a government subsidy for carrying the mail, and their going and coming seem to rest upon some impulse of regularity. Of course they are idle for more than half the year, when the river is closed and ice-bound, or else breaking and churning and releasing its imprisoned waters.

The first steamer passes up early in

May; then until the bitter cold of the autumn the waters are never deserted.

One trip up or down the river has its monotonies even at the best of times, when the water is high and the danger of spending half of every day on mud bars is least. For thousands of versts the great brown river sweeps around the same long curves, and the same low landscape stretches away on either side, sometimes dimly bounded by a blue mountain range far away in Manchuria. Each wooden village at which the steamer stops seems like the last, and apparently the same eager group of peasants hurry down the water-eaten bank to the beach, laden with loaves of bread, bottles of milk, and plates of sour cream. Yet the captain told me that for two summers the haggard woman who leaned all day against the rail of the lower deck had never failed a trip of his steamer up or down the river; and in the winter, he had been told, she kept up her singular pilgrimage back and forth on tarantass or sledge. We sat in the shade of the pilot house, the captain sipping a glass of tea. He had just succeeded in getting the steamer off a mud bar inside of an hour, and he felt in good humor.

"You've noticed her amongst the third-class people?" (They were huddled, poor creatures, with their bundles, on the lower deck, with no particular place to lay their heads.) "She always stands by the rail, like that, and looks over toward the shore. When we blow the whistle and begin to slow up to make a landing at a village, she hurries to the place where the gangplank goes; when it's let across she runs down to the beach, and hunts out the pope in the crowd and asks him a question. It's always the same thing: 'Have you seen Michael Petr'ich?' or, 'Has Michael Petr'ich been here, from the commune of —, in Little Russia?' And the pope always shakes his head; and she comes back to the steamer, walking very slow, and takes her old

place on the deck. Then she hardly moves for hours."

"Perhaps he's a convict — ticket-of-leave man — and she's his wife; or perhaps it is a man who has wronged her or her family, and she is seeking revenge. A murderer, perhaps."

The captain shook his head. "She has money, and her passport is all right. She came out first with a neighbor's family who were emigrating. I've since met a woman from her village in Little Russia, and she says that the woman was betrothed to a Michael Petrovitch, and that she ran away to Odessa to work in a factory. In a little while she came back; but the man had got the government permission to emigrate and was gone. She had a little money left her, and started off after him. She heard first that he was in the Transbaikal Province, then in the Amurskaia: so she's been going up and down, and has n't heard of him."

"That's an unusual story for Russian peasants."

The captain removed his cap, and ran his pocket comb — important possession of most Russian men — through his bushy hair. He was a nervous little fellow. His yellow beard was cut to a point, and his face was red from exposure, but it had a kindly and quizzical expression. His type was not unlike that of his Czar, — with proper respect to the latter. After replacing the comb in his pocket he thoughtfully said: —

"Yes, they don't generally love that way. The people are afraid of her and leave her alone. They think that she is mad. But so long as she has her passport and pays her fare we have nothing" —

The fateful cry of "Vōsēm-por-la-vini — vōsēm — sēm-por-la-vini — sēm — shèst-por-la-vini — shèst-por-la-vini — shèst" — came to us from the bow. The captain got up, and hurried forward with an exclamation of excuse and impatience, and stood where he could watch the deck hand who threw a painted pole

into the water, crying out the depth as he did so. We were on shallows again.

I walked forward and looked down, also. There were two little upper decks: the one on which I stood, about three feet above the other, had the pilot house and the captain's cabin, and just cleared the paddle wheels; the lower one was built over the tops of our tiny staterooms. On the bits of clear deck below, the third-class passengers — men, women, and children — were crowded. Some Cossacks abode in the bow, and assisted the deck hands with capstan and poles when we were stuck on the river bottom. They were watching the record on the painted pole with interest. On the other side, indifferent to all around her, stood the woman of whom we had spoken, and I observed her again with a feeling of new interest.

Few of those Russian peasant women are pretty, though few, on the other hand, are repulsive. Their hair is apt to be straw-colored and straight, and their eyes blue. They lack delicacy of feature and the feminine charm which rarely exists in an atmosphere barren of homage for their sex. At the most they are thoroughly wholesome and good-natured, used to work in the fields as hard as the men, and bear the babies too, which is merely a side issue. This woman was gaunt and her face was haggard. At first I thought her middle-aged, but after watching her closely I realized that she was younger than she seemed. Some mental mishap or physical illness had stolen her youth. In spite of this her face had the quality of beauty. The prettiness which many of these peasant women may possess when they are girls passes away quickly under the stress of such a life as theirs; real beauty never, except in degree, — that is, its essence.

I had thought the captain's story unusual, because the Russian peasant is not romantic, and there is no gleam of chivalry in his soul. His marriage is

largely a matter of convenience. The husband is often very kindly to his wife and fond of her, and the children are their joint pride and care; but few could sympathize with the intense feeling which must inspire the woman who leaned on the rail below, who for two years had kept up her lonely search. You may feel interested in the average *moujik* (peasant) from a distance, but you rarely feel as strongly attracted to any as I did to this woman gazing dumbly toward the shore, mystery and sorrow in her face.

We passed a steamer or two every day, and when one glided into view from behind a curve of the river we blew a greeting and received a reply. Then what a change in the rigid figure! She quivered with excitement, and leaned eagerly forward to scan with her eyes the oncoming boat. If it was loaded with emigrants, packed together so closely that we saw them as a whole, in a blurred mass, she leaned forward all the more eagerly in a vain and pitiful attempt to see every face, and then shrank back despairingly after it had passed. How long could she keep this up without going mad as the people thought her?

The days passed, with very little to distinguish one from another. The country still stretched away in its low, barren monotony. Once in a while, to make life tolerable, the river curled for a few versts within a group of hills or passed a bold cliff surmounted by a wooden cross.

It is a difficult feat to navigate these rivers, with their shifting banks of mud or sand. At night, all the way from Nikolaievsk, at the mouth of the Amur, to the point where navigation ends on the Chilka, we were never out of sight of a light at night, always twinkling through the darkness on one side of the river or the other, wherever it could guide the skipper best; and in the daytime the gaudily painted lamp poles were of equal value as marks whereby

to steer a course. When the heavy fog fell, we anchored till it passed away. To tend these lamps, light them at night, and patrol the river, over a thousand men are employed by the government, many of whom lead hermit lives. We used to see them paddling their canoes near the shore, out of reach of the current, on their way from one lamp to another, and sometimes we caught sight of a solitary hut of logs half hidden in the timber. I thought of the long winter, when the river was in its icy clasp and the summer occupation gone. Then these lonely men spent the time in gathering furs, which they sold at some village store or sent to one of the large cities in the spring. Still there must be many days when the snow imprisons the isolated hut, and what are the resources of the occupant? Does he sleep, or weep, or think? What a life!

These thoughts were in my mind one night as we steamed slowly against the current, and dark headlands came into view, were passed, and faded into the blackness behind us. The cry came monotonously from the bow: "Vösēmpor - la - vini — vösēm — sēm - por - la - vini — sēm — shēst-por-la-vini — shēst — piāth - por - la - vini — piāth — che-tēērys - por - la - vini — che-tēērys-che-tēērys" —

Suddenly the pilot's bell rang sharply in the engine room, and the steamer slowed up, then stopped, keeping her wheels revolving just enough to resist the current.

We were used to stopping in midstream, but not when it seemed possible to go on, so all the passengers on deck asked the captain what was the matter. "Light's out," he replied laconically, and then I noticed that there was no yellow glimmer on either shore. A boat was lowered and rowed heavily upstream, soon disappearing into the darkness. The captain came near and leaned on the rail at my side.

"It looks like rain," he said, in a tone of gratification, for if it fell his

troubles would cease. "We are stopping now to find out why the lamp is not lit; it seldom happens."

"What is the cause?"

"Man may be sick, or drunk — or dead."

The steward came toiling up the steps with a great brass samovar, and the captain went into his cabin to sip his evening cup of tea. Clouds hid the stars, and the moon attempted to struggle through where they were thinnest, and cast a faint glimmer over the rapidly flowing water which finally merged into the blackness of the shore. Near the steamer it foamed angrily from the slowly moving paddle wheels which kept us stationary in midstream. The sound of oars came out of the darkness, and we could distinguish the shadowy form of a boat struggling against the current. The passengers who were on deck crowded to the side to pick up some item of interest from the mysterious incident, and a long rope was whirled out to the man in the bow, who caught it on the fly. Then the oars were shipped and the men drew themselves alongside.

In the stern lay a limp black figure.

"He's either sick or dead. If he'd been drunk, they would have left him," said the captain, who stood at my side again. Then we both descended to the lower deck. Here the emigrants were huddled, and many of them had curled up in the midst of their luggage, fast asleep for the night. The sailors were lifting the limp form to the deck. The captain knelt beside it.

"Have him brought to my room," he said, rising.

"Heroshō" (All right), was the response, and the men began to lift him again. They were interrupted by a cry, — a cry of grief and joy blended curiously together.

"Michael! Michael Petr'ich! Michael! Michael!" and the sombre figure of the peasant woman, the woman of the quest, impelled its way through the crowd and sank beside the prostrate

man. With tense movement she leaned over to look into his face, and remained for a minute absolutely motionless, — looking, looking, looking; then the man opened his eyes. “Michael, Michael, — Michael!” and her tone had a note of rapture.

A faint smile came into the man’s face along with the shadow of death. “Marya,” he whispered, and tried feebly to raise himself.

She lifted him with her strong arms so that his head lay against her shoulder, and clasped him close. Then, with the smile on his face, he died; and still the woman held him.

Some of the rough moujiks rubbed their eyes with the backs of their hands, and most of the women sobbed, while their children clung to them in wonder, and one of the babies began to wail. An old grandmother put her arms gently about the woman who knelt, clasping her dead, and finally led her away. Then the captain gave some orders in a low tone, and we climbed silently to the upper deck.

At eight o’clock the next morning we came to the town of Pokoroffsky, nor far from the junction of the Amur and the Chilka. Here, as soon as we stopped, a bier was carried on shore, and

the pope met it on the beach. There was a little graveyard on a hill overlooking the group of log houses, and among the multitude of wooden crosses a grave was dug.

The captain, with his kindly red face, approached the woman before she followed the bier to the beach. “Will you not go on with us to the railroad and return to your home in Little Russia?”

She answered simply: “Here is my home. I will take land, and build a house before the winter.” Then she went down to the shore. I caught sight of her face. It was still haggard, but the despairing, questioning look was gone, and I thought that the deep shadows were beginning to vanish in the light of certainty and peace. Who could say that her quest was not worth while?

As our boat steamed away we could see the slow procession climbing up the hill to the little mortuary chapel. Then a curve of the winding river took us slowly out of sight of the brown houses clustered between low hills, and the green spires of the church, and from the bow came the familiar cry of “Võ-sēm-por-la-vini — vōsēm - sēm-por-la-vini — sēm” —

Anna Northend Benjamin.

OLIVER ELLSWORTH AND FEDERATION.

NOTHING in recent history is more interesting or dramatic than the steady, irresistible movement of races and peoples toward individual freedom through national union. Thus arose the Dominion of Canada in 1867, the German Empire in 1870, and the closer union of Switzerland in 1874. The first day of the twentieth century, upon the opposite side of the earth, six colonies or states, a people equal in number to the thirteen colonies in 1776, and in area

to the United States, in America, became one nation, the Commonwealth of Australia. Greater Britain, spurred by the common peril and sacrifice of the Boer war, is fast approaching a more compact, interdependent, world-wide union, and Cuba and the Philippines, assisted by the United States but impatient of control, are groping with varying fortunes toward a national life.

In these national dramas the dénouement is the same. It is a federation,

a union, for the protection and control of general and external interests, of several communities or states of contiguous borders and of common blood, origin, or civilization, each within its own limits and over its own affairs reserving exclusive control. And for all, in different degrees, there has been a common model, — the government of the United States, the strongest federation the world has ever seen.

It was during the closing years of the eighteenth century that the United States devised, inaugurated, and tested their federation, maintaining it against disintegrating, centrifugal forces from within, and against selfish, insidious aggression from without, and, incidentally, formulated and asserted a national policy toward foreign nations, throwing off the entangling alliance with France, into which they had been drawn in their struggle for independence. This is the great constructive era in our history. It had to do with the primary rights of individuals and of communities, and with the bonds that unite them. Hence it is the period from which, during the past century, other peoples have gained inspiration and guidance in their progress toward well-ordered democracy, and to which, at the present time, we ourselves must turn, as we are compelled by the war with Spain to readjust our political and commercial relations with Europe and Asia, and to adapt republican government to Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

Fortunately, there is one man in whose public services is embraced that whole constructive era, and in whose character and career that great movement toward federation is clearly reflected, and this is Oliver Ellsworth. His name is almost unknown to the present generation. Yet he may well be called one of the fathers of American federation.

In creating a federal union the chief question is to-day what it was in 1787:

Can a form of union be devised that will be acceptable to the states that are to compose it? In the convention of 1787 it was early and generally admitted that any form, to be practicable, must be made up of the essential elements of republican government that had been developed, as it were, by civic evolution in the separate states. There the people had come to govern themselves, as a rule, through representatives, chosen directly or indirectly by themselves, and acting in three groups or classes, each more or less independent of and a check upon the others, — the legislative making the laws, the judiciary interpreting them, and the executive enforcing them; and the legislative body was usually composed of two branches, a Senate and a House of Representatives. To the want of some of these features was attributed to a great extent the failure of preceding efforts toward union, and their incorporation now into the new scheme was approved, with but a single exception. In the several states the representatives in number and influence had generally and approximately been apportioned to population. But as the states varied in population, from puny Delaware to large Pennsylvania, to apportion representation in the federal government to population would lodge the control of the union in the large states at the expense of the small. It would lead, also, the latter feared, to their absorption by the large states and to the loss of their own state governments. To these governments their people were devoted: under them they had lived and traded in freedom and security; in them they reposed their sentiment and hope. It was not strange, then, that the small states insisted upon an equality with the large, in the new political system.

In the main this policy had the sympathy of Ellsworth, a delegate from a small state, and, as its champion in debate, he was supported by precedents. Hitherto, in continental assemblies, the

states had exercised an equality of suffrage irrespective of their inequality in population and wealth. A similar rule had been adopted for the Constitutional Convention itself, though against the wishes of the large states. Even the credentials of delegates presupposed this equality, and Delaware had gone so far as to instruct her delegates, if it were questioned, to withdraw from the convention.

None the less did the representatives of the large states — especially their leaders, James Wilson, James Madison, and Rufus King — insist on proportional representation. To them, equality of suffrage among the states in the general government would introduce a far-reaching if not fatal defect. It would violate the fundamental principle of republican government, — the rule of the majority. As the weeks passed into months the debate increased in intensity and bitterness. It gradually involved and divided the whole convention, and finally, blocking all progress, it led almost to despair. That an agreement was reached at last, and a continental union thereby made possible, was chiefly due to the moderation and influence of Oliver Ellsworth.

For this service he was well fitted by training, temperament, and experience. Born at Windsor, Connecticut, April 29, 1745, he was a product of the purest New England democracy. Settled in 1635 by some of the choicest English immigrants, Windsor had steadily pursued those ideals of freedom, civil and religious, for which its founders had forsaken England. Here had been developed a pure democracy, guided by a succession of able freemen, like the Newberrys, Wolcotts, and Ellsworths. The family last named had occupied the same farmstead since 1665. The father of Oliver, Captain David Ellsworth, was not only a prosperous farmer, but also led a company of militia at the siege of Louisburg, and was a selectman of Windsor for many years. Intending

Oliver for the ministry, he gave him the best education the times afforded. Prepared for college by the celebrated Dr. Bellamy, of Bethlehem, Connecticut, with whom subsequently Aaron Burr prepared for the ministry, Oliver Ellsworth entered Yale in 1762. After two or three years he transferred his residence to Nassau Hall, now Princeton University, — then under the presidency of the eloquent Dr. Finley, who had assisted Whitefield in the great revival, — and he was there graduated in 1766. At the request of his father he studied theology for a year under Dr. Smalley, a learned Connecticut clergyman. But his own preference was for the law, and finally, with his father's consent, he pursued this study under the first Governor Griswold, and then under Jesse Root, of Coventry, later chief justice of Connecticut. His textbooks were Bacon's Abridgment and Jacob's Law Dictionary. He was admitted to the Bar of Hartford County in 1771.

The independence and resolution shown in the choice of profession were characteristic. Having incurred debt during his course of study, he determined to discharge it before entering the practice of law. For this purpose he tried to dispose of the timber standing on a small tract that he owned on the Connecticut River, and finding no purchaser he became a woodman himself. With his own hands he cut the wood, and, conveying it down the river, sold it at Hartford. Shortly afterwards, though without a competence or a law practice, he married Miss Abigail Wolcott, granddaughter of Governor Roger Wolcott, of East Windsor; and hiring of his father a small farm in the neighboring parish of Wiltonbury, he made a start, now splitting rails to inclose a field, and now walking ten miles to Hartford to attend court. At first, evidently, the former occupation was more profitable than the latter: for three years his professional income was but

three pounds Connecticut money. But his superior education, talent, and character soon told. Chosen state's attorney in 1777, he removed to Hartford, and soon acquired a large clientage. Scarce an important case was tried in which he was not retained, and his docket would contain as many as a thousand cases a year.

From absorption in his profession he was soon drawn into continental politics. Sent to Congress in 1778, he was placed on the important committees of Marine and Appeals, — the former having general charge of naval affairs, and the latter determining appeals from local admiralty courts. With short intervals, he remained in Congress during the five trying and eventful years that preceded the conclusion of peace, with constantly increasing usefulness and influence. In 1783 he returned to his native state, to become a member of the governor's council and a judge of the Superior Court. He declined, in 1784, the appointment of commissioner of the Treasury, tendered by Congress, and did not again participate in continental affairs till he was sent, with Roger Sherman and Dr. William Samuel Johnson, to represent Connecticut in the convention of 1787.

In this body, though loyal to Connecticut — a small state — he avoided partisanship. Early in the debate, unlike his colleague, Roger Sherman, he favored proportional representation in the lower house of the national legislature, the House of Representatives. Hence with the better grace and the more force he was able to urge an equality of suffrage in the Senate. As reported by Madison, he said: "Over so great an extent of country, . . . the only chance of supporting a general government lies in grafting it on those of the individual states; . . . we were partly national, partly federal. The proportional representation in the first branch was conformable to the national principle, and would secure the large

states against the small. An equality of voices was conformable to the federal principle, and was necessary to secure the small states against the large. . . . Let a strong executive, a judiciary and legislative power be created; but let not too much be attempted, by which all may be lost." This compromise, "The Connecticut Proposal," he urged persistently, answering with calmness and moderation the learned and logical arguments of Madison and Wilson. He united upon it all the states' rights men except the irreconcilables, and several of the more moderate nationalists, like Caleb Strong and George Mason. He finally secured its adoption by the majority of a single state.

It is possible that this agreement might not have been reached but for favorable circumstances. From Wilson's standpoint it was an unjust victory of a minority gained through the convention rule of equality of suffrage. The population of the states voting for it was much smaller than that of the states voting against it. Moreover, to some extent fear superseded argument. The convention was on the verge of dissolution in failure, a result that would almost inevitably end republican government and independence in the United States. No other compromise stood the least chance of acceptance. Nevertheless, the credit is due chiefly to Ellsworth. It was little short of genius to comprehend and measure the conditions of the problem, to appreciate the patriotism and different points of view of the opposing factions, to discern and combine the most important and acceptable elements in the two plans, and with dignity, moderation, and steadiness to advocate the compromise till its acceptance was unavoidable.

At any rate, this agreement tided the convention past its critical stage, and became the basis upon which the Constitution as a whole was constructed. It made our continental union a mixed one, — mainly national, as Wilson and

Madison planned, so far as its several departments spring from, respond to, and act upon the individual citizen ; but also materially federal, as intended by Ellsworth and Patterson, in so far as those departments, through the Senate, are influenced by the states as individual political communities. The equality of the states in representation and suffrage in the Senate has done much to confirm and establish the dignity and integrity of local self-government, and thus to fix definite check and limit to the powerful drift toward centralization observable in other republics. In this respect it has distinctly contributed to the freedom and security of the individual. It was doubtless suggested by the equality enjoyed by the towns in Connecticut in the lower branch of the state legislature ; and though the Connecticut usage has led to great abuse, and is now being reconsidered, its application to the Senate of the United States has been much admired and imitated. In the Australian federation, just consummated, the six states have an equality of suffrage in the Senate, or higher branch of the federal legislature.

The prominence Ellsworth had shown in outlining the Constitution gave him an important part also in completing its details. With Rutledge, Randolph, Gorham, and Wilson, he was on the committee on detail that draughted and reported the Constitution, in accordance with the resolutions of the convention. Because of an illness he could not sign it, but it received none the less his hearty support. In the Connecticut convention to which it was submitted his speeches in its favor were the principal influence in securing its prompt and enthusiastic ratification. When, soon, the time came to organize and establish the new government, he was chosen, with Dr. William Samuel Johnson, to represent Connecticut in the first Senate of the United States.

This work of putting the new federation into effect fell mainly upon the

men who had framed it. They did not shrink. Washington, as the first President, assumed chief direction, and Hamilton, as Secretary of the Treasury, undertook to create credit and stimulate industry. In Congress the first need was to elaborate the instruments of government which had been only outlined in the convention. Among the most important was the judiciary. The Constitution barely prescribed the jurisdiction of the United States courts. What and how many these courts should be, and what should be their respective limits and duties, the Senate now undertook to define. Early in its first session it appointed a committee to consider this whole subject and report a comprehensive plan, and made Ellsworth chairman. This was a significant tribute. Among his associates were some of the ablest lawyers and jurists in the country, like William Grayson, George Read, Rufus King, William Patterson, and Caleb Strong. When the bill was reported, these men brought to its discussion all their learning and acumen ; and in its defense Ellsworth was compelled to exhaust English and colonial precedents, and to employ all his resources as a debater. In the end he was able to satisfy professional criticism, though he could not overcome sectional prejudice. As the courts of the United States were made supreme over those of the states, the bill was claimed by the opposition to contain "the gunpowder plot of the Constitution." But by distinguished lawyers out of Congress, to whom it was submitted, like James Wilson and the attorney-general and chief justice of Pennsylvania, it was heartily approved. It finally passed both houses substantially in the form written by Ellsworth, and, with some amendment, has since remained the charter of the United States courts.

Evidently Ellsworth was passing to a new stage of growth. The Constitutional Convention had been a fork in the road. Some members of that body,

confirmed in their fears and prejudices, as were Elbridge Gerry and George Mason, thenceforth refused to approve, and strove to defeat, its work. But Ellsworth grew in hope and in breadth of view. During that momentous intellectual contest he came to see in the Constitution a splendid design of a continental republic, strong in its own functions and powers, under the protection of which the citizen would enjoy freedom and happiness, and the states would occupy undisturbed their proper spheres. He was no longer a states' rights man, but a nationalist. He therefore earnestly supported Hamilton's measures to invigorate, dignify, and establish the general government. And such was the confidence that he inspired that he became the administration leader in the Senate. At the same time he initiated measures of his own. By pushing through the Senate a bill preventing imports from Rhode Island, he forced that state finally to join the Union. "The Constitution is now adopted," he wrote to a friend, "by all the states, and I have much satisfaction, and perhaps some vanity, in seeing, at length, a great work finished, for which I have long labored incessantly."

At the outset the Senate became a weighty and efficient body. Nearly half its members had attended the Constitutional Convention. These men now strove to realize the lofty ideal they had conceived. They imposed secrecy and enforced dignity and deliberation. "The Senators," says Schouler, "never more than thirty-two at Philadelphia, appeared, well powdered and in rich dress, and if any loud whisper disturbed the member who had the floor Vice President Adams would restore order by gently tapping with his silver pencil case upon the little mahogany table which stood in front of him."

Those members who had labored steadily for the creation and ratification of the Constitution now naturally united

to support the administration. Hence arose what was called "the Court Party." Its chief support came from New England. As Chauncey Goodrich wrote in 1796, "The government still rests on New England prudence and firmness." In the Senate it included with others Rufus King, Caleb Strong, George Cabot, William Patterson, Robert Morris, and Oliver Ellsworth. Of this party Ellsworth was *facile princeps*. He is one of the ablest politicians or party leaders in our history, and as such his salient traits crop out in the racy diary of his associate and opponent, Senator Maclay. "All-powerful and eloquent in debate," he would "batter down all his antagonist had said." "Economy is all his cry." Aggressive, "with strong traits of obstinacy," industrious, learned, persuasive, and conciliatory, he united the Federalists, by his rare tact and wisdom, into a compact, efficient group. Nevertheless, this success was gained by a narrow margin. The party in opposition, known as Anti-Federalists or Republicans, aroused by the Judiciary bill, grew with the unfolding of Federal policy. It soon found subtle, skillful leadership, strange to say, in Madison, hitherto a nationalist, and in Jefferson, though still a member of Washington's Cabinet. And the serious affection of states' rights from which they had steadily suffered was now complicated by a dangerous attack of what George Cabot called "the French disease."

In 1778, to gain aid against England, the American colonies had made a treaty with France, by which the latter had recognized the independence of the former, granting money and men, and the colonies had undertaken to guarantee the dominions of France on the American continent. This support was both timely and generous. It left a deep feeling of gratitude and obligation in the American people. Many years had passed, and the French Revolution had intervened. In its violent

progress France had declared war on England, and, the treaty being still in force, appealed in her turn to the United States for aid. Doubting a ready compliance from our government, she promptly, with supreme insolence, dispatched an emissary to appeal directly to the people. Both the object and the method of these advances were encouraged by the Anti-Federalists. The latter draughted congratulatory addresses, and packed public meetings and fêtes. The people were stirred by sympathy with France and hatred of England. For much of this feeling England was herself at fault. Having failed to collect her prerevolutionary debts in America, partly from the inefficiency of the local courts and partly from the weakness of the general government, she had retaliated by retaining the western forts and by seizing American commerce under arbitrary orders in council.

This was the gravest crisis of Washington's administration, and it was met with great courage, wisdom, and patriotism. He believed that, in the existing weakness and immaturity of the general government, war with either England or France would inevitably result in the loss of the independence, or in the destruction of the government, of the United States. He therefore declared and enforced strict neutrality, checked the French propaganda, and steadily sought an understanding with both countries.

It is safe to say that without the support of the Senate this policy could not have prevailed. In the Senate the Federal leaders were able to hold a firm hand, but in the House they had less power. Here upon the popular tide the opposition had ridden into control, and to embarrass the administration they introduced a resolution in effect to impose restrictions and duties on English commerce and navigation. If this were adopted, accommodation with England might be impossible. Hence, to anticipate it, after a conference between

Ellsworth, King, Strong, and Cabot, and upon their advice, with Ellsworth as their spokesman, Washington appointed Jay to negotiate an agreement with England. As a result the Jay treaty was made, and war with England was averted.

Had this treaty come for ratification before the people rather than the President and the Senate, doubtless it would have failed. But as it was, by a sharp, bitter struggle, the very men who had initiated the negotiation, again under Ellsworth's lead, secured its acceptance. The Senate thus early gave a striking example of its exalted duty and power to conserve the government, even if need be against the popular will.

The part taken by Ellsworth in the Jay treaty, while perhaps the most arduous, was his last service in the Senate. March 4, 1796, he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States. In accepting this office he evidently thought none too well of his qualifications. Though nearly fifty-one years of age, he immediately began and incessantly continued an exhaustive study of jurisprudence. It was his lifelong habit thoroughly to prepare for each duty as it came. To others, however, he must have seemed amply qualified. In early life he had attained distinction at the Bar and had served with credit on the Connecticut Bench, and since then he had enjoyed wide study and experience in continental affairs. In fact, it was peculiarly fitting that the man who had done most to create the judicial system should now, in his ripe manhood, be called to administer it. He possessed appropriate legal learning and a judicial temperament. Impressive in height and manner, he was uniformly patient and courteous. He was a worthy successor of John Jay, and would have made a great jurist had the opportunity been given him. As yet the duties of the office taxed the body more than the mind. As presiding judge on the circuit, he was obliged to spend much

of his time in tedious journeys, over crude roads or by slow boats, between widely separated parts of the Union. His associate, William Cushing, is said to have traveled usually, accompanied by his wife, in a four-wheeled phaeton, drawn by two horses and driven by himself, ingeniously packed with books, groceries, and other comforts; the colored servant following behind with the baggage in a one-horse vehicle. But comparatively few cases were heard. It was not till the time of John Marshall, his successor, that this court was called upon to render those far-reaching decisions involving the Constitution which have made their author famous.

For Ellsworth the opportunity was in politics. His appointment to the Bench had not terminated his service to his party. In the Federal councils his opinion was constantly sought, and was never more needed. The party, by strange fatuity, had lost its ablest leaders. Rufus King had been sent as minister to England, and Caleb Strong and George Cabot had resigned. In fact, the perplexity of the party soon became so great that Ellsworth felt obliged to return to its active service.

The Jay treaty had indeed averted war with England, but it seemed to entail war with France. The latter country had deeply resented the maintenance of neutrality, but by the Jay treaty she was exasperated. Deeming the treaty of 1778 thereby nullified, she ordered, in disregard of its terms, the seizure of English property and provisions destined for England when found on American ships, made American commerce lawful prey to French cruisers, and treated American seamen found on English ships as pirates. Even the recall, by the United States, of James Monroe, her minister at Paris, was regarded by France as unfriendly, and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, sent in his place, was not only denied a reception, but was summarily dismissed from French territory. When, notwith-

standing, President Adams, as a last effort at accommodation, sent John Marshall, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and Elbridge Gerry as an extraordinary embassy, these men not only were denied public recognition, but were even invited to pay a bribe as a condition of negotiation.

When these successive indignities, increasing in harshness, became known in the United States, public indignation and resentment swelled into a mighty tide. Congress, summoned in extraordinary session, prepared for war. With other measures, it authorized the construction of new ships, created a Navy Department, empowered the President to raise an army, suspended all commercial relations with France, and authorized armed vessels of the United States to resist and capture French cruisers preying on American commerce. The people showed equal spirit. "Millions for defense," was the popular cry, "but not one cent for tribute!" No such upheaval of patriotism had been seen since the war for independence.

At this point occurred one of the great surprises and enigmas of our political history. Without consulting or even warning his party, President Adams nominated as minister to France William Vans Murray, then minister of the United States at the Hague. It transpired that Talleyrand, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, unwilling after all to go to war with the United States while deeply involved with Europe, had given assurances through Vans Murray that if yet another minister were sent he would be properly received, and President Adams had jumped at the chance. The Federal leaders were dumbfounded. The step seemed to contravene the very policy which the President himself had directed. They distrusted Talleyrand, and deprecated the ill-timed confusion and discord in the party. Nevertheless, they were obliged to accept the new situation. A committee of the Senate, waiting on the

President, suggested the appointment of three men instead of one, as more appropriate to the importance of the mission; and thereupon Oliver Ellsworth, Patrick Henry, and William Vans Murray were named.

The commission thus constituted was readily confirmed. To put the Chief Justice at its head not only followed the precedent set when Chief Justice Jay was sent to England, but it also avoided the party quarrel. From his letters to Pickering, then Secretary of State, it is evident that Ellsworth doubted the good faith of Talleyrand, questioned the propriety of sending another mission after so many rebuffs, and regretted the inconsiderate conduct of the President. Yet his utterances had been guarded, and in his exalted office he was free from the imputation of partisanship. No Federalist could command such general confidence and respect. In fact, it was not his confirmation but his acceptance that might well have been in doubt. The new office could add no honor. As Chief Justice he was already next if not equal to the President in dignity, and his duties, though onerous, were regular and congenial. His reputation was assured, his future secure. To accept the offer would involve serious sacrifice and perplexity. It would involve an absence of unknown duration from his home and family, to which he was deeply attached. It would compel an uncomfortable voyage in the winter season, with serious hazard of his health, already enfeebled. It would lead him into a tedious, doubtful struggle in diplomacy, for which he had no special training or experience, in a distant country, whose language and customs were not familiar, and whose people and government were in the midst of a mad career of domestic revolution and foreign conquest. It would impose upon him mainly the momentous responsibility of deciding between peace and war.

Nevertheless, his acceptance was evi-

dently a necessity both to his party and to his country. No other Federalist sufficiently prominent and acceptable was available. If he declined, an Anti-Federalist might be appointed, with whom the policy and reputation of his party and the welfare of the country might not be safe.

November 3, 1799, Ellsworth, with Governor William R. Davie, of North Carolina, who had been appointed upon the declination of Patrick Henry, sailed for France in the frigate *United States*. Touching at Lisbon, after a stormy passage, they learned of the overthrow of the Directory — “*Monsieur Five-Heads*,” as Fisher Ames called it — and of the ascent of Napoleon to the chief power as First Consul. Though in doubt whether they would be received by the new government, they determined to proceed. Sailing for L’Orient, they met a terrible gale. Driven out of their course, they put in at Corunna, Spain, and proceeded by land over the Pyrenees to Paris, enduring great privation and exposure in a journey of seven weeks. They were received with courtesy and respect, and a commission, headed by Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul, was named to represent France.

On behalf of the United States the discussion was conducted mainly by Ellsworth, and it taxed severely his temper and intellect. His instructions required that no treaty be made unless it secured compensation to citizens of the United States for all losses from the illegal capture or condemnation of their vessels or other property under authority from the French Republic. But it soon became evident that it was this very payment of indemnity that the French were resolved to avoid. For, shrewdly divining that the Americans were determined also to be rid of the old treaty imposing the alliance, they made the revival of the old treaty in all respects an absolute condition of the payment of indemnity. A deadlock

ensued. Meanwhile Napoleon was on the full tide of military conquest. He had led his army over the Great St. Bernard, had captured Milan, and had won the victory of Marengo. Apparently he would soon have Europe at his feet, and would then have ample leisure and power to deal with the United States. It seemed wise to Ellsworth, therefore, though unable to make a comprehensive treaty, at least to conclude a *modus vivendi*. A convention was signed, limited in scope but not in duration. It provided for the mutual restoration of vessels and property not already condemned, contained a liberal definition of neutral rights, and otherwise regulated the relations of the two countries, but postponed to a future settlement the question of indemnities; the treaty of alliance, meanwhile, to have no operation. Though France had the best of the bargain, it secured to the United States peace, with a permanent separation from Europe. As Bancroft has pointed out, it also paved the way for the purchase, a short time later, of the Louisiana Territory.

But to many in the United States, counting the losses rather than the gains, the result was a great disappointment. Wolcott, then Secretary of the Treasury, and an old friend and party associate of Ellsworth, with Pickering's approval, imputed the outcome, rather unfeelingly, to a decline in Ellsworth's intellect. Hamilton's vision was clearer. "As to indemnification," he wrote to Gouverneur Morris, "that was rather to be wished than to be expected while France is laying the whole world under contribution. . . . The least evil is to ratify. The contrary would finish the ruin of the Federal party and endanger our internal tranquillity."

One of the earliest and most beneficial results of the convention was the restoration of good will on the part of France. A splendid fête was given by Joseph Bonaparte, at his château at Marfontaine, to the American envoys,

as they journeyed to Havre-de-Grâce to embark. Oliver Ellsworth, Jr., the companion and private secretary of his father, has left an interesting account of the incident. Arriving at two o'clock, the envoys found in attendance many French magistrates. During the afternoon all enjoyed the park belonging to the château, laid out in English style, with a canal, a natural pond, islands, and rocky hills surmounted by an ancient tower. At four o'clock the First Consul arrived, being received by music of bands and firing of cannon. In the evening, at eight o'clock, the convention, being first signed by the French and American commissioners, was ratified by the First Consul, cannon announcing the event. At nine o'clock, the guests, over one hundred, were conducted to a banquet spread in three large halls, splendidly illuminated and decorated. The principal one, called the Hall of Union, was hung with wreaths, interspersed with inscriptions commemorating the Declaration of Independence and other celebrated events connected with the American Revolution, and with the letters F. and A., representing France and America, intertwined. In the second hall, the Hall of Washington, was a bust of Washington, with the French and American flags interlaced. The third, the Hall of Franklin, contained a bust of the philosopher. After the banquet there were brilliant fireworks, followed by a concert and a play by famous performers brought from Paris.

To Ellsworth these festivities brought little pleasure. The malady with which he was afflicted before he left the United States was greatly aggravated by the hardships on sea and land, and by the protracted, perplexing negotiations through which he had passed. Forbidden by his physician to venture again upon a winter voyage, he decided to spend the approaching winter in the south of France, after a short sojourn in England to try the waters at Bath.

He accordingly sent his resignation of the office of Chief Justice by his son, who with Governor Davie soon returned to the United States.

In England Ellsworth received marked attention from the Court, the Bench, and the Bar. Owing to his eminent station in his own country and to his conduct of the negotiation at Paris, he was the most distinguished representative of the United States that had yet visited England. At the law courts he met the leaders at the Bar, and was invited to a seat beside Lord Kenyon on the King's Bench. Giving up a return to France, he spent the winter in England. In the spring, having received but temporary relief, he returned to the United States, intending to retire from public life. But his native state again called him to service. Being elected to the governor's council, he remained upon it the rest of his life, incidentally serving on the Connecticut Court of Appeals and as a fellow of Yale College. Upon the reorganization of the state judiciary in 1807, he was appointed chief justice of Connecticut. But the acceptance which he had sent he was obliged to withdraw by a sharp return of his illness. He died November 26, 1807.

Oliver Ellsworth was an excellent specimen of the New England character of his time. He was rooted in the soil. True to his early training, he retained through life the farmer's instincts and aptitude. It is said that while on the southern circuit he assisted so efficiently in repairing an unfortunate stagecoach that a bystander inquired, "Who is that gentleman who understands everything and is eloquent about a coach wheel?" He was one of the first to point out the value of gypsum and of broadcloth, and he aided in starting the manufacture of the latter near his home. This was but one of the many ways in which he repaid the debt he owed his native town. In beautiful, historic Windsor, on the banks of the

Connecticut, his affections centred and his mind relaxed. On quaint, straggling Windsor Street, perhaps a mile north from the ancient Palisado Green, upon the estate occupied by his ancestors for several generations, he built his house, supervising himself with tender care the details of its design and construction. He placed it upon a slight eminence, partly screened from the street by a grove of tall elms. Of ample proportions and of dignified aspect, the roof at one corner supported by stately columns forming a quaint porch, it stands to-day but little changed by man, though seared and hoary from the elements. It is still the most imposing and beautiful house in Windsor. Under this generous roof he reared a large family, one of his sons subsequently becoming governor of Connecticut and member of Congress. Here, too, he dispensed hospitality. He entertained President Washington in 1789, and President Adams in 1799. And here he zealously guarded and promoted the common welfare, social, religious, and political. Now, as magistrate, he would grant a permit to travel on the Sabbath to some privileged person. Now, as citizen, he would urge a stricter enforcement of order by the tithingman, and now he would settle some long-standing dispute. In 1793, largely through his influence, a union was effected of the First and Fourth societies, which, by reconciling conflicting interests, gave to the town a church edifice, an academy building, two highways, and a causeway. On the bank of the Rivulet, at the corner of the Palisado Green, may still be seen the church, erected under his supervision, in which with the united congregations he worshiped; and just behind it, among the trees in the ancient cemetery, beneath a modest stone, lies his grave. It is not surprising that in Windsor a life so righteous and beneficent has left a memory both enduring and fragrant.

Not only with his town but with his

whole state Ellsworth was upon terms of mutual confidence and respect. The faithful servant of the public, both at home and in continental affairs, from his youth through his manhood, he certainly deserved to be what Noah Webster curiously called him, one of the "Three Mighties of Connecticut."

His wide experience and dominant influence in his own state brought him respect and reputation in interstate affairs, and as the calls to service in the latter sphere increased they received from him a ready response. He did not share the indifference to public responsibility prevalent in his time. Doubtless his willing acceptance of office was partly due to his rare adaptability to public affairs. John Adams, who in the Senate and in the presidency had the best opportunity to judge, said, "Mr. Ellsworth is so great a master of business." This power found its fullest scope during his seven years in the Senate. As Alexander Johnson has tersely said, "The first two Congresses [1789-93] marked out the lines which the subsequent development of the country has followed." Ellsworth's great experience and reputation in the Continental Congress, upon the Bench of his own state, and in the Constitutional Convention gave him authority and efficiency. At the same time he became the representative of the administration and the exponent of the Federal policy. It is best that the credit for the Federal achievements should be equitably apportioned. Doubtless they were largely due to Hamilton's bold, original, and fertile mind. But in the arts of leadership Hamilton was deficient. He did not possess that moderate and conciliatory temper which reconciles conflicting interests and attracts support. It was here that Ellsworth excelled. "He wishes," wrote Maclay, "to reconcile the Secretary's policy to the public opinion and welfare." The task was a difficult one; for the Senate was so evenly divided that its decision often depended

upon the Vice President. Yet it was accomplished, largely through the tact with which Ellsworth united his followers, and the power with which he answered his opponents.

Though a party man, he was never fettered by party. He did not share the gloom with which many Federalists regarded the election of Jefferson. In 1801 he wrote King: "He [Jefferson] dare not run the ship aground, nor essentially deviate from that course which has hitherto rendered her voyage so prosperous." Whatever he said or did was stamped with earnestness and sincerity. Indeed, it was the elevation and strength of his moral character that most impressed his contemporaries. Dr. Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, a personal friend, said: "The purity and excellence of his character are rare in any station, and in the higher walks of life are almost unknown. . . . There was probably no man, when Washington was not present, who would be more readily acknowledged to hold the first character."

Men of such endowments are fitted for great crises in history, and at least two such came to Ellsworth. One was in the Constitutional Convention, when the delegates, divided into two parties, of equal conscientiousness and patriotism, but of different training and associations, found themselves, after weeks of discussion, diametrically opposed upon the very basis of a continental union, and almost in despair of agreement. The compromise that the union be half national, half federal, brought forward and patiently, adroitly pressed mainly by the Connecticut men, has indeed given us a curious result, — a government that is neither a nation nor a federation, a republic in which more and more the minority rule. But it was the only agreement possible; the only alternative was anarchy. Thus far, in the main it has proved practicable. Whatever changes in the constitution of the Senate may be made necessary, either

by its own arrogance or aggression, or by the negligence or partisanship of its constituent state legislatures, the credit due to Ellsworth is none the less.

The second crisis was in the negotiation at Paris in 1800, when in her pride and power France, as the condition of a treaty, made upon the American envoys demands utterly inconsistent with their instructions. Upon their decision hung war between the United States, weak and undeveloped in resources, distracted with party strife, exposed to attack and without allies, on the one hand, and on the other a great, compact, military power, led by a military genius fast becoming the conqueror of Europe. A man of less courage, less self-reliance, less patriotism, would have adhered to his instructions, and left the responsibility with the government that had imposed them. Ellsworth saw his duty and did it, with characteristic adroitness and foresight. Deferring the settlement of the more obstinate but really less important differences to a favorable season, he secured at once the essential objects of his mission. He maintained peace and restored good will with France, and by abrogating the alliance disentangled the United States from Europe. He thus took the last, in-

dispensable step for the establishment of the American federation, contemplated by Federal policy and inculcated by Washington's Farewell Address.

Why is it, then, that Oliver Ellsworth has received so little attention from biographers and historians? He was not born in Massachusetts or in Virginia. In Connecticut, as in Pennsylvania, the historic field has been meagrely tilled. Moreover, the dramatic and opportune quality of his work has been perceived only through the perspective of multiplying years. To negotiate an unpopular convention for a party just retiring from office in defeat and ignominy is not conducive to immediate fame. Nevertheless, he has not been wholly overlooked by subsequent statesmen. Webster said of him: "For strength of reason, for sagacity, wisdom, and sound good sense in the conduct of affairs, for moderation of temper and general ability, it may be doubted if New England has yet produced his superior." What Ellsworth said, as Chief Justice of the United States, to the grand jury at Savannah in 1796 was the aim of his whole life: "So let us rear an empire sacred to the rights of men, and commend a government of reason to the nations of the earth."

Frank Gaylord Cook.

OUR STATE UNIVERSITY.

IN our town we are at once grandiloquent and simple. We call ourselves "the Athens of America," and we allude to our university as "school." One can be grandiloquent about "school" too, of course, but only with a certain outlay of language. We waste no words. Our young people attend "school," and the school year is now opening. At this season I like to saunter about the town or look in at the Town and Gown Club, where I greet

my friends the professors on their return from their summer vacation.

The streets swarm with boys and girls; for here we take coeducation as a matter of course, never having thought of anything else. Nevertheless, owing to the large professional departments, the boys far outnumber the girls.

In our university the dormitory system does not prevail, and these young people are very much occupied in getting themselves settled in the town,

wherever they can find lodgings, usually lodging and boarding in different houses. Comparatively few of the citizens are averse to taking "roomers," but meals are a more serious matter. Of late there is a somewhat aggrieved surprise among householders at certain new exactions on the part of applicants for lodgings. I am told that even freshmen now demand furnace-heated rooms, whereas a few years ago a student carried up his own wood and took care of his — or even her — own fire. The present pace was set by a few persons who built modern houses for their own convenience, and then admitted student lodgers in order to make good the outlay. These well-warmed rooms are distinctly a civilizing agency. When a man got up and made his own fire, with the thermometer at twenty or thirty degrees below zero, he did not care overmuch about a bath; in fact, the idea was more than irksome. Now even the public baths are open every day, and not, as formerly, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons only; and in private houses the bathtub and the furnace enter hand in hand.

A glance at the university catalogue shows that most of the students come from within the state. This is natural where each state has its university, but on some accounts it is a pity. We are too proud of our state, and would be the better for rubbing shoulders with outsiders. The danger of a narrow view is not diminished by the fact that even the textbooks — or a portion of them — used in the public schools are made especially for the locality.

However, here are all these young people, presumably thirsting for knowledge. Those who are in a position to judge say that, on the whole, the thirst is keener than in the Eastern universities; that the boy who goes to college because his people expect it of him is a much rarer person than in the older parts of the country. On the contrary, boys are urged to get into some money-

making occupation as soon as they have graduated from the high school; and this in families where the girls are given superior advantages. It happens occasionally that the son of a well-to-do farmer comes to the university, if not exactly under the parental curse, yet cut off from all the assistance which would have been given to him had he chosen to stay at home and work on the farm. If he must needs have an education, he may shift for himself.

A student who can prove his inability to pay is entitled to free tuition, and if unable to buy a uniform he may be excused from military drill. If, nevertheless, such an one, unwilling to proclaim his poverty, walks into the business office with the price of tuition in his hand, or stands in the ranks clad like his fellows, the secret may perhaps be between him and a large-minded president. I am told that such debts of honor are almost invariably paid in the end. As to the rest, the bare necessities of living cost but little, and there are furnaces to take care of and other employments of a similar nature. One enterprising youth, after a year of well-paid wood-chopping and fire-tending, went away and married him a wife. Her savings as a school-teacher stood them in stead during the summer, and in the autumn she accompanied him to the university, — not to study with him, but to cook for a club of poor students. Each member of the club allowed a few cents per week to the caterer, and on that sum the pair lived; and the thrifty husband was able to devote himself, single-minded, to his studies, with no further interruption in the way of wood-chopping. He graduated long ago, and report says that in a neighboring town his business sign may now be seen: —

JOHN SMITH.

LIME, CEMENT, AND CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The eager and earnest young men who form the majority of the students have, it seems, a more serious difficulty to

contend with than mere poverty. This is the lack of adequate preparation. Scarcely any of them have been able to get anything better than the narrow and machine-made instruction which is all that even the better high schools can offer. Of the general information which comes from contact with cultivated minds most of them show not the slightest trace. They go at their tremendous task with tremendous energy, and by sheer force conquer the obstacles that lie between them and their university degree. The occasional man of exceptional ability goes farther. He may become eminent as a specialist, and in that case a professorship is the goal of his ambition. Personally, I cannot help mourning the passing of the old idea of a college professor as a man of all-round culture; but I am told that my notions are out of date.

There are other students, however, better dressed and more sophisticated, the sons of professional and business men. These are the ones whom one meets walking with pretty girls. They belong to the fraternities, and interest themselves in the usual diversions of the student. Some of them also study. Not many of them are rich, though they have a certain amount of money to spend. The rich men of the state mostly send their boys to the large Eastern universities. This custom, while apparently the loss of the university, is likely to be the gain of the community, and thus, in the end, of the university; for we may trust that they come back with open minds, to be better citizens for the larger outlook.

As for the women, they too are of various kinds, from the girl who has saved up her earnings in order to take a course at the university to the daughter of one of the foremost citizens of the town. A witty professor once said that the woman students of the university could be divided into four classes. Beginning at the bottom, they were: (1) those who were of no account either as girls or as

students; (2) those who were good students, but indifferent to the graces of the toilet; (3) those who dressed well and took the lead in the social amusements of student life; and (4) Miss Mary Martin.

What most impresses the impartial observer is the extraordinary independence of these girls. It is the rarest thing in the world for a father or mother to come with a daughter, to see that she is suitably lodged and properly started in her university life. I am told that when this exceptional parent does come, he — or oftener she — is inclined to think that the president of the university should personally superintend the selection of lodgings. Ordinarily the girl finds her own quarters and manages her own affairs. Her goings and comings, her hours, her companions, are all at her own disposal. Sometimes she is a serious student; frequently she is clever enough to hold her own extremely well in her classes; but apparently she is more apt than her brother to come to the university for the fun of it. In the Eastern states, where women have gained admission to the universities only after a long struggle, they take their privileges seriously. They go to Radcliffe or Barnard for study, and not for fun. The woman students in a Western college or university are not a picked lot. Seriousness is not absent, by any means, but frivolity is present. Girls even say that they hate to graduate, because they will have no more "good times;" and some of those residing in the town manage, by taking less than the full amount of work, to spin their university life out far beyond the orthodox four years. The girls who come to the university for amusement rather than for study are without doubt greatly in the minority, but because they are here at all there should be some system of guardianship.

It is true that in spite of her freedom the girl usually escapes without having fallen below her own standard of

decorum. But her standard permits a good deal. I have met a boy and girl on their way to take a row on the river as late as ten o'clock in the evening, after a meeting of one of their literary societies; and it seems that this is not an infrequent occurrence. It is but a sample of a freedom which is sometimes harmful. To be sure, in every condition of life things happen that ought not to happen. Nevertheless, a girl who is guarded during her years of irresponsibility may live a long life and go to her grave without a suspicion of what might have been her own capabilities in the way of folly if she had been left to herself at that time.

Public opinion would not indorse my views on this subject; and yet in some directions public opinion is strict. When I first settled in this neighborhood, it reminded me quaintly of my native New England village. I had not thought to find in a Western town such pronounced views in the matter of a glass of beer and a cigar. That shows that I did not know the middle West. I shortly discovered, however, that the New England village and the Western town differ radically. Both communities are religious, but the latter offers a picturesque variety in the matter of religion. The seven or eight thousand inhabitants may take their choice among a dozen sects. Variety has bred tolerance. One seldom hears theological wrangling. The university, being non-sectarian, is frequently attacked as "godless," particularly by the denominations which have colleges of their own to support.

The most striking difference between the New England village and the Western country town is in the attitude of the people toward innovations and toward criticism. In the former your criticism is received with unruffled serenity, and your attempt at introducing a new custom ends where it begins. In the latter the mere suspicion of a wish to criticise is enough to damn you; but

if you show yourself friendly, you may perhaps make a revolution in the customs and manners of the town. You cannot touch us politically. Our state is the finest in the Union, and we are satisfied with ourselves as a commonwealth; but in little matters of social customs we are willing to take a hint, if the hint be agreeably conveyed.

We are a hospitable people. When I go back to my New England village, I am greeted pleasantly, but whatever fattened calves there may be are eaten behind closed doors. When my friends come to visit me in my Western town, they break bread in the houses of most of my acquaintances.

The town never forgets its share in the ownership of the university, which it construes into an ownership of the faculty. Concerning the students the citizens do not burden themselves with responsibility, but the professors need watching. For one thing, some of them have been brought — most unnecessarily — from outside of the state. We have a deep-rooted belief in the superiority of native products, and hold that we are false to the finest state in the Union if we want anything else. When the regents of the university come to town for their meetings, they are button-holed by citizens anxious to enlighten them as to university matters. To tell the truth, the regents are not unwilling to be thus enlightened, and some of them even go about seeking information through these irregular channels.

The regents of a state university have certain idiosyncrasies, resulting largely from the manner of their selection. Political appointment means more or less the appointment of politicians. An effort is always made by the president of the university, and by the more conscientious of the regents, to have the places, as they fall vacant, filled by good men; but the best men are hard to get, for the better they are, the more affairs of their own they have to attend to. If by good fortune a man of real

fitness is induced to accept a position on the board, he is apt to have but scant leisure to devote to its duties. I have known such a man to resign, because he felt that he could not do justice to the university, — too modest to realize that his occasional counsels might be more valuable than his successor's constant attendance. A man of leisure, broad-minded and devoted to the university, is a treasure not often to be found. One such regent this university had, and those who best know what he did for it have not ceased to mourn his loss. The board is usually made up of a few farmers, a few lawyers, a doctor or two, possibly a couple of business men, and a preponderance of editors; the governor of the state being the chairman. The executive committee visits the university once a month; the full board comes two or three times a year. The resident business manager is well acquainted with the affairs of the university; so is the president, and so are one or two of the regents.

The regents are not, as a rule, capitalists, and they have not a capitalist's scorn of a professor. On the contrary, their attitude is respectful rather than otherwise. The Westerner has a genuine respect for education. Professors coming from a large young university of an Eastern state tell me that the trustees there consider a professor a very poor creature indeed, who has presumably chosen his profession because of a singular deficiency in his brain which prevents him from setting a proper value on money, and which would probably in any case prevent him from achieving financial success. Some of our regents have even smaller incomes than our professors, and think the latter rather clever fellows to make their money so easily — as it seems to them.

In their management they are only occasionally swayed by politics. When this happens, it is chiefly the law school that suffers; for it is easier to give a lectureship in law to a political friend

than to let him try his hand at Latin or biology. Religious views play some small part. A Presbyterian regent might like to put in Presbyterian professors; a Baptist will be likely to suggest sending to Chicago for Baptists. Nearly all of them would prefer natives of the state. Yet they admit that one of the important duties of the president is to select the best men he can find to fill vacancies, and they usually confirm his nominations. We may have our little dissatisfactions with the way things are managed here, but we think ourselves well off when we hear of the antics of a regent in a neighboring state, where the president of the state university was two years in getting rid of a notoriously immoral man, a member of one of the professional faculties, because the aforesaid regent "stood in" with him, threatening to remove the president if he did not discontinue his efforts. Our regents, on the whole, mean to do their duty, but, as has been said, the best of them have not the leisure to master complicated details. Since the board meets seldom and the monthly sittings of the executive committee are exceedingly brief, university matters are left for the greater part of the time in the hands of persons who understand them, namely, the president, the business manager, and the faculty.

Regents may come and go, may do good or harm, but it is, after all, the faculty that counts; and the professors in our state university, taken as a whole, form an admirable body of men. Their salaries are small, their work is hard, their situation is more or less isolated, there is never money enough properly to equip their departments, they are not always sure of the support of the regents, and in some cases know only too well that their work is not appreciated: yet they are not only hard-working and conscientious; they are for the most part enthusiastic and cheerful. As far as my experience goes, all college faculties are mixtures of efficient

and inefficient men. It could hardly be otherwise. Some of these men, it must be confessed, are mere plodders, some are shams; but among them are many who would hold their own with the best. Some of them have already attained distinction, and are treated with deference in this country and in Europe. Others deserve to be known, but are prevented by the limitations of distance and a narrow income from that occasional contact with fellow workers in their own specialties which would bring them both inspiration and appreciation.

College trustees, and sometimes even college presidents, are too apt to think that if a professor prints nothing he is good for nothing. A brand-new president of our university told me that he was not going to keep professors who did not bring themselves into notice by their publications; and I remember hearing of a man who, whenever he contemplated sending in a petition for an increase of salary, had a pile of magazines and pamphlets containing his publications put in a conspicuous place in the room where the trustees of his university held their meetings. He usually got what he asked, and I well remember the respect with which an old trustee of my acquaintance used to speak of the height of that pile of pamphlets. Yet his fellow scientists did not think highly of his publications, but said that he cheapened himself by shallow writing. Trustees sometimes fail to recognize the fact that a man may possess such a gift of teaching and such personal magnetism as to be an awakening and inspiring influence, — inspiring far beyond the bounds of the special subject which he teaches, — and yet may have no time to write. Indeed, in most of our state universities the professors are not allowed much leisure for independent work. We demand first of all that they shall be teachers; and since money is scarce, they have not enough assistants and are overworked. The position of a professor in a univer-

sity remote from the centre of things, and with an attendance limited to its own locality, seems particularly hard, for he often has to be content with a merely local reputation. There are such men among my friends here, — men who give themselves to their work of teaching with an enthusiasm fresh every day. The good that they do is incalculable, yet they are not widely known, and most of them print nothing.

Some of the professors are natives of the state; perhaps a majority of them are Western men by birth; but most of them have been educated according to modern methods. Many, indeed, are graduates of Eastern colleges and universities, and nearly all have taken their year, or two or three years, in foreign universities. The others come from all parts of the country, and a few from Europe. Thus we get a pleasing cosmopolitan flavor which even our state pride cannot prevent us from enjoying.

But some of us may become learned without becoming broad, and we are all human. Truth compels me to state that my friends of the various faculties have their little jealousies. The classicist thinks science a necessary evil, to be firmly kept in its inferior place; the regular school of medicine thinks homœopathy an unnecessary curse, for which there should be no place. They are all obliged to tolerate one another, and that does them good. Whether all these elements will combine harmoniously and make a strong working force depends largely on the president.

It always seems to me that no one in the university works quite so hard as the president. His office door bears a legend to the effect that his office hours are fixed within certain limits, but as a matter of fact he finds it necessary to be accessible at all hours. The most successful of the presidents whom I have known here was the one who never seemed in a hurry. Whatever the pressure of business, he always managed to be interested in the person who was

talking to him. To a friend who said to him, "But why must you submit to all these interruptions?" he replied, "That is one thing that I am here for, to talk and to listen, — chiefly to listen." In addition to this and the many other qualities which should be possessed by every college president, the president of our state university is required to have some special gifts. Coming in contact, in his university work throughout the state, with men of all classes and of many creeds and more prejudices, he needs to be singularly open-minded and adaptable, and more than all he needs to be sincere. If he has a talent for public speaking, so much the better for him. Westerners adore oratory, and consider it almost more important that there should be a professor to teach their sons how to speak than that there should be professors to train their minds so that they may have something to say. The president is obliged to travel about the state making addresses at high-school Commencements, at Teachers' Associations, at every kind of educational gathering that ingenuity can devise; not to speak of festivities at home, such as alumni banquets and the like. His travels over a large state, with railroad connections which might often be more properly termed disconnections, resemble in their vicissitudes those of a missionary bishop, with some advantages on the side of the latter. I once heard the president and the bishop comparing notes. Said the former: —

"What do you do, bishop, when you have only one sheet to your bed?"

"I double it," replied the bishop, "and get inside."

"But suppose they put another man in the same bed?"

"That," said the bishop, "has n't yet happened to me."

These journeys are not optional; they form a portion of the duties which the president assumes when he accepts his position. He finds it best, however,

always to time them so that he can be present at the meetings of the board of regents and of the executive committee. Not only is he far better acquainted than they are with all details of university affairs, but he is the medium of communication between them and the faculty. I am told that here is the rock on which college presidents frequently go to pieces, and that the temptation to be something more than a transparent medium appears to be strong. In our struggling state university the situation is one of extreme delicacy; for there is little money and there are many departments, each in its own opinion the most needy of all. Everybody's claims must be considered; nobody can have exactly what he wants. The president needs to be a singularly fair-minded man.

Some petty annoyances, amusing in the retrospect, are a peculiar feature of the state university, on account of the tendency of the man with a grievance to try to pull political wires; as when the angry father of a suspended student, arriving by a late train, repairs to the president's house, and, finding one light still burning, rings the doorbell with such vehemence that the master of the house slips hastily into his clothes again and goes to the door, to be assailed by a demand that the delinquent be reinstated, on pain of a report to the regents, the governor, and the legislature, all of whom, it would seem, are the intimate friends of the outraged parent; or when an indignant mother, calling slander to her aid, actually tries to set the legislative machinery in motion to crush the administration.

A somewhat more serious matter is the opposition which is occasionally set on foot when circumstances require changes in the faculty. When a professor is asked for his resignation, it depends on himself whether the manner of his taking off is made public. Usually he prefers to leave as quietly as possible, but sometimes he makes a fight. Religious and political influences

are brought to bear, very likely a party is formed among the regents, and for a time the issue may seem doubtful. But the president gets his way in the end. Whatever changes he may make, he must always recognize the fact that his faculty will not be perfect. A learned man may not be a good teacher; a good teacher may have a difficult temperament; the desirable man may be unwilling to go to a Western university on a small salary; the superficial man who can do nothing but talk is found everywhere. The president can but do his best.

In the all-important matter of revenue, our state university leads a precarious, hand-to-mouth existence, depending on the favor of the legislature. There was, of course, the original land grant from the United States government; but in our case, as in too many others, the lands were sold years ago for a song, and that fund brings in a mere pittance. There is a small permanent income from the state; but for most of the current expenses and all of the buildings and equipments the university must depend on the special appropriations made by the legislature. Increase in attendance means increased need of buildings, equipments, and instructors; and grow the university does, in spite of its poverty and its enemies. Unfortunately, its enemies are many and powerful. Where the folly of the founders of the university and the state agricultural college has made of them two institutions instead of one, the university finds an enemy in the agricultural college. Thanks to its fund from the United States government, the latter starts out on a better foundation than the university. An agricultural college, as every one knows, is not apt to have many students in agriculture. The farmers' sons who care to go to college rarely count on going back to the farm. Many of them do go back, after they have failed as lawyers, doctors, or dentists; and their education has not been time

lost if they succeed in raising by ever so little the average of intelligence of the farming class. But they have not swelled the number of students in agriculture. So the agricultural college, besides its elaborate outfit in its own specialties, — its experimental farm, its dairies, its veterinary department, its department of domestic science for women, etc., — must, in order to make any show of students, duplicate the university equipment in all or nearly all of the other departments, and accordingly comes regularly to the legislature with large demands which it urges in a spirit of jealousy of the rival institution.

Every religious denomination which has its own colleges in the state (and they are legion) is also more or less an enemy, and, while asking nothing for itself, has its party in the legislature ready to oppose the university.

All the state institutions — insane hospitals, reform schools, penitentiaries — are also in chronic need of money, which, as a rule, they spend more extravagantly than does the university. Each one is fighting for itself and opposing outlay in any other direction, and each has a contingent of the legislature pledged to support its interests. These members do not favor generosity to the university. Then there are the members who wish to make a record for economy, and those who are swayed by personal animosity, perhaps to a regent, perhaps to the president, perhaps even to a former president. The student of a dozen years before, who was disciplined under a former administration, has been known to bear a grudge and to refuse to vote supplies. The session of the legislature means hard work for the friends of the university. The president is compelled, willy nilly, to be chief lobbyist, and spends day after day and week after week arguing his case, now before a committee, now with individual members; showing facts and figures, statistics of other state univer-

sities, estimates of the requirements of his own; answering questions, refuting calumnies, exhausting every argument; then hurrying back to his office and doing double work to make up for lost time, back again to the capital, and so on through the winter.

Usually a visiting committee is sent to look over the university and make a report. The three or five members of the committee may not all come with impartial minds; that is as it happens. The university asks nothing better than investigation. It is glad of the opportunity. Everything is shown and explained, and the visitors then profess themselves satisfied. They are entertained in the town; the president invites the professors to meet them. They go away protesting friendship for the university, and saying that they had but to see to be convinced. We are all greatly pleased with ourselves and with them. But when they return to the capital other considerations resume their sway, and very likely one or two of them vote against the university appropriation bill.

The truth is that the legislature is much more interested in the penitentiaries and the reform schools than in the university, and more interested in a reputation for economy than in anything else. Moreover, the title of the agricultural college commends itself to an agricultural community. The university is treated as a stepchild of the

state, and receives but a niggardly appropriation. The good day of suitable buildings and equipments, of adequate salaries, of departments properly manned, of a more extended influence, is once more put off. The president comes back to his accumulation of work feeling the sickness of hope deferred, and once more goes through the wearisome task of saying to ambitious young instructors that no promotion with increase of salary can be looked for, and to overworked professors that they cannot have the assistants whom they need, or the apparatus which they can hardly do without, or the accommodations which seem absolutely essential; that, in short, for yet another two years sixpence must do the work of a shilling.

Yet they join hands with a good will and go on with their work with undiminished energy. For they are still hopeful. Each legislature, they assure me, is more intelligent than the last; each appropriation, though sadly inadequate, is a little larger; each year more graduates of the university are finding their way both into the legislature and into the board of regents. The alumni societies are making themselves felt. The university is raising its own standards and the standards of the secondary schools. It is drawing after it the sectarian colleges, which must either follow its lead or drop into the position of preparatory schools. The state university is alive, and it has a future.

An Athenian.

OMAHA, THE PRAIRIE CITY.

"Rare are the buttons on a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches :
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten earthen dish,
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish."

Thus wrote Peter Pindar ; and Dr. Holmes, in kindred mood, said that "fifty years make everything hopelessly old-fashioned, without giving it the charm of real antiquity. There are too many talkative old people who remember all about that time ; and at best half a century is a half-baked bit of ware."

It was a little chilling to have memory thrust forward those sayings at the moment of starting to write about Omaha, which is a half-century town. But memory furnished also a remedy for the chill, in the observation of Bacon, that "a Man that is young in Yeares, may be Old in Houres, if he have lost no Time." Omaha has lost no time. In the first part of the year 1854 there was not the first premonitory symptom of a town ; now there is a city of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, and within a radius of ten miles the people number nearly a quarter of a million. If we measure by the scale of contrasts, we may well say that the city had its beginning in a remote antiquity.

It is doubtful when white men first set foot upon this soil. In 1673 Father Marquette accurately mapped the confluence of the Platte and Missouri rivers ; but his map was drawn "upon information and belief," as the lawyers say. He got his data from the Indians. Probably the earliest authentic map of this region to be drawn from actual knowledge was that made by Lewis and Clark, who were here in 1804. But long before the coming of Lewis and Clark the skirmish line of civilization had passed the mouth of the Platte, and moved on into the northwestern wilderness. The skirmishers made a motley crowd, of mixed mo-

tives and interests, — Jesuit missionaries, hunters, trappers, agents of the fur companies, Indian traders, and on down the scale to mere restless-footed adventurers. Some wandering Frenchmen had entered the Missouri country by way of Canada and the Great Lakes ; they had formed trading compacts with many of the Indian tribes, and some had entered into conjugal misalliances with Indian women. The effects of those unions can be traced to this day, if one cares to take the trouble. In Astoria Irving tells of one Dorion, who had associated himself more or less intimately with several bands, and who had as his "habitual wife" a Sioux squaw. That was not an exceptional case ; there were many like Dorion, although few left legible records of their doings.

The Canadian French formed but a part of the pioneer stragglers. It is probable that the Missouri itself was the main-traveled avenue of that early incursion ; for the waterway offered the easiest approach to the country, and also the easiest means for carrying away the plunder of traffic. More than a century ago, the American Fur Company, whose headquarters were at St. Louis, established trading posts at many places upon the Upper Missouri. But these were not towns in any sense of the word. That was not a time for town-building.

It was the gold excitement of 1849 that first brought the whites to this part of the West in considerable numbers, and resulted in the planting of the first permanent settlements. The lands beyond the Missouri were then in possession of the Indians, and the only right the whites enjoyed was to pass peacefully over the trail that led up the valley of the Platte. But Iowa had been ceded to civilization, and upon the eastern bank of the Missouri there grew

up a few rudimentary towns that were engaged in "outfitting" the gold hunters for their trip across the plains. Amongst all such seats of traffic there was hot rivalry for preëminence. In this neighborhood the most successful in that struggle was the place first known as Kanessville, which was afterward absorbed into the present city of Council Bluffs, directly opposite Omaha. After a little time Kanessville became the metropolis of the Salt Lake trail, and attracted to itself a great host of adventurers of all sorts, — just the kind of populace that is now swarming in the camps and towns that supply the Klondike and the Cape Nome country. Every mother's son was in quest of sudden and great wealth.

But they were not all men of the moment, content with the moment's opportunities. Some were mindful of the time when the broad prairies beyond the river would be opened for settlement, and when Fortune would strike into a swifter pace. Men of that stripe will always feel themselves handicapped by even a fictitious limitation upon their activity. The men of Kanessville chafed under the law which kept them from Nebraska soil. That restriction was soon removed. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill was signed by Franklin Pierce on May 30, 1854. The more enterprising ones of Council Bluffs had surreptitiously "located" a town site on the new soil many months in advance of authority; that is, they had selected a likely place, and were awaiting only the conclusion of formalities before taking open possession. The date fixed for the incoming of settlers was early in July, 1854, and the freshly glorified Fourth was celebrated in the new-made Omaha City.

There were strong differences between the motives of the Kansans and the Nebraskans. The opening of Kansas put the nation into a passion; the opening of Nebraska did little more than to stimulate commercial activity. Kansas stood for a conflict of ideas and for a conquest

by blood; Nebraska stood for an everyday sort of neighborliness, for peaceful settlement and home-making, and for a conquest by simple business sagacity. Yet the beginning of Nebraska was picturesque in the extreme, with rose-hued romance and dun-colored actuality inextricably intertwined. Not a foot of railroad had been built in Iowa, and there was no communication with the world save as wagon trains or horsemen came straggling over the Iowa trails, or as the half-tramp boats struggled up the uncertain river from St. Louis. The new land was then more remote than is any part of our nation to-day; yet the people lacked nothing that would make them equal to their life. It was a society sufficient unto itself, having its own localized ideas and purposes and its own mode for working out its salvation. Closer proximity to the established institutions of civilization would hardly have helped the movement; it would have been more likely to hinder, by damping the frank ingenuousness of the impulse. Nebraska was very well off in those days, although the people did some unwise and even grotesque things. The first of all matters to engage their attention was the building of a legion of towns. Wherever a ferryboat touched the western bank of the stream it made the soil pregnant, and there a town quickened.

Towns, no less than states or nations, must have some reason for being; the birth of a hamlet is no more fortuitous than the birth of an empire. Nevertheless, it is hard to give a just reason for the beginning of Omaha. There seems to be but one word for it, — the overworked American word "enterprise." Other towns — many Western towns — have sprung from an exalted thought, and been nourished by the blood of sacrifice. Omaha had no such experience. The mother of Omaha was Expediency; among its founders there were no martyrs to a great social cause, but there

was a good general average of manly honor and faithfulness to the plain duties of every day; the settlement was not led by eminent captains of industry or commerce, but the rank and file of the settlers held many clear-sighted, stout-hearted traders and workers. Omaha owed its establishment, as it has owed the best of its later growth, to the multiplication of the simple arts of peace and to a commonalty of well-being. It was a beginning almost commonplace, — almost, but not quite. The element of romance averted commonplaceness. From an early history I quote this description of the first house that was built here: —

“The house was of round logs, and stood on the corner of Jackson and Twelfth streets. It was intended for a town house, and being the general headquarters for a time, was known under the name of the ‘St. Nicholas.’ Here those who had claims would congregate in the evenings; cook their bacon, corn bread, and coffee in the centre of the room, where a portion of the puncheon floor had been removed for a fireplace, and sing songs and pass away the evening. Later, one Johnson pitched a tent on the corner of Cass and Thirteenth streets, which was in time supplanted by a sod-and-board shanty, that was named the ‘Big Six,’ where the first saloon was established, to which the town-house men would often pay a visit, wading through grass knee-deep.”

Omaha was already claiming a population of hundreds; but those hundreds were actually living in Council Bluffs, awaiting the time when walls and roofs could be built. Before the town had any real existence a postmaster was appointed; and when it was but three weeks old, and while the postmaster was carrying the mail about with him in the crown of his hat, a newspaper was established! Twelve issues make a complete file of that baby newspaper. I quote from the initial editorial: —

“Well, strangers, friends, patrons, and good people generally, wherever in the wide world your lot may be cast, here we are upon Nebraska soil, seated upon the stump of an ancient oak, which serves for an editorial chair, and with the top of our badly abused beaver hat for a table, we propose inditing a leader for the Omaha Arrow. . . . There sticks our axe in the trunk of an old oak whose branches have for years been fanned by the breezes that constantly sweep from over the oft-times flower-dotted prairie lea, and from which we propose making a log for our cabin. . . . The pioneering squatter and the uncivilized red men are our constituents and neighbors, the wolves and deer our traveling companions, and the wild birds and prairie winds our musicians. . . .

“Last night we slept in our sanctum, the starry-decked heaven for a ceiling, and our mother earth for a floor. It was a glorious night, and we were tired from the day’s exertions. Far away on different portions of the prairie glimmered the camp fires of our neighbors, the Pawnees, Omahas, or that noble and too often unappreciated class of our people known as pioneers or squatters. We gathered around our little camp fire, talked of times in the past, of the pleasing present, and of the glorious future which the march of civilization should open in the land whereon we sat. . . . Behind us was spread our buffalo robe in an old Indian trail, which was to serve as our bed. The cool night wind swept in cooling breezes around us, deep-laden with the perfume of a thousand-hued and various flowers. Far away upon our lee came the occasional long-drawn howl of the prairie wolves. Talk of comfort! There was more of it in one hour of our sanctum camp life upon Nebraska soil than in a whole life of fashionable pampered world in the settlements.”

Neither in the town nor in the territory had government taken form; the

citizens were administering their affairs in something like committee of the whole; yet life was fairly orderly and decent, simply because the people wished to have it so.

A governor was appointed for the territory, but he did not arrive upon the scene until October. Then he stopped at Bellevue, a town twelve miles below Omaha, meaning to make that place the seat of the territorial government; but he died three weeks later, and the territorial secretary, who became acting governor, brought the capital to Omaha, where it remained until 1867, when Nebraska was admitted to statehood. At the first session of the legislature the question of the permanent location of the capital aroused no little bitterness. Every town upon the new soil was clamorous to be chosen. "The excitement was very great at times," wrote an early historian. "The lobbies were once crowded with the respective parties to the contest, armed with bludgeons, brick-bats, and pistols. A fight was thought to be imminent, but it did not occur. . . . The elections were eminently farcical, owing to the fact that many districts where white men had never slept more than one night were represented by members who talked loudly of their 'constituents.'"

At some time in the winter of 1854-55 the dead governor was succeeded by an appointee from Arkansas, one Mark W. Izard. Here is the story of the inaugural ball:—

"The rooms had a single coat of what was then called plastering, composed of frozen mud, and a very thin coating at that. The floor was rough and unplanned, and had been energetically scrubbed for the occasion; but the night being dreadfully cold, and the heating apparatus failing to warm the room, the water froze upon the floor and could not be melted. Rough cottonwood boards on either side of the room were substitutes for chairs.

"The hour of seven having arrived, the grand company began to assemble. Long before the appointed hour his Arkansas Excellency appeared in the dancing hall. . . . Izard was the guest of nine ladies, who were all that could be mustered, even for a state occasion, in Omaha. Two of the ladies could not dance, and their places were supplied by gentlemen. . . . Jim Orton was the solitary fiddler, occupying the corner of the room. . . . The supper came off about midnight, and consisted of coffee with brown sugar, but no milk, sandwiches of a peculiar size, very thick, and made up of a singular mixture of bread of radical complexion, and bacon. This menu was supplemented with dried-apple pie; and there being no tables in those days, it was 'passed around.' The governor, being from a warmer climate, stood around shivering with the cold, but bore himself with amiable fortitude, buoyed up by the honors thus showered upon him; and at the proper time, under a deep sense of his own consequence, made a speech returning thanks for the high honors done him."

Such was the beginning. In July, 1855, Omaha had about 200 residents; in 1857 this number had increased to about 1800, and then, for the first time, an orderly government by statutes and law officers was put into effect. It was not until the latter year that any consistent attempt was made to develop the outlying farm lands. A land office was then established; before that time it had been impossible for a settler to get title to his acres. After those three formless years there was organization and the beginning of progress. Churches and schools were built; there was a public library of 4000 volumes, and a citizens' association provided a course of ten lectures for the benefit of a library fund; the federal government was erecting a substantial building, to cost \$100,000; \$50,000 had been expended in constructing a military road to connect Omaha

with Fort Kearney, and there was an appropriation of \$400,000 for building a wagon road to South Pass that was to place the town in commercial communication with the great West. All this in three years.

The panic of 1857 affected the newer districts no less than the old, — not by wrecking fortunes already amassed, but by retarding development. One of the most serious effects was in the delay of railroad-building. Beginning with the work of Fremont, numberless surveys had been made for a Pacific railway, and numberless construction companies had been organized for carrying on the work. National aid was for a long time denied, and the building of the Union Pacific was not begun until 1863. The road was completed in May, 1869; and in the meantime three great railway systems had extended their lines across Iowa. That was the beginning of modern Omaha, as it was the beginning of the modern West. From that time to the present, material progress has suffered no serious checks but such as have been imposed by the erratic moods of the people themselves.

Omaha stands for the life of the prairies, to which it owes its own life; its past and future must be read not alone in the temper and inclinations of its own corporate citizens, but also in the motives of the men who have been engaged in turning the wild prairies into farms and gardens. For the purpose of measurement and valuation it must not be isolated; it must be considered as merely an integral part of the middle Missouri country. It is not a cosmopolitan city, — in the nature of things it cannot be; at its greatest and best it must be and remain a farm town, with all that that implies. Consider that within a circle of seven hundred miles or more in diameter, with Omaha as the centre, there is practically no source of wealth save in crops and herds. No country hamlet of the region is more truly the creature of

the farms. Those partial disasters which the city has experienced have resulted from its failure to see or to acknowledge its dependence. The people have nursed some leaping ambitions, and have tried to ignore the inevitable; but they have had to pay the price down to the last decimal.

Readers will remember that in the years from 1885 to 1890 the middle West was in travail with a "boom." Both city and country were involved, but in different degrees. In its relation to the farm lands the boom was little more than a passing delusion; in very many towns and cities it amounted to a frenzy of false views and attitudes. The people of Omaha then fancied that they could read clear their title to a vague immensity, and adopted a course of behavior that has flavored every succeeding year with bitterness. The corporate limits of the town were greatly enlarged, and the surrounding prairies broke out in a rash of pretentious "additions." Quiet cornfields that lay ten miles from the heart of things were surveyed and platted into town lots, which were sold for a hundred times their real value. It does not appear that any one was willing to show disloyalty to his fellows by questioning the future; and so the process of booming was continued until the frenzy was spent by its own force. Of course there was no good reason for such conduct, — no shadow of reason save in an ill-considered desire for an unearned greatness.

"We may outrun,

By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over running."

That proved to be exactly true in the case of Omaha. It outran sober judgment, sound sense, and all the virtues of that old-fashioned class, until there was real danger that it would be "like a candle ill made, that smothers the splendor of a happy fortune in its own grease." The boom did not consist only in inflation of real estate values; it went

much farther. There was a craze for wholesale inflation ; most of all, a craze for a big population. As other places have thought, so thought Omaha, that if only enough people came in there would be a great city. Thousands of people and millions of money were sucked into that maelstrom of insanity. But means of support cannot be provided by mere enthusiasm, however honest. The city of Omaha makes its living only as a sort of corporate middleman for the tenants of the tributary farms ; and as this business is limited to a certain volume, its profits will not support an unlimited number, no matter how loudly the ambitious people may whoop about it. Omaha wanted to grow, regardless of the farms, and so grew beyond the true measure of its usefulness and power ; then when it got back its consciousness it had to sit down in wretched idleness, while

waiting for the undeveloped farms to catch up.

But the boasted growth was not all *bona fide*. The census of 1890 showed a population of 140,000, while the census of 1900 shows but 103,000. The plain truth is that the returns of 1890 were "padded," probably for political ends. Padding was the key to the mood of the time. In 1890 Omaha really had 85,000 or 90,000 people. When the announcement for 1900 was made, the citizens were a little dismayed for a day or two ; but now they are quite complacently congratulating themselves that every one knew the earlier figures to be a lie !

In fact, within the latter half of the past decade Omaha has had a substantial growth in population, in industrial activity, and in wealth. Here are the figures, got from authoritative sources : —

	1890.	1901.	
Output of factories	\$68,000,000	\$121,000,000	Inc. 78%
Jobbing trade	47,000,000	93,000,000	Inc. 98%
Bank deposits	14,782,200	25,764,245	Inc. 78%
City directory	45,260	55,000	Inc. 22%
School enrollment	13,279	19,384	Inc. 48%

These figures give an accurate index to what has been achieved in Omaha ; but their greatest value is in indicating (what is far more important) the growth of the prairies that make Omaha.

The saddest and most disastrous of all the effects of the boom was in inciting a majority of the middle Western cities of metropolitan pretensions to inaugurate a system of municipal government that was much too large for the work necessary to be done. In this respect Omaha suffered more than most of her sister cities. As a matter of good common sense, Omaha needed no elaborate scheme of government. It was nothing but an overgrown country town ; its people were pastoral, and really wanted nothing better than to have their town's affairs administered according to the dic-

tates of pastoral prudence and thrift. But one city set the example of overdoing, and the rest jealously followed ; and now the people have on their hands a political "machine" as burdensome as a large family of white elephants. There is not enough to give the machine legitimate occupation ; so it has turned its attention to the illegitimate, and the people are suffering from "ring politics," bossism, and all the evils of that breed, on down to official corruption. It began with the boom, but no one knows where it will end.

" Had doting Priam checked his son's desire, Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Surely no good citizen should decry a wise devotion to the problems of good government ; but here is a tendency to

be passionately enamored of professional politics in its poorest form. La Bruyère said that "there is what is called the highway to posts and honors, and there is a cross- and by-way, which is much the shortest." That "cross- and by-way" has been the favored route out here. The functions of public officers have been debased from lawgiving, in its true sense, to mere lawmaking; machine-made, "hand-me-down" laws are usurping the place of plain, honest rules of action, and the government of the city has been carried to the point of making it a trade, for the profit of the tradesmen in power. Reckless extravagance marked the beginning. With no need for such action, the boundaries of the city were widened to include more than twenty-five square miles, and over this area there was spread a close network of "improvements," — grading, paving, sewerage, and so forth; and that course was not stopped until the people either would not or could not vote any more bonds. They were already saddled with a bonded indebtedness of \$5,000,000. The city presents an anomalous appearance to-day: there are entire quarter sections of farm lands lying within the corporate limits, still planted to crops, while subject to regular and "special" municipal taxation. Many owners of such property have been ruined in consequence of this condition; for because of the burden of taxes these lands have a lower market value than those lying outside the city.

The tax levy for the year 1901 closely approximates the sum of \$1,250,000 (or say \$12 *per capita*), which will be expended for interest on bonded debt, and for current administrative expenses of this overgrown government. There is no municipal ownership of any public utilities; water, gas, electric lighting, and so forth, the city buys from franchised companies or corporations, which in turn have got their franchises from the machine. In 1899 there was paid for public water

rates \$90,000, and for street-lighting \$80,000. The era of franchised corporations brought a new order of political evils, and the people have not yet devised means for dealing with them. Recourse to the ballot has accomplished no definite reform. The citizens of Omaha have sometimes displayed an almost morbid interest in voting, but within the past ten years they have not often succeeded in voting aright. They have lacked clear understanding of the situation, and have also lacked able leadership in organizing to combat it. Almost every Western city of any considerable size has this difficult problem to solve. It is the price that must be paid for having tried to do too much within a little time.

Omaha sprawls. Horizontally it is a great city. Even the chance visitor is impressed at once by the want of cohesion and solidity. It is like the unjointed skeleton of a man, scattered over a ten-acre lot: the bones are here, and they are bones of a man's size, but they want articulation. The front of the town extends for seven miles along the river, presenting a most ungainly aspect, broken and dilapidated, so that it seems to be grinning widely at the world with a mouth whose front teeth are missing. The city began upon the river bank; but after a little while, when it had got its false notions of bigness, it longed to set its mark upon the hilltops, five miles away, and then its first work was abandoned and suffered to crumble. That district is now largely dedicated to vice; for Omaha feels that if it is to be indeed a city, it must indulge all those forms of viciousness which contribute to the appearance of cosmopolitanism. I have talked with officers of the city government who seemed to congratulate themselves in saying that they had assumed a "liberal" attitude toward all manner of social evils.

From its base line upon the Missouri the town has cast itself down upon its

belly, stretching out its arms to the utmost over miles of territory, crying greedily, "It's mine, — all mine!" But in no true sense has the city possessed its miles. In appearance Omaha is to-day no more than a big aggregation of little towns. Citified dignity and village simplicity rub elbows on every street. Here, on one corner, is a mammoth modern structure of stone and steel that cost \$1,000,000; and within the adjoining block is a row of tottering frame hovels abandoned to the rats. It is in the residence districts that this contrast is most striking. Go out upon almost any of the main streets, and you will presently come to an unbroken half mile of stately avenue, grown with beautiful trees, and lined with a double row of as pretentious homes as you can find anywhere. Before you can fairly catch your breath you have passed from that scene into one of utter desolation. The asphalt pavement has given place to deep-rutted yellow earth; your feet are treading a rotted wooden sidewalk or a beaten dirt path, arched over and all but obstructed by a tangle of sunflowers and wild hemp. You will think you have come to the suburbs. But Omaha has no suburbs save in the heart of the city: "improvement" has merely dropped a stitch. After walking for a quarter of a mile through that wilderness of weeds you will come to another stretch of proud avenue, with parks and fountains and massive mansions. Between those districts there will likely be cultivated cornfields and cabbage patches. New York could be set down upon the ground included within Omaha's boundaries, and would hardly lap over the edges.

The outward aspect of Omaha affords a clue to its intellectual and moral attitude. Its life is still rude, almost unformed. The people are very sensitive upon this point. It is all one's life is worth to say that the town lacks culture. Culture! What a word that is! Omaha has true-hearted and refined men and

women in plenty; but, rather strangely, these have not succeeded in uniting to form a true-hearted and refined society. I think the people are a little chary of expressing their gentleness and refinement in public, for fear of being considered unsophisticated or rural. That would be hard to bear; for the town has only very lately passed out of its rural days. Whatever the cause, the open social life of the place is concerned with appearances, not with verities; it is made up mostly of postures and show; it is continually calling attention to itself in a loud voice, after the manner of those who are rudely affected, the world over. There is no new thing that lifts above the horizon of "culture" which the people of Omaha do not forthwith import, if it promises to be fashionable. With all its intense longing to appear cultured, the town succeeds only in being up to date. In fact, Omaha has no strong collective social aims; it has no strong aggregate tendencies. Its life thus far has been nothing but a conglomerate of individual desires, and there has been no adequate means for bringing these desires to a focus. The city has no public art galleries, no museums, — nothing of that sort; even in architecture no particular ideals have come to light. This condition is a part of the penalty which the town has had to pay for the lack of ideals in its foundation. It was begun for no better reason than that its founders saw here opportunities for getting rich, and that paucity of thought has persisted.

Colton argued that "men, by associating in masses, as in camps and in cities, improve their talents, but impair their virtues." That saying is reduced to its least significance when it is applied to a farm town. An agricultural state, pure and simple, gives to its cities economic stability; in a still greater degree do they get moral stamina. Nebraska is preëminently the farming state of the Union, and statistics show that she leads

also in the social virtues. Illiteracy is at its lowest, and most of the crime relates back to poor, simple Eve and the apple. On the farm social relations are fundamental, and life is correspondingly tranquil. This does not imply moral inertia, but a primary estate of sound, rational behavior. A city that is in close relations with such surroundings must be influenced thereby. Omaha has been greatly influenced. The best thing to be said of the place is that beneath the false, frothy surface there is a deep and strong current of moral integrity. That this has not made bold show of itself is due to lack of inciting occasion. The people have known no great common vicissitudes that should draw them together and test the fibre of the common temper. Should such a trial come, it would be met with an amazing strength and power of sacrifice for good ends. The life of the prairies has made good men, but has given them no especial motive beyond individual eagerness to get on, no particular ideal save to possess their strength in peace.

"A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds," said Clay; and Emerson, in writing of Boston, declared that "a community, like a man, is entitled to be judged by its best." The best of Omaha is very good indeed. If one is inclined to be hasty or harsh in judgment, it is well to remember the rule of the humane judge, who will temper the severity of his sentence in consideration of youth. Bear in mind that the whole history of Omaha is included in the span of forty-eight years; then say whether it has done well. No one who has taken the trouble to get into close touch with the people of this magnificent young West can entertain a moment's doubt for the future. The future is in safe hands. When the people get to know what it is that they have to do, they will arise and do it; and woe betide him who stands in the way of their honest desires. He must be hardy indeed who would under-

take to compass them about with the usages of dishonor. Omaha will find the way, and will keep to it.

It would be a mistake to argue that the actual or potential greatness of the city is brought within too narrow limits by the lack of variety in the resources and activities of the region upon which it must draw for the raw materials of its greatness. The domain that is directly tributary to Omaha comprises a large part of the future food gardens of the world. It is idle to try to summarize these resources, for they are boundless, and they make the most infallible of all sources of wealth and power. The present state of development has hardly served to make a scratch upon the outmost cuticle of affairs. Not the city alone, but the whole of the Missouri country as well, is still in a mewling industrial infancy: not in the least particular has maturity been attained; not in the least degree do the people appreciate what this land may be. It is safe to say that all the real difficulties of past and present are like the common little ailments of childhood. Society is plastic and protean, and behavior in all ways is often whimsical, and rarely built upon sound and safe rules dictated by practical experience. There is plenty of law, but no fixed policy; there is plenty of industry, but no recognized scheme for a concerted industrial development. All that remains to be evolved, — and it will come.

That the people are now inclined to a wise course may be seen in almost every detail of the new life, as it expresses itself in the affairs of every day. The desire for size is giving place to a sincerer desire for strength. In the past, Omaha, like many another neighboring town and city, has been content to get its living by playing the easy part of merchantman; merely trafficking in commodities and catering to the simple daily needs of the people. Not until within the past ten years has it consistently

tried to add to the value of what it handled, in the way of manufacture ; and thus it has missed its greatest opportunities. What may be done by manufactories in Omaha and other cities of the Missouri Valley is incalculable. Heretofore the immense wheat crops of Nebraska have been sold outside the state, to be bought back as flour. With millions of sheep upon the outlying ranges, there is not a yard of woolen cloth manufactured in the state. With millions of hides and pelts annually offered for sale, there is hardly a shoe or a glove made at home. These examples are illustrative of a general condition. This lack is now being felt. Within a few years the Commercial Club has been organized, and this, under able management, is doing its utmost to correct a faulty condition. The establishment of manufactories will serve a double purpose : it will give greater stability to the town's life by the employment of its citizens, and it will also create home markets for the raw materials that are now sent far away. Notwithstanding its situation in the very heart of the wheat and corn lands, Omaha is not a grain market : the state's great crops of grain sift through Omaha's fingers, going to enrich other towns. This is likely to be remedied before the new century gets into its teens ; and the change will link the farm and the city into a firmer union, and give to both a clearer understanding that their interests are inseparable.

The real virtue of the community has

found fit expression in its public schools. To be sure, the conduct of school affairs has been marked by that extravagance of expenditure which has characterized other administrative functions ; but in the schools themselves, and in what they stand for, is the crowning glory of the young city's life.

The most gifted of seers must stop abashed before the attempt to reveal the whole fortunes of this lusty youngling of the prairies. Greatness awaits it, if it will merit greatness. This will not come in obedience to the fiat of written law ; neither by "enterprise" alone, of whatsoever degree of acuteness or audacity. It will come along broader and opener ways, attendant upon those men of whom it is said : "They have adjusted their souls to all senses, and all biases ; have propt and supported them with all foreign helps proper for them, and enrich'd and adorn'd them with all they could borrow for their advantage, both within and without the world : those are they that are plac'd in the utmost and supreme height, to which human nature can attain. They have regulated the world with politics and laws. They have instructed it with arts and sciences, and do yet instruct it by the example of their admirable manners." Mark it well : that will be the true character of the future men of the West. Moral greatness must go before any other real greatness that ever was or ever will be. Fifty years hence Omaha will be a strong city.

William R. Lighton.

JANE AUSTEN.

THERE is in the work of Jane Austen, after Sappho the most unquestioned genius of her sex, I know not what of personal seductiveness and charm. It is hard nowadays to find any professional critic or amateur of letters who can be easy until he has publicly listed his suffrage for "Aunt Jane." But so copiously and eloquently have her praises been sounded that many of her most devoted admirers have hesitated to attempt the difficult task of saying anything new and true in her honor. It is therefore a cause for gratulation that the publication of two excellent books affords an excuse to review her felicities and her fame. Mr. Pollock's delightful little work¹ is given up to the exhibition of Miss Austen's preëminence in the character of Cynthia among the lesser stars, — the admirable woman novelists her contemporaries. Miss Hill's book,² with full and intimate knowledge, depicts the natural setting and background of Jane Austen's life, and dwells informingly upon her relations with friends and family. Read together, attentively, the two books will help one to a more vivid realization of Miss Austen's character and temperament. If one ponders them closely, he will come to understand better certain phases of her genius; and he may perhaps form a new appreciation of her novels, and revise a little his notion of her place in literature.

Jane Austen was a diligent reader of the best books, but she in no sense belonged to any school in literature. Except for a brief acquaintance with Clarke, librarian of the Prince Regent, she seems never to have felt the stimulus of real or known the fatuity of af-

fected "literary society." To the full appreciation of her work, therefore, a knowledge of her household and her natural environment is the more important.

The major part of Jane Austen's too brief life was passed in Steventon and Chawton, inland villages like those immortalized as the habitations of the Bennets, the Woodhouses, and the Bertrams. Miss Hill's writing, aided by the clever pencil of Miss Ellen Hill, gives one an engaging picture of these little towns. One sees them girt round by meadows crossed by odorous lanes, with a not infrequent "hanger" rising gracefully above. It is not necessary to go all the way with Taine and the naturalistic critics to be assured that the quiet, fragrant beauty of her early surroundings wrought upon the mind and art of Jane Austen, softly insinuating itself in her style, coloring her view of the world and its people. Such a conclusion ceases to seem fanciful when we remember that while she was resident at Chawton, Gilbert White was at Selborne, only five miles away, and Miss Mitford lived but little farther distant, likewise within the confines of Hampshire, — two writers very like Jane Austen in powers of minute observation, in quiet humor, and in the bent of their intuitions of the world. But it is important to remember, what Miss Hill's reader will not forget, that Jane Austen, at Lyme and at Southampton, dwelt by the seashore, and that two of her brothers were mariners of England. Of Byronic or Tennysonian sea sentiment there is none in her pages, but in *Mansfield Park* and in *Persuasion* there are stray touches of descrip-

¹ *Jane Austen, her Contemporaries and herself. An Essay in Criticism.* By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. London: Longmans. 1899.

² *Jane Austen, her Homes and her Friends.* By CONSTANCE HILL. Illustrations by ELLEN G. HILL. London and New York: John Lane. 1902.

tion which connect her, at least remotely, with that maritime tradition, the sea spell, which has rarely been wanting in the greatest literature of the British Isles.

Miss Hill's account of the Austen family does not add many significant facts to the information furnished us in the biographies by Mr. Austen Leigh and Mr. Adams, and by Miss Austen's own incomparable letters, edited by Lord Brabourne. She has, however, enjoyed the advantage of seeing in manuscript certain family records, and of bringing to the observation of Jane Austen's several homes sharp eyes and fresh interest; so she contrives to portray very vividly the *vie intime* of the Austen circle, with its strong affections, its graceful courtesy, its playful humor. She preserves recollections of a niece of Miss Austen concerning the room at Steventon in which her aunt wrote. In remembering the works of creative imagination which proceeded from this girlish environment, one feels the transcendence of art as strikingly as in thinking of the lyrics which, a few years earlier, lay in the drawer of Burns's little deal table at Mossgiel.

"A sitting room was made upstairs, — 'the dressing room,' as they were pleased to call it, perhaps because it opened into a smaller chamber in which my two aunts slept. I remember the common-looking carpet with its chocolate ground, and the painted press with shelves above for books, and Jane's piano, and an oval glass that hung between the windows; but the charm of the room, with its scanty furniture and cheaply papered walls, must have been, for those who were old enough to understand it, the flow of native household wit, with all the fun and nonsense of a large and clever family. Here were written the two first of my aunt Jane's completed works, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Pride and Prejudice*."

With this may profitably be read the account, by another niece, of Miss Aus-

ten's method of composition in later years, at Godmersham: —

"I remember that when aunt Jane came to us at Godmersham she used to bring the MS. of whatever novel she was writing with her, and would shut herself up with my elder sisters in one of the bedrooms to read them aloud. I and the younger ones used to hear peals of laughter through the door, and thought it very hard that we should be shut out from what was so delightful. I also remember how aunt Jane would sit quietly working beside the fire in the library, saying nothing for a good while, and then would suddenly burst out laughing, jump up and run across the room to a table where pens and paper were lying, write something down, and then come back to the fire and go on quietly working as before."

Stories like this at first make more marvelous, and then serve to explain, Jane Austen's chief literary virtue, her unique and never adequately to be praised power of imaginative realization, — the faculty of idealization in the strictest sense. How great this was is not hard to realize; one has but to think of any feigned character whatsoever, outside of Shakespeare, and then to think of Elizabeth Bennet, — one feels that he knows the very sound of her voice. Not long ago, Mr. W. J. Courthope, sometime professor of poetry at Oxford, and a careful and unemotional critic, was so moved by such a comparison as to cry, in paraphrase of the praise of Menander, "O Nature and Jane Austen, which of you has copied from the other?"

There is much in Miss Hill's book, as I have hinted, to explain this rare power. The life of Jane Austen, excluding incidents and considering essentials, is seen to be very like the life of her heroines. She knew intimately the scenes and the people whereof she wrote. She once advised a niece who was meditating a novel, "Three or four families in a country village is the

very thing to work on;" and her own practice conformed to this precept closely. Mr. Pollock transcribes from a paper by his father the notable observation that Jane Austen never reports a conversation among men only,—a striking indication of cautious restraint of her imaginative powers. Indeed, Miss Austen's best characters are always her heroines: gentle Fanny Price, independent Emma Woodhouse (*me judice* the "college woman" of her age), and Elizabeth Bennet, the inimitable and altogether delightful. Despite the conscientious objectivity of Jane Austen's work, one fancies that when she would portray such girls as these she had but to "look in her heart and write."

But this imaginative faculty implies much more than faithful self-expression, or accurate transcription of the life which her brown eyes observed. Miss Jane Austen, the life of her family and a conspicuous ornament at village assemblies, possessed at twenty-one absolute, un-relative artistic vision of the highest order. There is much in Miss Hill's book to exhibit this. We have stories of how she would relate to her family doings of her characters quite apart from the events in her manuscript, and how at exhibitions she would discover portraits of the people of her brain. A single reference to one of her novels may show how such a vivifying imagination shaped her art. In *Mansfield Park* a duly qualified reader will discern an instance of the differentiation of character by environment nothing less than Shakespearean in its subtle reality. Lady Bertram, Mrs. Norris, and Mrs. Price are sisters. One is led to believe that as children they were as like as three sisters could well be. One has married Sir Thomas Bertram, and attained a life of affluence and ease. Another has been wedded to the rather self-centred Rev. Dr. Norris, and within sight of her more fortunate sister has lived upon a less sufficient income. The third has become the wife of a poor

and too genial seaman. As we know them in middle age, Lady Bertram is indolent, good-hearted, and a little silly. Mrs. Price is reluctantly industrious, good-hearted, and likewise a little silly. Mrs. Norris, one of the most complete comic characters in literature, shows a wider perversion of the same traits. She has become an arrogant and self-satisfied martyr to housework; envy has soured her disposition, and meannesses and petty spites have grown in her heart. Through all these vital distinctions of character is shot a certain family resemblance, which never permits us to forget that the three women are children of the same parents. It is hard to conceive a more luminous instance of creative vision in the use of plot and characterization as typical experiments in life.

If Jane Austen had lived all her days in sequestered villages like Steventon and Chawton, it is likely that the product of her imagination would have wanted that savor of high comedy which is now one of her distinguishing charms. To the Muse of Comedy no spot can be more congenial than a fashionable watering place. Miss Austen's life at Bath was surely very momentous. To this life Miss Hill devotes several informing chapters. The reader derives a clear notion of the gay, whimsical Bath society, in which young people might go about together, unaccompanied by the usual "steady friend," and especially of Miss Jane Austen's delight in it, both as participant and as observer. We have had her, in an earlier letter, writing to her sister of a ball at Deane House, at which she received great particularity of attention from a Celt, Mr. Tom Lefroy. We have been diverted to learn that she committed "everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together," and to know that this Mr. Tom Lefroy, who was to become chief justice of Ireland, divided his admiration between the real Jane

Austen and the fictitious Tom Jones, and that Miss Jane was proud so to share it. But by the time the Austens moved to Bath, in the first year of the last century, we hear no more of such young-ladylike profligacy. Jane was then twenty-five; the slipping away of her unreturning Maytime had sobered but not saddened her, and we find in her letters and in the anecdotes which Miss Hill has preserved a less naïve delight in the frequentation of balls for their own sake, and a keener interest in the study of social humors, for which such gatherings afforded her a notable opportunity.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that Jane Austen's comedy is never the stern-browed, mordant satire which in the work of some "humorists" lies so near to tragedy. Hers is, rather, the playful humorsomeness of a wisely happy temperament. In one of the letters she writes, "I do not think it is worth while to wait for enjoyment until there is some real opportunity for it." She took her enjoyment in the continued humorous observation of the people she knew. But with her, as with Thackeray, humor meant wit plus love, for it is always softened by a singularly sympathetic feeling with its object. In *Pride and Prejudice*, Elizabeth has a speech which is certainly the expression of her author's mind: "I hope I never ridicule what is wise or good. Follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies, do divert me, I own, and I laugh at them whenever I can."

From the girlish *jeu d'esprit* *The Mystery*, a satire on the prevailing school of comedy, to *Persuasion*, with its quiet undertones and atmosphere of afterglow, Jane Austen was essentially a comic writer. We have but to compare her Emma with Gwendolen in *Daniel Deronda* to know the difference between the affectionately comic and the tragic treatment of similar characters. Miss Austen could never have solved the problem of modern art, which

has been to portray the human will rising superior to a new "necessity" more terrible than the "fate" the ancients knew,—a necessity which, as Walter Pater wrote, "is a magic web woven through and through us, like that magnetic system of which modern science speaks, penetrating us with a network subtler than our subtlest nerves, yet bearing in it the central forces of the world." Such devious coverts of dismay were not for the feet of Jane Austen. There is perhaps a premonition of such things in the differentiation of the sisters in *Mansfield Park*, but she was born too early and too propitiously to be subject to the introspective maladies of the nineteenth century, or greatly to be affected by its larger movement of ideas. She is always the novelist of manners, but of such manners as spring most directly from character and temperament, and tend to exhibit these with the most lively reality.

An analysis of Jane Austen's humor may be fittingly concluded by a piece of Lamb-like or Stevenson-like whimsicality in a letter to her sister Cassandra, cited by Miss Hill:—

"Your unfortunate sister was betrayed last Thursday into a situation of the utmost cruelty. I arrived at Ashe Park before the party from Deane, and was shut up in the drawing room with Mr. Holder alone for ten minutes. I had some thoughts of insisting on the housekeeper being sent for, and nothing could prevail on me to move two steps from the door, on the lock of which I kept one hand constantly fixed. We met nobody but ourselves, played at vingt-un again, and were very cross. . . . You express so little anxiety about my being murdered under Ashe Copse by Mrs. Hulbert's servant that I have a great mind not to tell you whether I was or not."

One cannot write of Jane Austen as a humorist without thinking of Northanger Abbey; and in the matter of Northanger Abbey, especially concern-

ing the relation of it and the rest of Miss Austen's novels to the literature of "sensibility," there is something still to be said.

The machinery of the story of Catherine Morland's adventures is clearly an ironic burlesque of the later eighteenth-century novel, — the novel of the delicious shudder and the facile tear. Likewise, in all Miss Austen's other novels we find numerous pleasantries at the expense of the fiction of the school of Mackenzie, Walpole, Lewis, and occasionally at the great Richardson himself. But her first writing was done not very long after the ascendancy of this school, and there is in her work much evidence to show that she was not uninfluenced by its ideals. Marianne, for instance, in *Sense and Sensibility*, is a romantic heroine of the deepest dye; and though her sensibility brings her to grief, yet one feels that Miss Austen had a certain ingenuous interest in her vicissitudes for their own sake. Even in *Northanger Abbey*, the love story of Catherine and Henry Tilney, the serious interest of the book, is told with many touches of real sensibility. In all her work, indeed, the experienced reader of old novels will recognize traces of a mild susceptibility to the shudder and the tear. Her most conventional leading men have, for the corresponding girlish protagonists, a certain charm of masculine mystery. Something of this is doubtless perennial, yet may it not be in part referred to the tradition of her predecessors? In this connection it is noteworthy that three of her six heroines marry clergymen.

There are several points in the books by Miss Hill and Mr. Pollock to sustain this judgment. We hear a good deal of Jane Austen's admiration for Richardson, — an admiration which may be not unsuggestively likened to the high regard of Cervantes for the *Amadis de Gaule*. There are, too, many significant personal details reported. Thus we are edified to know that Miss Aus-

ten was wont to attend the play armed with two handkerchiefs; and that on one occasion, when seeing Miss O'Neil as Isabella, she was somewhat put out at having but scant use for one. In the following half-playful advice to a niece engaged in the composition of a novel there is an undercurrent of seriousness which points to the same thing: "Your aunt C. does not like desultory novels, and is rather afraid yours will be too much so. . . . It will not be so great an objection to me if it is. I allow much more latitude than she does, and think nature and spirit cover many sins of a wandering story. . . . What can you do with Egerton to increase the interest for him? I wish you could contrive something, . . . something to carry him mysteriously away, and then be heard of at York or Edinburgh in an old greatcoat. . . . Devereux Forester's being ruined by his vanity is extremely good, but I wish you would not let him plunge into 'a vortex of dissipation.' I do not object to the thing, but I cannot bear the expression; it is such thoroughly novel slang, and so old that I dare say Adam met with it in the first novel he opened."

It is, indeed, not wholly fanciful to affirm that the relation of Jane Austen to the romance of sensibility is very much the same as that of Cervantes to the books of chivalry, or of Heine to German romanticism. She is at once its satirist and its best exponent; her work is its apotheosis and siderealization.

The final effect of the two books under consideration, with their anecdotes of Jane Austen and long citations from the novels and letters, is to help the reader to savor more subtly her literary personality. Think of any other woman of anything like her genius, and try to realize the difference. Mary Wollstonecraft, Madame de Staël, the Brontës, George Sand, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, — in the writings of such women

we find a passionate prodigality of diction, sometimes an exenteration of ideas, sometimes awkwardness and constraint; almost always a tendency to a certain hectic quality in form and content, and almost never the graceful pellucidity of thought, the easy felicity of diction, which eternalize the writings of Jane Austen. Heine has just been mentioned; the reader will recall his summary remark: "All women write with one eye on the paper, and the other on some man, — all except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye."

Jane Austen, with two very excellent eyes, was another exception, and to this, doubtless, much of her preëminence is due. The secret of her abiding charm lies in the fair balance of her temperament. There was in her nature no hint of the unduly strenuous, no morbid desire. She was, in truth, the Euphues of her sex: not the precious, word-dallying hero of Lyly, but the *Εὐφύης* of Plato, a fair nature; one in whom clear vision and lively affections are at such perfect balance as to find ready and copious expression in graceful, pliant speech.

Ferris Greenslet.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

PICTURE BOOKS AND OTHERS.

I.

THERE is, we are told, among certain humble pictorial journals, a habit of buying up old woodcuts which have earned their discharge, but are still capable, like an exhausted soil, of being turned to some account. The humble editor has an eye for tillable material which may be farmed out in small lots, and in due time, irrigated by the humble author's modest will of text, may really bear some sort of second crop. The illustrator illustrated, — "here's fine revolution." The situation is quite bald, at least; the writer knows perfectly what he is doing.

An illustrative text assumes a better sort of dignity when it is the work of a draughtsman whose pictures have attained celebrity enough to deserve the gloss of a running commentary. Mr. Harry Furniss¹ has just done himself this office, amusingly, though with extreme diffuseness. Whatever there is

dubious in the autobiographer's business is here got rid of by the simplest means. The minutest Furnissiana are of absorbing interest to the chronicler, and are offered us with the frankest expectation of our sympathy. The demand is perhaps excessive; we could spare the record of certain minor conversational facetiæ, or of occasional fa-tuities into which the absolutism of the platform has betrayed him. (Instance the speech before a gathering of American women, pp. 112-114.) Fortunately, the book yields much freshness of another sort; notably in its side illumination of many of the great English public figures of the past half century, — Disraeli, Parnell, Bright, Bradlaugh, Gladstone, and the rest.

But in the field of professed illustration, particularly in the illustration of fiction, a more equivocal relation between author and artist has grown common of late. We in America are especially inclined to pride ourselves upon the progress we have made in the art of illustrating during the past half century. For one thing, the mechanical

¹ *The Confessions of a Caricaturist.* By HARRY FURNISS. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1902.

facilities have increased remarkably. A dozen cheap processes have supplanted the laborious and expensive steel engraving, which was no longer ago than fifty years the most valued type of illustration; and the artist's higher technical skill has led to the perfection of wood engraving, then a far second. No doubt the general taste has grown more exacting; certainly good drawing is now demanded of all comers, unless indeed of the confessed postermonger, whose canons are plainly apocalyptical. Things are done now in the daily press which would have been the despair, technically, of the American magazine illustrator a generation back. It is a great thing to have outgrown the pictorial absurdities of the Godey's Lady's Book phase. We are right in preferring the De Monvel child (to cite a somewhat conventionalized type) to those prim young Rollos with the property hoops and oranges, or the Gibson girl to those wasp-waisted young females of the hectic cheek and corkscrew ringlet whom our grandmothers admired. But our own situation has its dangers; for, unfortunately, the tendency which made itself felt some time ago in magazine work is carrying over into stiff-covered literature. The draughtsman is assuming such importance in his own eyes and in the eyes of the public that we are in some danger of forgetting or of complaisantly waiving the principle of subordinating the picture to the text, the trimmings to the actual substance. Obviously, a drawing may be good in itself without really illustrating the text; as, to take more general grounds, the bulk and prominence of the illustrative matter may distract our attention from the legitimate business in hand. Doubtless the illustrator's highest exploit would be by a sort of divination to come at the living meaning of the author, and by appealing to the eye to strengthen materially the effect of the text. He cannot be expected to invent a new manner for every subject, but he can in some sense

subject his personality, or at least curb his mannerisms, for the sake of the text, — which he would hardly deny to be, like the contents of Lumpkin's letter, the cream of the correspondence. Yet indifference to this apparently simple relation has already done much toward the cheapening of the illustrator's art, the multiplication of mere picture books, and the growing popular distaste for pure text.

For, unluckily, illustrating, like the stage, has not only its heroes, but its *matinée* heroes, who are valued for the pretty things they do out of their own heads rather than for their fidelity to the lines and skill in the interpretation of character. In Mr. Howells's latest volume,¹ for example, we are continually coming upon the familiar and adored Christy girl under various aliases. Occasionally she is dressed for the part, but not always; so confident is her creator that, like a Maude Adams, she will win applause because she is so fetching, and may act or not, as she likes. Here, complacent, fresh from the Horse Show, and without removing her hat, she essays the rôle of Sophia Primrose by dint of loosing a curl over one shoulder. She is then "in character;" and we are not to murmur if she fails to shift the horse-showish good breeding of her features in favor of the "soft, modest, and alluring" femininity with which Goldsmith fondly endows his Sophia. The curl keeps its post in Nancy Sykes, is multiplied for Effie Deans (otherwise these two are much alike in make-up), and finally discarded — or retrenched — in the society part of Gwendolen Harleth, a surprisingly smart girl of the present, rather fast, and utterly unsuggestive of the "Lamia beauty" which the spectators, according to the author, are supposed to be noticing in her at the moment.

The problem of new illustrations for old books is a difficult one, often a

¹ *Heroines of Fiction*. By W. D. HOWELLS. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1901.

painful one when they come to supplant or to supplement work which we have grown to think of almost as a part of the text. Dickens might have had better illustrators than Cruikshank, but we hardly feel the need of new experiments now; and Thackeray, badly as he often drew, did all that we really care to have done for his people. The new edition of *Alice in Wonderland*, with Mr. Newell's pictures,¹ is rather distressing to the age-long lover of Tenniel's dainty Alice. We are not ready to exchange that sweet and dignified maiden for this little pig-tailed idiot; it must be confessed, the thing strikes us as pretty near a sacrilege. We are inclined, after glancing at the pictures and laughing at them, to put the book away on a high shelf, among other books not to be perused by the young person. This would not be accusing the artist of a deliberate error; there are really some people who take Alice in Wonderland as a joke. But we cannot help feeling a little nervous about other favorites. What if Mr. Newell (or his publisher) should, in his castings-about, light upon Pilgrim's Progress, say? How could one tremble for a saucer-eyed Christian or at a bow-legged Apollyon?

Apart from the question of interpretation, there is a certain difficulty in the employment of modern methods to fit old books. There is something just a little incongruous, for instance, in a wash drawing of Fanny Burney's Evelina. Whether it is worth while to suggest deliberately the rougher methods of other periods, as Mr. Howard Pyle has sometimes done, is an open question. That something short of this may give the desired sense of fitness is attested by such work as Hugh Thomson's, — modern in its delicacy, yet undeniably smacking of the eighteenth century.

But our illustrators are, as a rule, not only cavalier in their attitude toward

such general considerations of interpretation and atmosphere; they do not hesitate to ignore the specifications of the text. The author is particular in stipulating a certain costume, or grouping, or background, or gesture, and the artist blandly furnishes another. In *Heroines of Fiction*, one is sorry to notice that the inoffensive George Sampson has been ousted from the supper table of the Wilfers, and that Becky Sharp has been removed from her prescribed sofa and Lord Steyne given a chair, perhaps in charity to poor Rawdon, who enters at that famous moment. These are small matters; but as they interested the author, why not stick to his version of them?

II.

One book of the day, at least, we may be sure that future illustrators will have little excuse for dealing with. The pictures in *Kim*² are as fitting as they are odd, and that is saying a good deal. One would hardly have supposed that a not very numerous series of bas-reliefs reduced to the flat could have greatly illumined a story abounding in color and action. Yet the thing has been done. Not only the statuesque dignity of the Lama, but the fire and mischief of the gamin Kim, and even something of the spectacular richness of the wayside Orient, has been suggested; and that without doing violence to the chosen medium. Indeed, one hardly knows how, between this implicitness of simple form and that farthest remove of explicitness which might be attained by some gorgeous panoramic canvas, so good an impression of those persons and scenes could have been gained. For pen-and-ink drawing is, after all, only a sort of go-between, a makeshift, though a noble one, dimly adumbrating the positive virtues of form and color.

¹ *Alice in Wonderland*. Illustrated by PETER NEWELL. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1901.

² *Kim*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1901.

So one guesses, until a renewal of contact with such work as Mr. Joseph Pennell's gives him pause and the layman's opportunity to guess again; for here is a pen which manages to render subtly the effects of both form and color. The new edition of *Italian Journeys*¹ might well be bought, with no belittling of the text, for the sake of Mr. Pennell's drawings alone; and they may, in fact, stand alone, for they have no direct bearing upon the book as narrative. The sea gate at Pompeii is not submitted to the impertinence of a recognizable young American author in the foreground. Of certain whimsical experiences of Mr. Howells at Herculaneum or on the road to Grosseto nothing is made; nor is the least advantage taken of such picturesque material — fair game for a Christy — as the stalwart and immaculate market woman of Trieste or the pretty muletress at Capri. The human figure in Mr. Pennell's drawings, which deal with light and bulk and distance, is nothing more than a decorative suggestion here and there. Nevertheless, these pictures are interesting not only in themselves, but as illustrations; for the book is frankly a series of impressions of places rather than a study of human types or a narrative of personal adventures. Books of travel and description offer themselves too readily, perhaps, to illustration. We have had a surfeit of foreign photographs and "views" of all sorts; indeed, with the Duomo or the Campanile, Chillon or St. Mark's, eyeing us from every inward-bound post card, there is not much to be done in a small way by the picture-book maker. One excellent example of self-denial was set not long ago by the Blasfields in their *Italian Cities*,² the admirable text of which is

unbroken, if unadorned, by illustration of any sort.

No such denial could have been required of their latest book,³ though the uneven merit of the dramatic sketches it contains may make one a little doubtful of the propriety of so elaborate a setting. But books are not always to be judged absolutely, and that we can seldom safely so judge a new book ought to make us willing to cast into the balance in its favor such advantages of typography and ornamentation as large paper, the De Vinne presswork, and the pictures of Mr. Blasfield have here furnished. The first of the four numbers is a modern farce, of a common and not very pleasing type. It is based upon the vulgar implication, still popular on the stage and in the columns of a certain type of unspeakable "society" journal, that a woman may be "compromised" by this or that momentary accident of situation. The reputable world — our Anglo-Saxon world, at least — is, one must believe, pretty well done with this sort of shoddy code, and inclined to resign it to the uses of the dubious half-world which may still find some meaning, or mockery of meaning, in it. The second sketch is a good dramatization of Stevenson's *The Sire of Malétoit's Door*, and the third is a pleasant, Frenchy little comedy. But the fourth, *In Cleon's Garden*, is of a much rarer sort, a dramatic prose idyl, as much more delicate in flavor and genuine in characterization than its companion pieces as its action is farther removed from us in point of time.

III.

A lifelong leader of minority, Mr. Howells is still a great name among us;

¹ *Italian Journeys*. By W. D. HOWELLS. With Illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

² *Italian Cities*. By E. H. and E. W. BLASH-

FIELD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

³ *Masques of Cupid*. By EVANGELINE WILBOUR BLASHFIELD. Illustrations by EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

yet it is hard not to feel that in leaving fiction, of late years, to devote himself mainly to what may be agreeably called the higher journalism, he has deprived his special audience of what he is best fitted to give them. Nothing that he now writes is without charm, but much of it is without compactness or definition. The canons of his literary faith were long ago known to us; his expression of that faith has been, not changed, but rarefied, by iteration; and though we are not able to be impatient of it, we are not altogether able, either, to be edified by it. It would be unprofitable to urge serious charges of diffuseness and padding against a series of papers which were originally prepared for Harper's Bazar. Nor can one who knows his Howells take new exception to the main critical contentions of *Heroines of Fiction*. Here once more are the allusions to the "echoing verbiage" of Scott's more popular romances, the "strictly melodramatic gift" of Dickens, the "dawdling" and "sentimentality" of Thackeray.

The omissions are what surprise us; and we hardly know how to take the critic's offhand disclaimer of responsibility for some of them. "I confess," he says, "that I never read a novel of Blackmore's or a novel of Stevenson's, or more than one novel of Mr. George Meredith's; and though I might qualify myself to speak of their heroines by taking a course of their fiction, I am afraid that my appreciation would have a perfunctory look, out of keeping with the prevailing character of these studies. I might learn what those ladies were like, but I should have no associations with them from the past, no remembered passion; and if it is not now too late for me to form a passion for a new heroine, it would not be, perhaps, becoming." There is no quarreling with this position; the personal point of view once admitted can hardly be assailed. But one cannot help wishing that this gallery of cherished loveliness might

have contained (in place, say, of certain heroines of Mrs. Radcliffe, Baroness Tautphæus, and J. W. De Forest, all of whom must have gained upon Mr. Howells by early propinquity) the fair Lorna; that wonderful unfinished sketch of Stevenson's last, and in truth sole heroine; and the brilliant, hapless Diana, with whom, in virtue of her need, so good a lover as Mr. Howells might surely have allowed himself some relation of grandfatherly tenderness.

There could be little profit in a set comparison between these informal sketches in criticism and the carefully considered essays of Mr. Brownell.¹ But the two books are not so different in method, after all, as in point of view and in results. A single instance will suggest what these differences amount to. Mr. Howells says of Thackeray: "He put on a fine literary air of being above his business; he talked of fiction as fable-land, when he ought to have known it and proclaimed it the very home of truth, where alone we can see through all these disguises; he formed the vicious habit of spoiling the illusion, or clouding the clear air of his art, by the intrusion of his own personality; and in fine he showed himself, in spite of his high instincts, a survival of the romantic period whose traces in others (especially Bulwer and Disraeli) he knew how so deliciously to burlesque." So speaks Mr. Howells's sincerity; but we perceive that it is the sincerity of partisanship when the same theme comes to be touched by a critic unbiased by practice: "'The bust outlasts the throne, the coin Tiberius;'" but the subject of the novel being rather Tiberius and the throne than busts and coins, it is not modeling and chasing as such and for their own sweet sake that endue it with enduring vitality, but qualities more significant and more profound. And these qualities depend

¹ *Victorian Prose Masters*. By W. C. BROWNELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

upon the artist's personality, and are inseparable from it. They are essentially human in distinction from purely intellectual or sensuous qualities. They are qualities without which purely intellectual or sensuous qualities produce a result that is often sterile and always incomplete. . . . Why is there such a sense of life in *The Newcomes*, compared with Turgeneff's *Virgin Soil*, that the story of the latter seems to vibrate idly *in vacuo*? Because Thackeray enwraps and embroiders his story with his personal philosophy; charges it with his personal feeling; draws out, with inexhaustible perseverance and zest, its typical suggestiveness; and deals with his material directly instead of dispassionately and disinterestedly, after the manner of the Russian master. . . . The question is, after all, mainly one of technic. When Thackeray is reproached with 'bad art' for intruding upon his scene, the reproach is chiefly the recommendation of a different technic. And each man's technic is his own, and that of a master may be accepted as possessing some inner principle of propriety which any suggested improvement would compromise."

To personality, or temperament, as in the later papers he prefers to say, Mr. Brownell is continually recurring as the prime essential of creative art. George Eliot's later work was inferior because her temperament had become subject to intellect; and Meredith owes his limitations and his small following, not to eccentricity of manner, but to absolute lack of temperament. "He has, if one chooses, the temperament of the dilettante. But the characteristic of the dilettante is really absence of temperament." The essay on Meredith is, as a whole, the most striking of these studies; and it is a fact of some interest, with Mr. Howells's confession in mind, that Mr. Brownell should have owned

to reading much of Meredith for the first time with a view to this paper.

The volume itself is a delight to the eye, though it is altogether unembellished; indeed, any sort of pictorial garnishing of so staid a meal as is here set for us would be an impertinence. At the same time the service is excellent; paper, type, and binding are all that they should be for such a book. There is much still to be said for the pictureless book. One is not sure even that Mr. Brownell's *French Art*¹ in its sumptuous later form, with its elaborate illustrations, is greatly more effective as criticism than in the original unadorned octavo. Or perhaps it would be more fairly said that the primary effect of such a book may best be had in its pure text form. Afterward it may receive some increment of value from the use of illustrative matter. So Mr. Pennell's drawings have best served the *Italian Journeys*; and so, possibly, the *Italian Cities* of Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield, a more distinctly critical work, may gain later from that appeal to the eye which it has rightly denied itself as in the first instance adventitious and even a little compromising.

H. W. Boynton.

In a stout binding of green, which suggests the shallow seas about Ogygia and first editions of Tennyson's dramas, Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Ulysses*² comes auspiciously from the press. To true-born lovers of poetry this is an event of singular interest. Mr. Phillips is a poet of exceptional promise, who has, nevertheless, seemed to many to be in the dangerous way of defeating expectation, while to some he has appeared an almost tragic figure striving to reassert the integrity of dramatic poetry in a time of theatrical commercialism. It is, then, a matter of

Stephen
Phillips's
Ulysses.

¹ *French Art*. By W. C. BROWNELL. New and Enlarged Edition, with forty-eight illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

² *Ulysses*. A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

moment to see what kind of a play he has wrought from the swift, eventful story of the *Odyssey*, and what manner of protagonist he has made of Ulysses.

The action of the piece is simple and closely knit. It is, as Mr. Phillips says in his note, the action of the *Odyssey* "rearranged, reimagined, and, above all, unsparingly accelerated and cut down." First comes a Prologue on Olympus, where Athene and Poseidon dispute the fate of Ulysses, until Zeus, by eloquent and expressive thundering, decides that he shall, if he wishes, return to Ithaca and Penelope. The Prologue is written in a subtly ironic vein, which suggests the air of the gods in exile, or their bearing in that northern island inhabited by Lutherans, of which Mr. Gosse has lately written. It is noteworthy that the parody of the gods is carried on in resonant pentameter couplets, sounding not with the clear, metallic chime of Pope's, or the wandering melodies which Keats evoked from the old form, but with a kind of contrapuntal harmony which curiously suggests the seventeenth-century wielders of the couplet, Dryden, or Cowley at his best.

The beginning of the drama proper shows us the woe of Ithaca obsessed by the suitors of the queen, and Penelope's wistful constancy. Then, suddenly, the scene shifts to Ogygia, where Ulysses lies in a sea cave, enthralled by Calypso, yet happy in his thralldom. But as he sleeps Hermes comes from Zeus, warning the enchantress that freedom must lie within the will of Ulysses, touching the sleeper with his caduceus that his will may be free. Ulysses, upon awaking, talks some excellent poetry with Calypso, elects to leave her, calls his joyful companions to push his ship from the shingle, and embarks for Ithaca; leaving one rather pitiful for Calypso, who generously raises a wind to propel her departing lover. In the second act Ulysses fulfills the hard condition of his return that has been set by Zeus; he goes down

the facile descent to Hades, and with brooding, Virgilian pity, broken by fits of terror, moves among the sorrowful shades. In the third and last act Ulysses is shipwrecked on the shores of Ithaca. Stirring scenes ensue. In the disguise which we all remember, Ulysses enters his hall at the fatal hour when Penelope is to choose from the suitors. After a series of strikingly dramatic situations there comes a rather robustious scene of slaughter. Then Penelope and Ulysses are emparadised in an embrace, while from behind is heard the voice of a minstrel singing the refrain:—

"And she shall fall upon his breast
With never a spoken word."

The possibilities of this structure as a splendid, quasi-poetic spectacle are obvious. Indeed, all accounts of the London performance agree as to its decisive success. But its value as dramatic poetry is another matter. It will hold the reader throughout, and certain passages will stir him, as true poetry must, but the final effect of great stage poetry is wanting. The characters are suggested, not realized. They pause too often in the dramatic expression of their thought to gather poetical poesies by the way; yet their heightened speech never has the superb unction, the joyous inevitableness, which can atone for this. Save in the third act the action moves somewhat leisurely, without the bustle and clash one expects in the mimic world. The impression made by the piece, even when played by the skilled stock company which most experienced readers take about under their hats, is theatrical in the less admirable sense.

Nevertheless, when all is said, Ulysses is a fair continuance of promise. The poetic style is less eclectic than in either Paolo and Francesca or Herod, and Mr. Phillips's characteristic and mature manner is seen to be quite that which was foretold in his incomparable *Marpessa*. The thing he does best, the thing in which he is, one thinks, most of his age, is the

moving and melodious expression of a mood of anxious wistfulness. Perhaps the most characteristic lines in the play are in Penelope's lament in the first act:

"Cease, minstrel, cease, and sing some other song;

Thy music floated up into my room,
And the sweet words of it have hurt my heart.
Others return, the other husbands, but
Never for me that sail on the sea-line,
Never a sound of oars beneath the moon,
Nor sudden step beside me at midnight:
Never Ulysses!"

But it is to elegiac rather than to dramatic composition that Mr. Phillips's poetic quality is best suited. *F. G.*

NEARLY sixty years ago, Mr. George **King** Roberts, head master of the **Monmouth**. Lyme Regis Grammar School and sometime mayor of the town, published a *Life of the Duke of Monmouth*, a work showing much patient and intelligent research, and especially proving its author to be a local antiquary of no small distinction. The Protestant Duke's latest biographer¹ disclaims all desire to supersede his predecessor's work, which in many respects is likely to remain the principal authority on its subject, but seeks only to supplement it by utilizing the new material brought to light in the last half century. In tastes the two writers are in some sort akin. Mr. Allan Fea — it is pure conjecture on our part — must be a native of one of the south-western counties, who, for love of his accustomed haunts, followed step by step the adventures of young Charles in *The Flight of the King*, gathering a store of traditional and pictorial illustration on the way, and has now, in the case of that engaging and graceless youth's reputed son, continued these congenial wanderings with an equally gratifying result. He writes in a sensible, unpretentious fashion, and the new material has been faithfully collected and set forth, but he can hardly be seriously considered as an

¹ *King Monmouth*. Being a History of the Career of James Scott, "The Protestant Duke."

historian. Rather he is a lover of historic landmarks and relics and the tales they tell, and he has a very admirable sense of the manner in which history should be illustrated, as *King Monmouth* brilliantly shows. His right instinct appears even in what is excluded; for no imaginary presentment of a dramatic or picturesque episode tempts him, even when the picture, so to speak, lies ready to his hand.

The Duke of Monmouth must have been painted nearly as often as, in shop parlance, "celebrities" are photographed nowadays. Of the selection from these portraits given, two especially, the earliest and latest, make us in some measure conscious of the astonishing beauty, grace, and charm which Grammont describes, — Lely's adorable boy picture, and the sketch of the head after the executioner had done his work, where death has but refined and ennobled the face in which youth yet lingers. Beside the fine Lely and Kneller portraits of the "brown, beautiful, bold, yet insipid creature," to quote Evelyn's brief but sufficient summary of Lucy Walter, four pictures are reproduced from the same artists, of the two women most closely connected with Monmouth's later life, — the heiress of Buccleuch, his wife from her childhood, and the hapless Lady Wentworth, — together with those of the men most deeply concerned in the events which led to the Rebellion of 1685 and in the lamentable tragedy of which Sedgemoor was but the first act. The last of the photogravures, which are all of the excellent quality we have learned to look for in English works of this class, is from Kneller's Jeffreys in the National Gallery, that handsome, high-bred face which lately so enthralled a certain young writer that he unflinchingly attempted the thorough rehabilitation of the Judge of the Bloody Assize. Of course Mr. Fea has not overlooked church, By ALLAN FEA. London and New York: John Lane. 1902.

manor house, or inn on the roads which were to lead his hero (using the word conventionally) to Tower Hill, nor does it appear that any relic connected therewith has escaped his attention, and from beginning to end the book has not an illustration which does not illustrate.

S. M. F.

ALL readers of eighteenth-century memoirs and letters have at least been introduced to that beautiful daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, Lady Sarah Lennox, to whom the young king, being much in love, made proposals of marriage, which came to naught. Later, the lady — she was then but seventeen — was married to Sir Charles Bunbury; and after floating for a few seasons on the top of the social wave, she made what seemed, according to all human probabilities, utter shipwreck of her life. But she came to herself in the quiet, lonely years that followed; her second marriage brought everything the first had missed, and the last glimpse we had of her was as the adored mother of a group of heroes. Well known, too, are her portraits by Sir Joshua: the pseudo-classic Lady Sarah Bunbury Sacrificing to the Graces, and “the canvas worthy of Titian” which shows her looking down from a window in Holland House upon her nephew, Charles James Fox, hardly younger than herself, and the boy’s cousin, Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, Lady Sarah’s close friend for well-nigh seventy years. To this friendship, which defied chances and changes, long separations, and entire frankness on both sides, we owe our first real knowledge of a very interesting woman; for her letters to Lady Susan were carefully preserved, and are now given to the world by the present mistress of Holland House.¹ These letters, dating from the writer’s giddy girlhood to her gracious and beau-

tiful old age, serve well enough the purposes of an autobiography; for Lady Sarah had quick perceptions, great sincerity, and never was woman less of a *poseuse*. Her correspondent had her romance. Walpole has commemorated the theatricals at Holland House, in which Lady Susan and her friend distinguished themselves. The handsome young player, William O’Brien, appears to have acted as director to the very youthful amateurs. He and Lady Susan forthwith fell in love; and as the latter’s family naturally disapproved, an elopement followed. Even the Whig magnates among the bride’s kin seem to have found considerable difficulty in suitably providing for the unwelcome bridegroom. One expedient was a colonial post, and the pair spent some years in America, chiefly, it is to be inferred, in New York. Some of Lady Susan’s letters therefrom perhaps would have proved interesting. We have at present so much of the later provincial life in fiction that some new glimpses of it in fact might illustrate — or contrast.

Lord Holland tries to describe the beauty of his young sister-in-law, but finds it beyond his words. He was much more interested in the king’s advances than was Lady Sarah, to whom the death of her pet squirrel was a far greater grief than the coming of the Princess Charlotte. It is plain enough that had the girl been older, more self-seeking and worldly-wise, and a little in love, she might have made Lord Bute’s arrangements very difficult. But she willingly figured as the chief bridesmaid, — her brilliant beauty making the bride’s lack of it the more apparent, — and though “the time when we used to fancy great things” was never forgotten, it was not remembered regretfully. At sixty she writes: “I am delighted to hear the king is so well, for I am excessively partial to him. I always consider him as an

CHESTER and LORD STAVORDALE. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner’s Sons. 1902.

¹ *The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745–1826.* Edited by the COUNTESS OF IL-

old friend who has been in the wrong ; but does one love one's friends less for being in the wrong even towards oneself ? ” Her old friend often earned her disapproval by his public acts ; for though Lady Sarah was not a political any more than a literary woman (though, oddly enough, she is misprinted in these volumes as sacrificing to the *Muses*), she faithfully reflected the Whig sentiment of the time, and her kinsmen were emphatically of the ruling class. For Fox in especial her affection was steadfast, even if, with the most charming amiability, he always neglected to do anything to advance her husband's interests, though Colonel Napier's high character and distinguished ability — “ No one of us is his equal,” declared his son Charles — well deserved such furtherance.

Many aspects of this intimate record of a woman's life might be dwelt upon ; but, after all, it is as a mother of men that she will be remembered, — a mother singularly honored and beloved. With keen sympathies and warm affections, she was preëminently a brave woman, physically and morally. This was shown in early life in her acceptance of the results of her own misdoing, without railing at the world's judgments or blaming any one but herself. And later, the cheerful courage with which she encountered heavy cares, great anxieties, and what was for her almost poverty was equalled by her fortitude under the most heart-breaking bereavements and the blindness which was for so many years her portion. Of the heroic Napiers she cannot be counted the least. *S. M. F.*

DURING Dr. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides, he fell into discussion with Boswell over the relative advantages of great and little European courts as schools of manners.

¹ *The Book of the Courtier*. By Count BALDESAR CASTIGLIONE. Translated from the Italian and annotated by LEONARD ECKSTEIN OPDYCKE. With seventy-one Portraits and fif-

Both men agreeing that smaller courts were superior in this respect, the doctor closed the conversation by remarking, “ The best book that ever was written upon good breeding, *Il Corteggiano*, by Castiglione, grew up at the little court of Urbino, and you should read it.” These words were spoken in 1773. Previous to that date there had been three translations of Castiglione's *The Courtier* into English. The admirable translation by Mr. Opdycke¹ is the fourth English version, but it follows its latest predecessor by the space of a century and three quarters. Few English and American readers, except those with a knowledge of Italian, have taken Dr. Johnson's advice to read the book.

Yet, in its present dress, there could scarcely be a more delightful volume than *The Courtier*. It is composed of four discussions, each extending through an entire evening, concerning the training and the character of the ideal gentleman and gentlewoman. The speakers are all residents at the court of Urbino, in the splendid summer time of the Italian Renaissance. They are scholars, soldiers, statesmen, wits, and great ladies, representing Italian culture in its most highly perfected form. Count Baldesar Castiglione, the author, whose kindly face is familiar through the portrait by his friend Raphael, now in the Louvre gallery, was for many years in the service of the Duke of Urbino. His book was written partly at Urbino and partly at Rome, between 1508 and 1516, and it was first printed at the Aldine Press, Venice, in 1528.

Not the least charm of Mr. Opdycke's sumptuous edition is due to the full and unique collection of illustrations. There are three portraits of Castiglione, besides sixty-eight other portraits of persons mentioned or taking part in the dialogues.

teen Autographs reproduced by EDWARD BIERSTADT. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901. 4to, \$10.00 net.

Many rare busts, medals, and autographs have been specially photographed for this edition. Some of the most interesting of this illustrative material is interspersed through the notes, which are models of scholarly accuracy and good taste. Indeed, this beautiful vellum-bound folio, planned with the most exquisite attention to detail and printed at the De Vinne Press, may fairly be said to be in keeping with those ideals of dignity, harmony, and good breeding to which Count Castiglione gave such loyal and eloquent praise. One would like to send a copy to Dr. Johnson.

THE great collection of Jesuit Relations, which, under the competent editorial control of Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, has been growing through a space of five years, has now come to a prosperous completion in two volumes of singularly admirable index.¹ It is not necessary to say much here of the monumental comprehensiveness or the careful precision and accuracy of the substantive work. The researches of Mr. Thwaites and his assistants have drained a wide area. They have brought together a vast body of Latin, French, and Italian texts, and have furnished close yet readable translations. The collection will of course be indispensable to any writer on colonial history, while to the diligent general

reader the romantic interest of many of the Relations should be very great. Finally, be it said not too loudly, the more painstaking and wholesome sort of historical novelist should find here a wealth of material quite ready for his assiduous hand.

The index, which has just been published, is a fitting finish to the long set. The darkling, subterranean work of the index-maker is so often passed in silence that it is a particular pleasure to comment on the excellence of this. Occupying nearly eight hundred pages, arranged under headings and subheadings, with cross-references like those of a dictionary catalogue in a library, with an excellent system of typography, by which the references to major passages are in black-faced numerals, it would be hard to conceive a more complete and efficient piece of compilation. It has, indeed, something of that almost æsthetic value which is inseparable from balance and harmony of parts, while it is so opulent in detail that the "index-raker," if any of that ancient order now survives, should reap from it a rich harvest.

It is a cause for gratulation that there should be published in America, just at this time, a work like this, which will not suffer by comparison with the publications of the pace-makers in historical scholarship, like the Hakluyt Society in England.

PROFESSOR THOMAS'S LIFE OF SCHILLER.

"THESE twenty years the public has been contending as to which is the greater, Schiller or I; they ought rather to be glad that they have a brace of such fellows to quarrel about." These words,

¹ *The Jesuit Relations. Travels and Explorations of the Jesuit Missionaries in New France, 1610-1791. . . .* Edited by REUBEN GOLD

addressed by Goethe to Eckermann in 1825, refer to a deplorable direction of public opinion that originated with the extremely partisan Romanticists. Unfortunately, this puerile and profitless

THWAITES. Vol. 72, 73. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co. 1901.

bickering as to the relative merits of Goethe and Schiller became acute with Menzel and the Young Germans, and has latterly been given a pseudo-scientific twist by the attitude of prominent Goethe scholars. Eminent leaders among the historians of German literature, like Hermann Grimm, Wilhelm Scherer, and Erich Schmidt, have set the pace for the exertions of a throng of young Goethe philologists. Honest absorption in important and trivial questions of date, inception, development, completion, transmission, final form, and intention of the poet's works has often led to a somewhat exclusive and one-sided admiration of his personality and contribution to modern thought. Some have even gone so far afield as to find no adequate expression for their allegiance to the child of Frankfurt short of ill-concealed or outspoken contempt for the alleged narrowness and provincial tone of the mind of Schiller. The undeniable popularity of the latter is, in the eyes of such scholars, a distinct condemnation of him as an unripe interpreter of life and art, whom the people love and admire because they understand the burden of his mediocre song.

In view of this state of things, competent attempts, like those of Minor, Weltrich, and Wychgram, to reinterpret for modern readers the personality and art of Schiller are welcome signs of a return of the judicial temper to the service of German scholarship. Professor Thomas, though never a "Schiller hater," regarded the poet, at one time, as "very much overestimated by his countrymen," and listened with complacency to "demonstrations of his artistic shortcomings." He has since then been brought to a different temper, and has embodied his conversion and present views in a book¹ that will compare favorably, in point of readableness and

impartiality, with the best that has ever been written upon the subject.

Professor Thomas comes to the task in the spirit of the inquirer, desirous of securing, by direct study of the poet's works, especially of his letters, a fair and independent evaluation of the man and artist, Schiller. With due regard to the major and minor investigations of his predecessors, the author maintains throughout that judicial independence of temper characteristic of the best of his previous work as a student of Goethe. Schiller's marvelous development as an artist is so utterly out of proportion to the scanty items of his contact with the world of men and affairs as to render of prime importance a study of his works, as a reflection of his inner life. This consideration has dictated the relatively large space devoted by Thomas to genetic and expository criticism of the successive products of the poet's pen. With wise silence about matters of slight importance, our author traces in detail, through a sequence of twenty-two chapters, the persistence and unity of purpose that dominate the career of Schiller. The mass of detail is never so great as to obscure for the general reader the essential features of the picture. He expressly disclaims all "care to be either systematic or exhaustive." Only essentials are selected for discussion, and space is thus secured for a suggestive introduction to the study of each of the dramas of the poet's earlier and later period. On the whole, the scholar will approve the author's distribution of emphasis, and the general reader will be stimulated, by the exposition and criticism offered, to a personal examination of Schiller's dramatic works. A glance at Professor Thomas's treatment of the poet's youth will reveal in general how the critic conceives his task.

He emphasizes the visible passion with which Schiller's first drama, *The Robbers*, fairly throbs, and also the impetuous rush of its dialogue, as the main

¹ *The Life and Works of Schiller.* By CALVIN THOMAS. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1901.

causes of its deep hold upon the reading and theatre-going public, from the date of its appearance, 1781, to the present. These elements vitalize it, in spite of the handicap of turgid rhetoric, a dull villain, an insipid heroine, and a nerveless "dummy in a rocking-chair," father of the visionary revolutionist, Karl Moor, and of his Satanic brother, Franz. Professor Thomas points out the defects of Schiller's youthful dramatic craftsmanship. He condemns the long monologues, the disregard of everyday probability, in the plot as a whole and in several of its parts, and the loose motivation of the death of Spiegelberg. But he mentions these flaws in passing, without making them unduly prominent, in face of the wonderful capacity already shown by the poet for transmuting the details of an abstract plot into action. He might well have added a word of praise for the rare economy and effectiveness of the exposition in this first dramatic experiment. Of the whole he says, "Extravagant it is, no doubt; but while there are always hundreds of critics in the world who can see that and say it more or less cleverly, there is but one man in a century who can write such scenes."

With similar good taste and sureness of touch *Fiesco* and *Cabal and Love* are passed in review. Professor Thomas recognizes in the former a slight improvement in the poet's delineation of feminine character, but regards the play as equally open to adverse criticism on the score of lurid rhetoric, unredeemed by the unity of heroic personality and the dramatic verve, characteristic of *The Robbers*. He mentions the indebtedness of Schiller to sundry predecessors, notably Rousseau, Diderot, and Lessing, for features of his next drama, *Cabal and Love*. He then shows how thoroughly the poet digested this raw material, and converted it by his extraordinary gift of dramatic visualization into a strong, consistent action. Schiller is blamed for allowing the tragic

element of the situation to hinge upon the silence of the heroine in face of the jealousy of her lover, since an explanatory word from her would remove the fatal tension, without even a breach of the oath extorted from her by threats against her father's life. This verdict of common sense seems valid, and applicable not only to *Cabal and Love*, but also to a similar unnatural silence of the mother in *The Bride of Messina*. The discrepancy between Louise's childlike simplicity under ordinary circumstances and her precocious philosophizing in the presence of Lady Milford is further evidence of Schiller's youthful ignorance of female character. Contemporary political life in Württemberg abounded in prototypes of the ogre-like features of the President von Walther. Ferdinand, the hero of the play, is, however, a sentimental idealist, who shows such a genuine disdain for his father's brutality as to suggest a world in which thorns bear grapes, and thistles figs. Professor Thomas fails to note this freak of heredity. He is right in regarding this tragedy of the middle class as having a dramatic power superior to that of its predecessors, due to its convincing portrayal, not of abstract conditions, but of real infamies of the old aristocracy of Württemberg. Schiller assumes no Italian mask, as did Lessing in his *Emilia*, while holding "the mirror up to nature" for the instruction of his fellow countrymen. It would have been worth while to call attention to the fact that both Lessing and Schiller assign a tragic import to the silence of the heroines of their respective plays.

Professor Thomas gives in the opening chapters of his book a clear-cut and in the main correct impression of the tremendous energy, the strong dramatic instinct, the ignorance of human nature, and the love of titanic phraseology characteristic of Schiller's youth. By means of a suitable selection of salient phases of the poet's intellectual activity, he acquaints us with the life, taste,

and growth of Schiller, from his dark days at the academy to his friendship with Körner, dating from 1785. The impassioned though somewhat chaotic Ode to Rousseau (born, as Schiller then supposed, in Paris, and toiling for thankless humanity in southern France), the high-keyed, empty songs to Laura, Schiller's own remarkable analysis and searching criticism of *The Robbers*, his ill health, his financial straits, the heartlessness of the Mannheim intendant, Dalberg, — these and other elements of the poet's experience and occupation are given proper place and perspective in the general narrative.

The limits of the present review render impossible any adequate indication of the wealth of suggestive discussion offered by Professor Thomas in connection with his treatment of the genesis and texture of Schiller's later dramas, *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein*, *Maria Stuart*, *Maid of Orleans*, *Bride of Messina*, and *William Tell*, and also in dealing with the dramatic fragments. The chief charm and value of these chapters are their suggestiveness, and the absence from them of the dogmatic spirit that imagines itself each moment as saying the final word and effectively closing the debate. The author's catholicity of mind and fairness of argument are likely to make his book a starting point in America for a fruitful investigation of mooted questions of genesis and interpretation.

Schiller's friendship with Körner, the timely assistance of the Danish admirers, the calming and steadying influence of Schiller's love for Lotte, and the enriching and quickening influence of the poet's detailed study of Kant and the Greeks are touched upon, together with a large number of other items of importance in any adequate picture of the development of Schiller's knowledge, taste, and artistic power. Thomas considers also Schiller's professorship at Jena, his studies in *Netherlandic history* and in the details of the Thirty

Years' War, his graphic historical style, and his tendency to subordinate the facts of history to the features of his own philosophic preconception. He might have shown more clearly than he has done that such hyper-subjective treatment of history not only was quite natural in the premises, but actually affords a gauge of the strength of the artistic impulse of Schiller's genius. His power and his weakness as an historian are both the result of his marvelous capacity for dramatic visualization.

The chapter on Schiller's æsthetic writings would be much improved by a comparison of Schiller's views under the influence of Kant with those of Lessing under the influence of Aristotle.

One of the most important and interesting chapters in the book is that dealing with the friendship of Goethe and Schiller. For to the inspiration of this intercourse with the older poet is ascribable in large measure the admirable variety and quality of Schiller's dramatic productions, that crowned the closing eighteenth and so brilliantly inaugurated the nineteenth century. It was certainly well for the cause of German drama that natural affinity finally triumphed over distrust and prejudice, and brought together these men whose united service so far exceeded the arithmetical sum of their individual efforts. Thomas tells the story of this partnership sympathetically and effectively. He fails, however, to mention what ought never to be passed over in silence in such an account, — the important service rendered Goethe and the world by Schiller through a long series of pleadings and urgent requests for the continuation and completion of the *Faust* fragment, coupled with many helpful suggestions as to the general plan. It is very doubtful whether Goethe, in the absence of this stimulation from his younger colleague, would ever have felt impelled to resume work upon what had become repugnant to his views of art. It is therefore no exaggeration to say

that we are indebted to Schiller for the completed first part of the poem, and also, indirectly, for the second part, since Eckermann's suggestions would certainly have fallen upon deaf ears, had Goethe made no progress beyond the fragment of 1790. This was of vastly greater importance than the "Xenia-fusillade" or the coöperation of the friends in the production of the Horen.

The final chapter of the book, entitled *The Verdict of Posterity*, contains a terse summary of the estimate placed upon Schiller by the German people at large, by the sculptor Dannecker, by Madame de Staël, by Goethe, by the

Romanticists, the Young Germans, and other doctrinaires, by the modern Realists since 1871, and by the author himself. While denying to Schiller "the supreme qualities that go to the making up of a great world poet," Professor Thomas sees in him, in spite of his cosmopolitanism, "a German of the Germans. Think of a sentiment that Germans love, and you shall find it, if you search, expressed in sonorous verse in some poem or play of Schiller. . . . The intellectual classes . . . are coming to dwell less on the great qualities that he lacked than upon the great qualities that he possessed."

Starr Willard Cutting.

"BEHOLD, I SHEW YOU A MYSTERY."

(H. E. S. AND A. H.)

Two ways were theirs to reach the unknown shore :
 One man was held in the fierce grasp of pain,
 And watched the springs of being slowly wane ;
 The other no such bitter trial bore,
 But dropping 'mid his fellows, breathed no more.
 Men grieved, and listened for some sad refrain
 From homes bereft ; and trembling for the twain
 Whose lingering lives were crushed, I sought their door.
 They spoke in turn : " It always was his prayer
 To go out like a flash : this chides regret."
 " He wished I should a garb of sunshine wear."
 Both women smiled ; only my eyes were wet.
 O Life and Death, what mysteries ye share !
 Greatest of all, the love that ye beget !

Mary Thacher Higginson.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

In the treasure house of Old Romance
The Ring in Romance. lie stored many charmed rings,
 the like of which are not to be
 found in any royal regalia.

First comes that tarnished favorite, that one has only to rub, and behold "a genie of enormous stature and a most horrid countenance," and the thrilling words are spoken: "What dost thou command? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, — as the slave of him who has the ring on his finger, — both I and the other slaves of the ring." Another, that bears a close resemblance to Aladdin's ring, is to be found in a fairy tale from Asia Minor. By the aid of the slave of this ring, the gardener's son marries the princess, and provides himself with a ship, the hull of which is of gold, the mast silver, and the sails of brocade. A Jew magician obtains the ring by means of the ruse of offering to the princess some pretty red fishes, for which he will take no other payment than the old bronze ring which the captain of the golden ship has carelessly left behind him. Thereupon his fine ship is turned to black wood, and the crew and precious cargo to negroes and cats, till he once more regains the amulet.

In Scott's *Tales of the Crusaders*, Saladin, in the character of the physician Adonbec, preserves the life of Richard Cœur de Lion by means of his talisman, the diamond which he wears in a ring, and on which his signet is engraved.

There is again the ring of which Chaucer told the tale. The knight that rides into the hall of Cambuscan, when the king is keeping his birthday feast, brings this ring as a gift to the "faire Kynge's daughter Canace" from the king of Arabie and Ind.

"The vertu of the ring, if ye wol here,
 Is this, that if hir lust it for to were
 Upon hir thombe, or in hir purs it bere,

Ther is no foul that fleeth under the hevene,
 That she ne shal wel understonde his stevene,¹
 And knowe his mening openly and pleyne,
 And answer him in his langage ageyn;
 And every gras that groweth upon rote
 She shall eek know, and whom it wol do bote,
 Al be his woundes never so depe and wyde."

Bearing on her hand this "queinte ring," Canace goes out at day dawning, and finds she can interpret the notes of love and dread from every feather-clad breast.

"And seyden alle that swich a wonder thing
 Of craft of ringes herde they never non,
 Save that he Moyses and King Salomon
 Hadde a name of konning in swich art."

Even in the Talmudic legend the ring has its place. Solomon held his kingdom and exercised his wisdom only by virtue of a signet ring descended to him from Jared, the father of Enoch, concerning which traditions abound. In the legend, a demon named Sakhr becomes possessed of this by cunning, and rules the land in the shape of Solomon for forty days, altering the law to suit his pleasure. This was the judgment of God upon Solomon, inasmuch as one of his wives had been worshipping an idol in his palace, and he had not known it and constrained her. While the pretended king reigns in his stead, Solomon, in a form not his own, must wander through the land, seeking alms for the same number of days as the idol worship had continued in his house. When that time is accomplished Sakhr takes his flight; and since he may himself no longer possess the signet, he throws it into the sea. It is then swallowed by a fish, which being caught and brought to the king's table, the treasure is regained.

In Sir Thomas Malory's *Noble and Joyous History of King Arthur*, Dame Lyones, the lady of the castle before which the great tournament is to be held, says to Sir Gareth of Orkney, who is desirous that none shall know who he

¹ Voice.

is: "Sir, I will lend you a ring, but I would pray you, as ye love me heartily, let me have it again when the tournament is done. For that ring increaseth my beauty much more than it is of itself. And this is the virtue of my ring: that is green it will turn it into red, and that is red it will turn into likeness of green, and that is blue it will turn to likeness of white, and that is white it will turn to likeness of blue, and so it will do all manner of colors. Also who that beareth my ring shall lose no blood, and for great love I will give you this ring." By the might of this talisman does Gareth great deeds of valor that day, so that King Arthur is led to exclaim, "So God me help, that knight with the many colors is a good knight!" But the dwarf of Gareth is jealous for his master to claim the renown of his own deeds, and begs the ring of him when he draws aside from the fray, "that ye lose it not while ye drink." And Gareth, eager to rejoin the tourney, is heedless of his loss till he finds himself recognized by the king and knights there assembled, and he bids the boy give him the ring that he may again hide his body withal.

Numerous, too, are the fabled rings that bear charms to resist all perils by land or sea. Notwithstanding a certain sameness in the central idea, each is a fresh testimony to the revolt of all times against the prosaic and circumscribed.

When Jason comes to Colchis to bring away the Golden Fleece that is guarded by the dragon with flaming nostrils, the king's daughter, Medea, falls in love with the youth, and, being skilled in magic lore, gives him a ring possessing a charm against poison, fire, and steel. Armed with this, Jason overcomes the brazen bulls, and lulls to sleep the guardian dragon of the Fleece. Laurin, the king of the dwarfs, in the old tale, is protected by an enchanted ring, and lives safely in his rose garden, encircled by the silken thread that whosoever breaks must pay for his rashness with hand and

foot. And fair Melusina leaves with her husband two rings, which so long as he has in his keeping he cannot be overcome in battle nor pleading, nor die by any weapon.

When Ogier the Dane slept in the fair country across the sea, whither the boat in which he had alone escaped from the wreck carried him, he felt

"slim fingers fair

Move to his mighty sword-worn hand, and there
Set on some ring,"

as William Morris has told the story. Then he who closed his eyes on a world that he had looked upon for more than the allotted span of man's life wakes in the vigor of manhood. So he is crowned with Morgan le Fay in her wonderful pleasure house, and stays with her in the Isle of Avalon, forgetting all earthly things till another hundred years have passed, and Morgan reminds him that the glory of his renown will be fading from the minds of men. Soon after there appears at the French court a knight with young appearance and ancient dress. The secret of Ogier's youth is discovered by one of the queen's ladies, who slips the ring from his finger to her own, and immediately grows young again, while Ogier is an old, worn-out man. She is at once forced to restore the ring; though one version has it that she is not content till she has employed thirty champions who all seek without avail to win the charm.

Ogier does great deeds, and at the end of a year is hailed as Charles of France, for it is the eve of his marriage with the queen. Then Morgan le Fay appears, and the memory returns to him of how he dwelt with her in Avalon, to the exclusion of all beside. They return to the Isle of Youth, never any more to know age or weariness.

SEEING and hearing so much of the disagreeables of street-car travel, you are apt to forget the other side unless you stop occasionally and think of the pleasure

**Amenities
of Street-
Car Travel.**

which you really have found in the cars ; and which, found there amid the prevailing monotony and stupidity, assumes unwonted importance, and adds materially to the little amenities of life on which such a deal of everyday cheerfulness and satisfaction depends.

It is a rainy, gloomy day, — wet clothing, dismal faces, a finished paper : you have read the signs till you hate pickles and soap, and you loathe the title, even, of “the most successful book of the year.” Suddenly you catch the man opposite you smiling ; you wonder what he can see. You follow his gaze : there is a woman and a baby. The woman may be frowzy, the baby not clean ; but look again ! A movement of the infant causes the woman to glance down at it, lying on her arm. The tired look vanishes from her face, and there comes the gaze of motherhood, — the one universal loveliness common to all womankind. For be she beautiful or ugly, good or bad, rich or poor, refined or its opposite, no woman is incapable of this holy look. In all it is the same, — the expression of the Divine in humanity, the expression of the one feeling which it is given to humankind to share with the Eternal Creator, — love for that helpless thing which is of *me* and from *me*, which lives only because *I am*. Every one in the car recognizes this look, and reflects it to a faint degree in his own face. Look about you, and you will see that this is so. Think of your own face, and you will feel a change, a slight softening of the muscles' strain.

The effect produced by an older child is not so subtle, but it is none the less modifying to the general boredom. As usual the car was monotonously commonplace. A cherub child and his mother arrived. The child proceeded to kneel the seat, slightly to the discomfort of his neighbor. But he soon began to exclaim at the sights, and, patting his mother's face (whereat wistfulness appeared on many a watching face), to whisper audi-

bly in her ear. Every one keyed up a bit, and the proud mother light shone in the woman's face at the signs of interest in her child. A small cat chanced to run along the street. The child was in ecstasies and rattled on : “Oh, mamma, is n't that a lovely little kitty ? Is n't she sweet ? is n't she dear ? is n't she the *damnedest* little cat you ever saw ?” Thereafter that ride was a delight to all of us. And this is only an example ; children are always potential, though perhaps few would appeal so neatly to a careful of men.

Then, too, look at the faces in a car in which there is a crowd of boys going to the circus, or a picnic, or other good time ; or a lot of girls going to a dance : and who shall say we are not open to the blandishments of youth, and that even a street car may not be “amenitive” ?

Another sign is the almost universal stir at the entrance of a baby-laden woman, of an old person, or of a cripple. We may be selfish and read our papers, but, as a rule, we do keep the tail of our eye out for the helplessness of youth or age or infirmity.

Of the less worthy pleasures, hardly amenities, is the overhearing of gossip, criticisms of the play and of clothes ; the disposition of an awkward bag or the undoing of a bundle. Then, sometimes, there is the sudden brightness and perfume of flowers, and an occasional live animal.

And I confess that it is to me of the amenities to see a conductor with clean hands or a clean collar. Not that he is to be blamed or wondered at if both are extremely dirty ; but if they, either or both, chance to be clean, he *is* to be wondered at and admired. So you meditate on that inborn cleanliness which neither money nor the street will destroy, — on the why and the wherefore ; you plan epigrams ; and by means of a clean conductor your ride has become the induction to an amenity, and maybe the inspiration of a “contribution.”

THE Penny-Dreadfuls lived in the slums, far away from the Library Shelf, and the literary aristocrats who dwell there. They were a hardy family, and they multiplied and increased until there was not room enough for them in the slums, and some were perforce crowded into better surroundings. For instance, occasionally one would be found nestling under the pillow of some guileless Future President, or tucked carefully away under Sweet Sixteen's best party gown!

Many of them attained eminence in the great Underworld in which they lived. There was The Hero of the Bloody Butcher Knife, whose supremacy as a curdler of the blood has never been disputed, as well as Bloodthirsty Bill, and that truly charming woman, Teresa, the Terror of the Gulch. The last two were supposed to have the power of freezing the marrow in your bones. This may or may not have been true, but at any rate the Penny-Dreadfuls were a vigorous clan, and went their way hacking and shooting right and left in a manner that would have exterminated any but a fictitious population.

At last, one day, the thing which happens sooner or later in all families, high or low, occurred. An Ambitious Child was born to them. A little later on, it so happened that this particular member of the Penny-Dreadfuls found himself in a musty second-hand bookshop, where many of the family before him had found an asylum. But being a Child of Destiny this one made the discovery that there were books and books. He noticed that the shelves were covered with rows of books in stiff covers, while he and his kind were thrown upon a table, under a card which bore the legend "3 for 5 cts.," and he resented it. He continued to look about him, — or, as he would have said in those days, to "rubber," — with the usual results. He aspired; and with a Penny-Dreadful, to aspire is to attain. He liked the idea of

standing there with other books to hold him up, and his name in gilt letters on his back.

"Help me up there, you fellows!" he bawled, not being restrained by any false delicacy. But the books only shrank more closely within their covers, looked straight ahead and pretended not to hear him.

Penny-Dreadful's wrath boiled and seethed, and he started to pour forth a volley of billingsgate, when a dapper little man appeared before him and lifted a protesting hand.

"If you want to get up there," he said, in the crisp, clear accents of business, "I can help you. But this is not the way to go about it." There was an air of authority about him, and young Penny-Dreadful found himself listening respectfully.

"I am a Publisher," he continued tersely. "You want to gain admission to the Four Hundred, to the Library Shelf. Then listen to me.

"They," with a comprehensive wave of the hand toward the volumes on the shelves, "are only aristocrats by consent of the Gentle Reader. And between you and me, the Gentle Reader is beginning to be a trifle weary of them."

He bestowed a droll wink upon young Penny-Dreadful, who felt a twinge of wicked satisfaction.

"The Gentle Reader of to-day wants something lively and exciting. Your family will please him to death, once you are in the charmed circle. But in order to get there you must tone yourself down a bit," he concluded warningly.

All the undisciplined fury of his kind flared up in Penny-Dreadful at this, and he remarked that he would — etc., etc., etc. — if he did anything of the sort! The Publisher remained cool and undisturbed at his outburst.

"You are only stooping to conquer, you know," he hinted calmly. "You can be thoroughly yourself, but you must cultivate diplomacy. For instance, you

**The Rise of
the Penny-
Dreadfuls.**

will have to sacrifice your checked suit and diamond studs. But what is that, so long as you reserve the privilege of waging continual battle and meting out sudden death with a lavish hand?" and he folded his arms, threw back his head, and waited defiantly for Penny-Dreadful's reply.

"G'won!"

The Publisher descended from heroics to business, with a dull thud.

"First you must secure a publisher with a reputation for conservatism. For thirty years," he continued rapidly, "I have been editor and owner of the most sedate monthly published in America. Your elemental exuberance needs the restraint of my reputation."

"What you givin' me?" inquired his listener darkly.

The Publisher hesitated for a second; then a light dawned upon him.

"I see, I see," he murmured. "You understand English only 'as she spoke.' Very well, my boy. I mean that you must put up a good front if you want to reach high places."

"I'm on," replied Penny-Dreadful succinctly.

"What you need is simply form. You may roar and slash, you may wade in gore, but you *must* mind your G's and O's."

"My what?" asked his listener, with anxious interest.

"Your grammar and oaths," retorted the Publisher impatiently. "You must swear by strange gods or by your halidom, or say, 'By gar!' The more weird your oaths, the greater your success will be. Also be careful to say, 'It is I' —"

"But suppose it ain't?" inquired Penny-Dreadful flippantly.

The Publisher looked scornful, but did not otherwise notice the interruption.

"Then in the matter of names. You Penny-Dreadfuls have always been your own enemies there. Only a publisher knows what's in a name," he added to himself, with a touch of bitterness.

"The Gentle Reader *will not* stand it to have a spade called a spade! Why," he exclaimed vehemently, "you could n't sell six copies of Dutch the Slugger to Gentle Readers; but revise the story a bit, change the dates, and bring it out in cloth as *The Iron Hand of the Last Patroon, A Tale of New Amsterdam*, and it would sell like hot cakes."

He finished speaking. Young Penny-Dreadful arose, with a shining face. He had caught the idea, and tingled to carry it to his tribe.

"I must away!" he exclaimed, in ringing tones. But first he took off his hat (in which the plume had already sprouted), and bowing to the Publisher said, in agitated tones, "Sire, I kiss your hand!"

A gratified smile lighted up the Publisher's face.

Six months later, under the title *Launcelot of the Shining Shield* the youngest of the Penny-Dreadfuls was elevated to the Library Shelf by acclamation.

But blood will tell!

Not long afterward the Cultivated Person was browsing lovingly about the library, when he was startled by a voice, — the thin, rasping voice of a gamin. It was Launcelot, alias Young Penny-Dreadful, addressing one of the old noblesse who had occupied that shelf for a quarter of a century or more.

"Go w-a-a-a-y back, my friend!" it said tauntingly. "Go w-a-a-a-y back and sit down! I'm in my second hundred thousand!"

I HAVE a grievance of long standing.

Nobody cares except myself, — perhaps nobody knows. I

have kept very still about it. For years I have lived in fear that it would be discovered, and that I should then be excommunicated from the society of the truly knowing. I do not want to be excommunicated. I love the society of the knowing. I love to sit at the feet of the inspired, and I love to have my own feet sat at. None the less, the

The Workship of the Phrase.

truth must sometime out; and the Contributors' Club offers a safe cover from which to announce it to an indifferent world. *I have no style.*

I feel more comfortable already by saying this, — almost as if I might attain to one.

But the trouble goes deeper. I not only have no style myself; I do not know style when I meet it in other people. That is my real grievance. The truly knowing apprehend style. They delight in it. They hold up their hands in ecstasy and awe over an innocent phrase that has, so far as I can see, no wonderful merit. It says what it means, — sometimes, not always, — but it is otherwise like any other phrase. The truly knowing do not find it so. They form a band of esoteric joy about it. They take hold of hands and circle around it, chanting slowly and solemnly: —

“Wonder, wonder, wonder!

A perfect phrase, and mighty!”

I have circled with them, and I have chanted as loud as anybody; and all the time I wondered in my guilty heart what it was all about.

A certain Scotchman is perhaps the most concrete form of my grievance. Is it a comfortable position, — I ask it in all humility, — is it comfortable to see other people reveling in something that you cannot see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; to hear them exulting over something intangible; to watch them roll up their eyes, and arrange their mouths, and speak with awed breath of the Scotchman's style as if it were something important and real? “It is not so much what Stevenson says,” they explain to me kindly, — “it is not so much what he says as the way he says it.” Alas, yes. The way he says it! It is not as if I were a stupid person. The sanctity of the Contributors' Club allows me to say that I believe I am not altogether stupid. Neither am I insensate. I can

respond to the charm of Lamb and Montaigne and Walter Pater, and probably to others whom the truly knowing pronounce proper. But my delight in these gentle writers is, I am miserably aware, a very personal delight. They are men and congenial souls; whereas the genuine, the esoteric delight has to do with “the perfect phrase.” I would define it more nearly if I could. Walter Pater talks about it, — over my head: “The one word for the one thing, the one thought, amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do: the problem of style is there.” And there it is likely to remain.

I would gladly sit all day staring at a phrase, mumbling under my breath, changing it, trimming it, clipping it, expanding it, to suit the thought; but, alas, my thoughts do not come that way. They play about my pen, elusive and shy. Sometimes I impale one and fit it in. But it is always stiff and pathetic. If I want to catch one alive, I must turn my back and pretend to be very busy. One may perchance slip in sideways while I am not looking. But they are shy creatures — with me. I should never dream of staring one out of countenance while I fitted its clothes sternly on, after the manner of the truly great.

I have a mentor. He is a wise man. He has style, and he recognizes style in other people — and lack of style. When I read him my works, he is in despair. “Can't you see it?” he wails. “Can't you see that that preposition spoils the whole thing?” No, I can't see it. I creep away meekly, and change the preposition — sometimes. I have written two or three novels, which the public has not damned with too many editions; and the critics who sit aloft have spoken kindly of them. But my mentor is not kind. He has not written a novel. He will probably never write one. But he knows style, and I walk humbly before him.